

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

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Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOT



Photo by Pach, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON

The wife of Dantel Frohman, and who played a leading part last season in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS

Who will appear next season in a new play by J. M. Barrie

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Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MRS. FISKE

Principal of the Manhattan Theater Company, who produced "Leah Kleschna" and other successful plays last season



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS GRACE GEORGE
As "Abigail" in a new play of that name



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON

Who scored a great success in America and England in Zangwill's play, "Merely Mary Ann," Miss Robson playing the title role



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

The above is one of the best likenesses of this favorite actress

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Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, N. Y.

MISS FAY DAVIS

"The Wife Without a Smile" and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" were two plays in which she won favor last season



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET DALE

For several seasons the leading lady of the John Drew Company



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS JULIA OPP

Who with her husband, William Faversham, last season starred in "Letty"



Photo by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

MISS ALICE LONNON
The leading lady of E. S. Willard's company



Photo by Fach, N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY DORR

Last season played an important part in "The Woman in the Case," a play in which Miss Blanche Walsh starred



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

The tragic play "Adrea," the title role of which she played, was one of the most notable successes of the past season



Photo by Spellman, Detroit

MISS MARY BOLAND
Robert Edson's leading lady in "Strongheart"



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

Miss Russell last appeared in a Zangwill play, "Jinnis, the Carrier"

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Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY REVELL

Last season Louis Mann's leading lady in "The Second Fiddle"



Copyright photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

MISS PERCITA WEST

Miss West will make her next appearance on the American stage under the direction of Mrs. H. C. DeMille. Last season she appeared with Robert Edeson in "Strongheart"



Photo by Sam's & Brady, Providence, R. I.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Who last season starred in conjunction with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearian plays



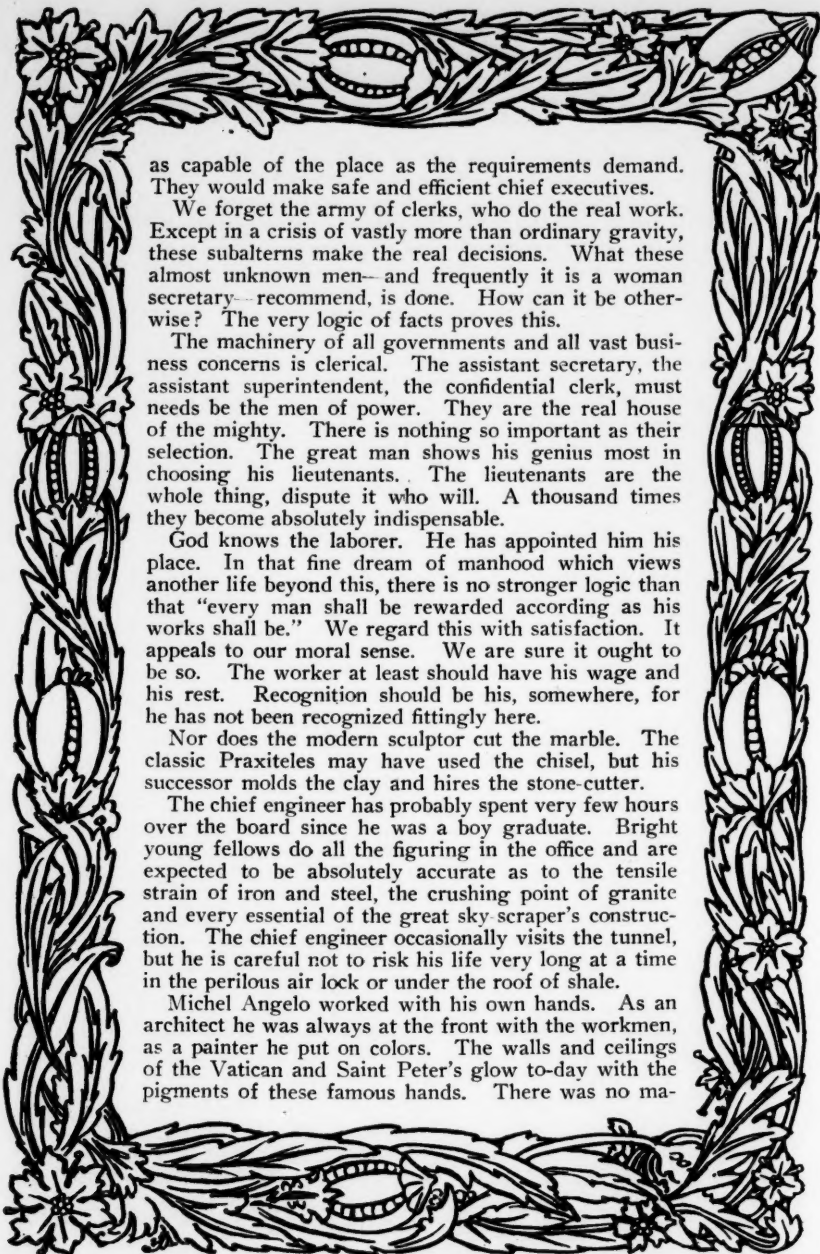
The House of the Mighty

By Emory J. Haynes

THE President goes off to play for a month. He drops out of sight. He does his best to drop the reins of government. Being an honorable man, he would not do this if there were any peril in it for the great people whom he sincerely loves. Nor would he let things go that were of any appreciable account in the welfare of the Republic. There is no danger of injury by his play day. He is in a position to know this. This country governs itself. Things go on just the same. Things would go on for a year all right if we had no President or Congress. The law provides for certain functions of a President; without him legal entanglements would ensue. He is of great importance to our machinery because we have made his office a part of it. But there is a vast amount of romance twined by popular imagination around the seat of the mighty.

When the beloved McKinley was dying for many sad days, his hand powerless and all people at prayer for him, still no chaos ensued. The merchant went to the store just the same, the mechanic to his bench, the child to school, we paid our debts, carried out our contracts, were married and given in marriage, without a ruler. The people are the rulers. There is no more tremendous shape of letters than that simple, old-fashioned expression, "The Sovereign People." The people take no holidays. The people are at the wheel every day.

It is not a hard thing to be President of such a people. It is not a tremendous task, taking a giant's strength, to sit in this mighty chair. It is quite an ordinary chair. Thousands of able persons have looked it over, from every point of view, and with accurate observation. It is no secret as to just about what is required of a President, and, knowing all, thousands of men have said: "I would like the job." There is not a shadow of doubt that there are now, as there always have been, thousands of men in this country who are



as capable of the place as the requirements demand. They would make safe and efficient chief executives.

We forget the army of clerks, who do the real work. Except in a crisis of vastly more than ordinary gravity, these subalterns make the real decisions. What these almost unknown men—and frequently it is a woman secretary—recommend, is done. How can it be otherwise? The very logic of facts proves this.

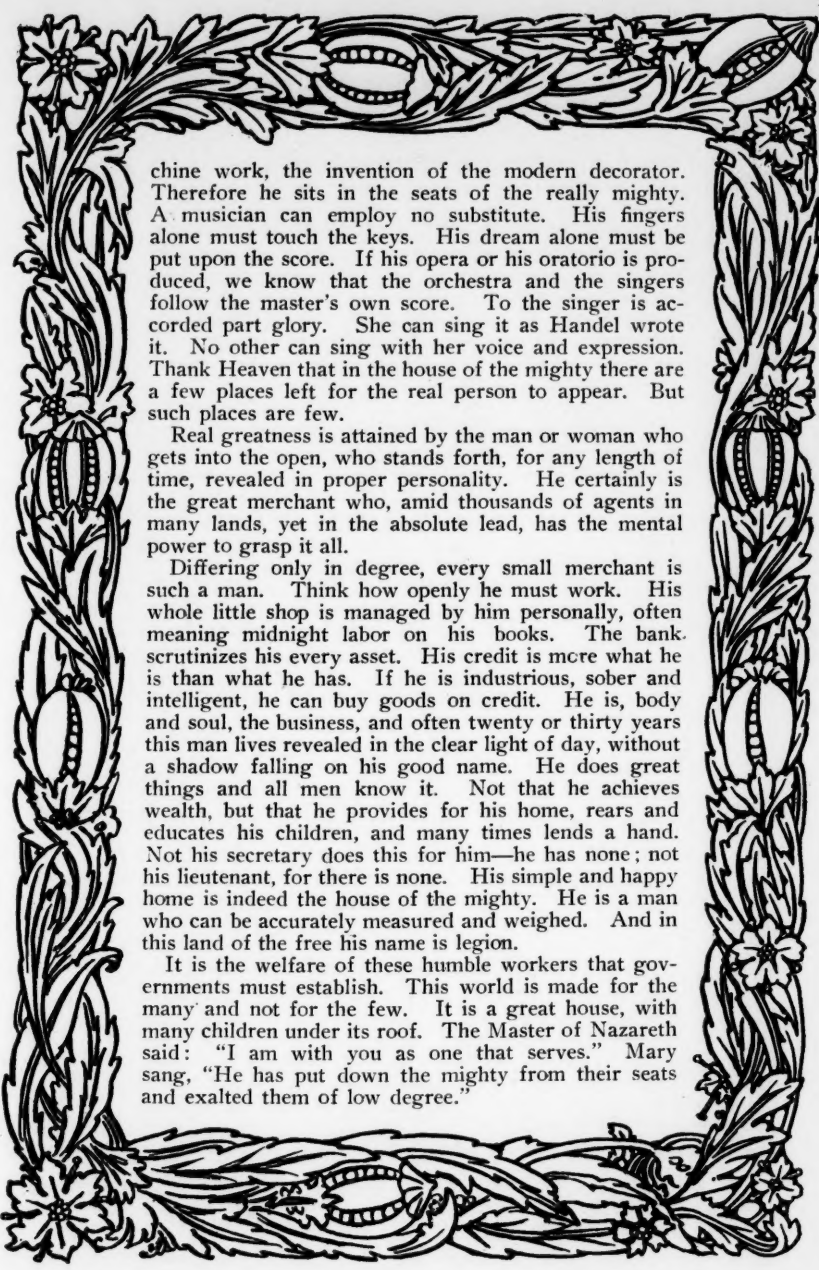
The machinery of all governments and all vast business concerns is clerical. The assistant secretary, the assistant superintendent, the confidential clerk, must needs be the men of power. They are the real house of the mighty. There is nothing so important as their selection. The great man shows his genius most in choosing his lieutenants. The lieutenants are the whole thing, dispute it who will. A thousand times they become absolutely indispensable.

God knows the laborer. He has appointed him his place. In that fine dream of manhood which views another life beyond this, there is no stronger logic than that "every man shall be rewarded according as his works shall be." We regard this with satisfaction. It appeals to our moral sense. We are sure it ought to be so. The worker at least should have his wage and his rest. Recognition should be his, somewhere, for he has not been recognized fittingly here.

Nor does the modern sculptor cut the marble. The classic Praxiteles may have used the chisel, but his successor molds the clay and hires the stone-cutter.

The chief engineer has probably spent very few hours over the board since he was a boy graduate. Bright young fellows do all the figuring in the office and are expected to be absolutely accurate as to the tensile strain of iron and steel, the crushing point of granite and every essential of the great sky-scraper's construction. The chief engineer occasionally visits the tunnel, but he is careful not to risk his life very long at a time in the perilous air lock or under the roof of shale.

Michel Angelo worked with his own hands. As an architect he was always at the front with the workmen, as a painter he put on colors. The walls and ceilings of the Vatican and Saint Peter's glow to-day with the pigments of these famous hands. There was no ma-



chine work, the invention of the modern decorator. Therefore he sits in the seats of the really mighty. A musician can employ no substitute. His fingers alone must touch the keys. His dream alone must be put upon the score. If his opera or his oratorio is produced, we know that the orchestra and the singers follow the master's own score. To the singer is accorded part glory. She can sing it as Handel wrote it. No other can sing with her voice and expression. Thank Heaven that in the house of the mighty there are a few places left for the real person to appear. But such places are few.

Real greatness is attained by the man or woman who gets into the open, who stands forth, for any length of time, revealed in proper personality. He certainly is the great merchant who, amid thousands of agents in many lands, yet in the absolute lead, has the mental power to grasp it all.

Differing only in degree, every small merchant is such a man. Think how openly he must work. His whole little shop is managed by him personally, often meaning midnight labor on his books. The bank scrutinizes his every asset. His credit is more what he is than what he has. If he is industrious, sober and intelligent, he can buy goods on credit. He is, body and soul, the business, and often twenty or thirty years this man lives revealed in the clear light of day, without a shadow falling on his good name. He does great things and all men know it. Not that he achieves wealth, but that he provides for his home, rears and educates his children, and many times lends a hand. Not his secretary does this for him—he has none; not his lieutenant, for there is none. His simple and happy home is indeed the house of the mighty. He is a man who can be accurately measured and weighed. And in this land of the free his name is legion.

It is the welfare of these humble workers that governments must establish. This world is made for the many and not for the few. It is a great house, with many children under its roof. The Master of Nazareth said: "I am with you as one that serves." Mary sang, "He has put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree."

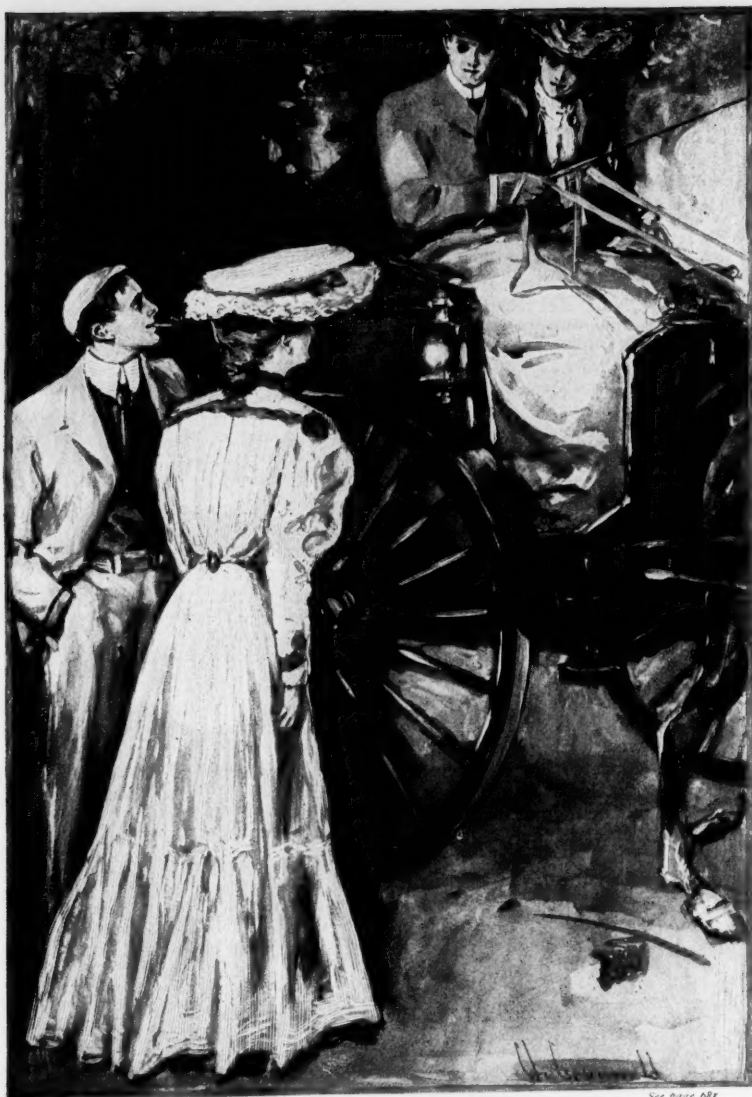


Illustration to "Diana's Destiny"

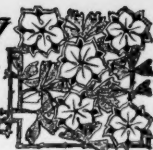
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"GIVE YOU A LIFT?" HIS FACE FELL AS HE REPEATED MABEL'S BLAND REQUEST



DIANA'S DESTINY

by CHARLES GARVICE



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Diana Bourne, the beautiful young mistress of the village school at Wedbury, lives in a tiny cottage with her aunt, Mrs. Burton, who is evidently in possession of some secret regarding Diana's parentage. While in her garden, Diana observes a highwayman belaboring a horseman. She rushes at the assailant, which gives the other man a chance to save himself. She takes the latter (who is Lord Dalesford, over whose house financial ruin is impending) to her cottage and stanches the wounds. The next day she learns from a London lawyer that she is the heiress to a large fortune, left by her father whom she had supposed dead. She and her aunt, after traveling on the Continent, take a beautiful country seat at Berkshire. Here she again meets Lord Dalesford, who does not at first recognize her—also, his cousin, Lady Mabel. Diana goes much into society, and sees Dalesford constantly. He finally recognizes her. She questions him as to his enemies, and he can think of no one save Desmond March, a disreputable cousin. Dalesford and Diana are gradually falling in love. How large Diana's fortune really is has been kept a secret. Desmond March in London runs across a man named Garling. He recognizes him as a convict, a ticket-of-leave man, who had not reported to the authorities for a long time. He tells him of his knowledge and intimidates him to a certain extent, obtaining his address and hinting at further service. Dalesford proposes to Diana and is accepted, to Mrs. Burton's evident distress. Starkey, the family lawyer, tells the Earl of Wrayborough, Dalesford's father, that Diana is a great heiress. Garling meets by accident a young girl, Lucy Edgworth, who is in love with Desmond March, and takes an interest in her. He also goes to Wedbury and makes inquiries for Diana Bourne. Diana, meanwhile, has been warmly received by Dalesford's father, and goes for a visit to the earl's castle, where she is presented with the family jewels.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESMOND MARCH first saw the announcement of his cousin Dalesford's engagement as he was returning from a race meeting at Hurst Park.

He had had an extremely bad day; had not only failed to spot a single winner, but, as is often the case with men of his temperament when luck seems dead set against them, he had heavily backed each succeeding loser.

He had had a run of bad luck lately at cards as well as at racing; and as he crowded into the railway carriage with half a dozen similar men, he was filled with the rage and despondency which, like vultures, tear at the vitals of the unsuccessful gambler; but his face was little paler than usual, and he carried his head erect and smiled with his usual nonchalance.

One of the men produced the inevitable pack of cards, and it was while Desmond March was spreading a sporting paper over his and his companion's knee to serve as a table that he read the short paragraph which contained such significant and lamentable news for him.

For a moment or two he stared at it, holding his breath, his long hands closing over the cards spasmodically.

The shock was a sudden and severe one, though he ought to have been prepared for it; for it was almost certain that Dalesford, the heir, would marry. Of course there was always the chance that Dalesford might break his neck out hunting, be drowned in his yacht, have a fit, or meet with some fatal accident; and remote as the chance might have been considered by a disinterested person, Desmond March had cherished the hope of it.

The marriage of Dalesford, the advent of a son and heir, would not only ruin Desmond March's future prospects, but would work him present ruin. He was always in debt, always living from hand to mouth, on his winnings at cards or at races, on loans from the Jews raised at exorbitant interest; and his ill luck of the last few weeks had plunged him deeper into the mire; so that, as he talked and laughed with his companion and played with an apparent carelessness and *sang-froid*, he had all the sensations of an animal driven into a corner and at its last extremity; but even when the man beside him saw the paragraph, read it out to the others, and joined in the chorus of commiseration, Desmond March still kept a smiling and unmoved countenance.

"Oh, Dalesford was bound to marry some time or other," he said. "He was



With a cry she drew closer to him and whispered, anxiously: "Now, Desmond! At once!"

not likely to continue single for my sake, confound him! But the game isn't up yet; all sorts of things may happen; and I may yet romp in at the finish."

It was not until he reached Hans Crescent that he allowed the mask to slip from his face, and, pallid to the lips, lay back in his chair and stared vacantly before him. To tide over his difficulties, to enable him to go on for even a few months, he would need a large sum of money; he knew that the Jews not only would refuse to lend him another penny, but would be soon swooping down upon him for that which he already owed them.

He had only recently wrung from Mr. Starkey five hundred pounds, his allowance from the earl was not due until the end of the quarter; and even if he could succeed in extorting another hundred or two from the same source it would be as a drop in the ocean of his liabilities.

He arose presently and began to pace up and down, stopping now and again

to help himself from the decanter of brandy which stood on the sideboard. He was desperate and quite ready to do any desperate deed. In the drawer of the sideboard was a loaded revolver, and once or twice he glanced toward it; but as he turned in his pacing he caught sight of his pallid face in the mirror on the wall; he was too young to die; there must be something he could do, some loophole of escape from the meshes which surrounded him.

Of course there was flight; but Desmond March, during his pleasant runs on the continent, had met men who had sought that refuge from their trouble; he had seen them wandering about the streets of some foreign, fifth rate watering place, had come across them in a "silver hell," or caught sight of them, seedy, unshaven, out-at-elbows wretches, slinking furtively among the crowd at a disreputable race meeting. Could it be possible that he, Desmond March, the nephew of the Earl of Wrayborough, the man who was not far removed from the earldom itself,

should sink to such depths of degradation?

And yet what hope was there of anything better for him? He could not dig, and, though he was not ashamed to beg, there was no one from whom he could beg, no one to help him. Not a single one of the so-called friends, the men who had drunk and gambled with him, who had shared in his plunder of some innocent lad or moneyed fool, proud of the distinction of playing with Mr. Desmond March, would stretch out a hand to save him from perdition itself. There was no woman—

At this point of his bitter reflections there arose before him the sad, sweet face of the girl who loved him, and of whose love he had taken advantage. Yes; there was one woman, and one woman only in the world, who would be sorry for him, who would give her life if the gift could help him to a moment's happiness. The thought of her, though it awakened no remorse, for he was steeped in selfishness to the very finger tips, intensified his craving for sympathy, the sympathy of some human being.

He had promised to go round to Garner Street, but without any intention of keeping his promise; but now he thought wistfully of the loving welcome that would await him; and, putting on his hat and coat, he left his rooms and took a cab to the shabby little street that was like a back-water in the great London tide.

She heard and knew his step on the stairs, and came to the door to meet him. She had been at work, and the shaded lamp fell upon her half-finished drawing; one corner of the shade was raised, and the light shone upon his face; she saw its pallor, something worse than pallor, the deep lines of care in the handsome face, the hunted, desperate look in the usually brilliant and laughing eyes, and she drew back her head and scanned his countenance with tender anxiety.

"What is the matter, Desmond?" she asked. "Are you ill? Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes," he said; "something has happened. I have just had bad news."

She drew him to the shabby armchair and actually put a cushion at his back; then she knelt on the ground beside him, and, resting her arms on his knee, took his cold hand and pressed it between her own, lovingly, consolingly.

"My cousin, Lord Dalesford, is going to be married," he said; his voice was husky, and the forced smile simply twisted his lips into a more haggard expression. "That will cut me out of the succession. Of course I might have expected this, but it has knocked me rather hard; for it comes on top of a run of bad luck, devilish bad luck; and I am out of sorts and can't play a losing game as I used to do. I've had a shocking bad time at Hurst Park to-day; and, upon my soul, taking one thing with another, I'm as near stone broke as a man could well be; and shall soon be completely stone broke, ruined, thrown into the gutter—I, Desmond March," he laughed, a laugh that made the girl catch her breath. "'Pon my soul, I've half a mind to think it a pity I didn't put a bullet through the brains that have been so little use to me, instead of coming whining here."

With a swift movement she put her hand upon his pale lips. "Ah, no, no, don't say that, Desmond!" she said, in a low voice. "When did you have anything to eat last? All those hours! Ah, yes, I thought so! Wait!"

She ran to the sideboard—ran in scarcely the word—she glided swiftly, noiselessly, as if she knew that every movement, every sound, would jar upon his strained nerves. There was only the remains of her last poor meal; she brought it out, and, swiftly and noiselessly as she had moved before, she laid a tray and brought the food to him. He had sent in some whisky many months ago; the bottle had been untouched; she found it and mixed him some spirit and water.

He tried to eat, but could not; but he drank a little of the whisky and water, and a faint tinge of color stole into his pallid cheeks.

"That's better," he said; "but it is a

shame to worry you with my troubles, Lucy."

"No, no," she responded, quickly and softly, with a woman's joy in the fact that the man she loved had sought her in the moment of his trouble. "Whom should you come to, but to me? And, ah, how I wish I could help you."

"'Fraid you can't, my child; very much fear there is no one who can.

Looks to me as if I shall have to make a bolt for it or provide the coroner with a job——"

"No, no," she interposed, with a shudder. "Why shouldn't you go away, Desmond? Why shouldn't you give up this London life; this — this trouble to live, to keep up appearances? Why shouldn't you go away and——" her voice broke, the color flooded her face, then left it pale; her eyes were fixed on his with a terrible anxiety, a keen longing—"and take me with you? I'd try to make you happy, Desmond. And I could help, too. We could go to some place on the continent, where few of our English people go, where living is cheap. Let me give you some more whisky. Smoke, Desmond. Where are your cigarettes?" She got the case from his pocket, opened it, and extended it to him lovingly, lit a match and held it to the cigarette; and he leaned back and smoked and looked at her with a curious kind of hesi-

tation; as if he were actually considering the possibility of yielding to her prayer.

"We could be very happy there in a quiet way. I am earning more money now, getting better prices for my work; and I am sure I could manage. You can't think how clever a little house-keeper I should prove. And you would have your allowance; and, of course,



He was desperate and quite ready to do any desperate deed.

that would be your own to spend as you liked; I could keep the house going on my earnings quite well. Oh, Desmond, think of it, only think of it! You and I together, always, away from this horrible London, where I am always so unhappy—excepting when I am with you; and where you, too, Desmond, are unhappy, are you not? And”—her voice grew lower, would have been inaudible if she had not crept still closer to him and almost laid her cheek against his—“and you would marry me, Desmond, wouldn't you? I'd make you a good wife, I'd make you happy; oh, I couldn't fail to do so, for I love you so much, so much!”

The man's heart was stirred, not so much by pity for the girl, who was almost a child, kneeling beside him and trying, like a child, to woo him to the right path, the path of restitution, atonement, honor, as by the picture of peace, of rest, which her words had painted.

His lids drooped, his mobile lips worked and twisted the cigarette to and fro and in a circle, and he let his arm drop round her waist.

“Pon my soul, Lucy, I might do worse.” It was of himself only he thought, of course. “Yes; it's rather a pretty picture you've drawn, a deuced pretty little picture; you are an artist in words as well as with paint and pencil. And you think we should be happy, eh?”

He smiled down at her with the condescending smile which the man of his character bestows upon the woman who has placed herself entirely in his grasp, the woman who is at his mercy.

“Yes, yes,” she said, eagerly, her color coming and going, her eyes glowing with the anticipation of a happiness which seemed too great to be possible. “You're afraid that you would miss your clubs, the race meetings and the society of London; but see, Desmond, dear, what happiness have they ever brought you; how many times have you come to me tired and weary of all the gayety and the men and women of your set, people of rank? You told me that they always bored you, and that you

were glad to get away from them! Give this new life—and—and me a trial, Desmond; just a trial! If you grow tired of it and me, ah, well you can come back. I only ask you just to try it. Desmond, how soon could we go?”

She looked eagerly into his eyes, for she saw that he was brooding over her suggestion, that it was not unwelcome to him; and her soft hands stole round his neck caressingly, her parted lips touched his cheek.

He roused himself from his reverie, and, with a little shake, smiled at her.

“Yes; I'll give it a trial, Lucy,” he said. “Hold on!” as with a cry she drew closer to him and whispered, anxiously:

“Now, Desmond! At once!”

“Not at once,” he said. “There are things I want to clear up, things I must see to. In a day or so. Now, don't look so disappointed. You've got my promise.”

She might have reminded him that she had bitter reasons for mistrusting his promises, but she did not; indeed, she kissed him lovingly, and with a patient sigh rose from her knees, and, going to her working table, opened a drawer and took out a tiny leather-covered box.

“What's this?” he asked, as she pressed it into his hand and drew his fingers over it. Blushing and downcast, she raised her eyes to his imploringly.

“Take it, Desmond. I—I don't want it. I have some more—a little, but enough to go on with; and there is some owing to me I shall be able to get. Pray take it—to please me, dear!” she begged him. “And, indeed, it's as much yours as mine! Think of the money you used to spend on me”—“before you got tired of me,” she was going to say, but checked the words—“before you got into difficulties! Don't refuse, Desmond. It will make me so happy to think that I—I may have been of some use to you; the lion and the mouse, you know!” She laughed, tremulously. “Be a good lion, and take it, dear!”

The man reddened, and he opened his hand, shaking off her fingers roughly; then he hesitated, his lids fell to cover the shame in his eyes, and with a forced laugh he said:

"What! Your little savings! Well, well, if it will please you, Lucy; and, upon my soul, I believe it will! I'll accept the loan for—for a day or two. And I don't mind admitting, my child, that I am completely stumped! But you're sure you don't want it?"

"No, no!" she assured him, eagerly. "I was only saving it for—in case—for a rainy day."

She had been saving on the happy chance of his making one day a sunny one for her.

He dropped the little box into his overcoat pocket and stayed with her for some little time; but the whisky, her sympathy, the presence of the box in his pocket, had "bucked him up," and very soon he was anxious to be gone. And she knew him too well to attempt to keep him; indeed, as soon as she saw he was desirous of going, she told him that she wanted to get back to her work, mixed him some more whisky and water, and kissed him with a smile in her eyes and on her lips.

"Soon, Desmond!" she whispered, lovingly. "You will not break your pro—you will not change your mind!" "Trust me!" he responded, confidently, he whom man or woman had never trusted without ruing it.

He walked to his club and dined, and when the footman's back was turned, took out the box, and, glancing round to see that no one was looking, opened it. It contained nine sovereigns.

He laughed with a contemptuous pity, put the gold in his pocket, and, crushing the cheap little box in his white hands, flung it into the fireplace, as he went to the smoking room.

Some men were standing talking, and they looked round as he entered in his slow, graceful way. One of them was the Captain Mortimer whom Diana had seen in the dogcart on the night she had rescued Dalesford, and he nodded and looked at Desmond March with a kind of reserved scrutiny.

"Hello, March," he said. "We're just going into the cardroom for some baccarat. Will you join?"

Desmond March was about to decline, then he remembered the nine sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket, and nodded. The men seated themselves at the table and play commenced. March looked quite cheerful and perfectly self-possessed, so much so that Mortimer felt it safe to venture on a word of condolence.

"Bit of a blow for you, March—Dalesford's engagement," he said, in a low voice—they were seated next each other. "Glad to see you're taking it like a man."

March shrugged his shoulders. "Is there any other way of taking it?" he said.

"Awful bit of bad luck!" Mortimer remarked. "I'd have rather bet on Dalesford's funeral than his marriage. Such a reckless fellow. Did you ever hunt with him?"

"Never had that honor," replied Desmond, languidly.

"Ah, well! Rides like the devil himself. I always feel as if he were going to break his neck."

"But he doesn't. I'm unlucky, as you say."

"And it isn't only when he's hunting. Did I ever tell you of his accident coming home from a mess dinner at Lowminster last year?"

March shook his head and seemed intent on the game.

"Yes; a narrow squeak that must have been. He was riding that night, and he fell off his horse, so they say. But I don't know. It looked to me as if he'd been in some kind of a fight, and Grayson, who was passing along the road next day, saw that it was cut up with a horse's hoofs and a man's footsteps—"

He stopped suddenly, for March's face had gone suddenly pale, and he looked straight before him, as if he were fighting against some weakness.

"Anything the matter, March?" Mortimer asked, quickly.

Desmond March recovered from the

attack, whatever it was, and turned to him laughingly.

"Nothing, thanks," he said, coldly. "The room's confoundedly hot, I fancy. But I interrupted your interesting story"—with a faint sneer.

"Oh, it's nothing. I'd finished," said Mortimer. "I was only going to say that there was a kind of mystery about that night's work. Open the window, there, please."

Desmond March won from the commencement of the game, and, with only a few exceptions, won all through. It seemed as if poor Lucy's little savings had broken the run of bad luck which had of late pursued him. The stakes increased as the play went on, and, as the dawn struggled between the curtains, Desmond March rose, the winner of a large sum.

Now, your gambler lives for the moment, and seldom for more than the moment, and with his pockets stuffed with notes and gold, his face flushed with the excitement and the champagne he had drunk freely, Desmond March felt very differently to the Desmond March who had gone whining to a woman for comfort—and had borrowed her savings.

After all, was the game up? Luck had swung his way again; it might continue in his favor, something might turn up. Anyway, flight was postponed for the present; and in the glow of his good fortune the vision of Lucy's pale face, the memory of her sweet, pleading voice, irritated and irked him.

Of course he would pay her back the nine pounds. But to do so he must go to her, and she would expect him to keep the promise she had cajoled him into making. He'd send it to her. But, heartless as he was, even he shrank from so brutal an act. Ah, well, she must wait.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the afternoon of the day of the dinner at Glenaskel; the dinner and the dance, for Dalesford, prompted by Mabel, who had discussed this addition with Bertie, had suggested that they

"might as well do the thing properly," and kill two birds with one stone; and Diana, who had, of course, been consulted by Lady Selina and the earl, had, equally of course, welcomed her lover's proposal, as she would have welcomed any suggestion of his.

Mabel and Bertie were returning from the river with some sea trout in their creels and a wealth of happiness in their hearts; and the boy, as he strode beside her with his pipe in his mouth, glanced now and again at the girlish face with its piquant, half-parted lips and radiant eyes.

"I suppose you'll give me a dance to-night?" he said, after a long pause in the conversation.

Mabel broke off in her soft whistling of "Ye Banks and Braes," and looked at him with a mischievously innocent air.

"I don't know. Can you dance?"

"Can I——" He took the pipe from his mouth so that he might give vent to his indignation. "Can a duck swim? Of course I can dance. What did you take me for?"

"If I took you for anything, it would be for a course of lessons in manners," she retorted, smoothly. "But about the dance. I will see. You are doubtless aware that my card will be pretty well filled up—you see, I'm one of the ladies of the house, and everybody will have to ask me, for duty's sake——"

"I'm asking for pleasure, Mabel," he put in, not unadroitly. "The thing will be spoiled for me if you don't dance with me. And you know that. But never mind. I dare say I shall get some partners; don't worry on my account."

"I'm not worrying in the least, I assure you," she retorted, smiling at him in an exasperating fashion. "I've ever so many other things to think of. There's my dress, for instance. I can't make up my mind between a white silk and a pale blue *crêpe de Chine*."

"Wear 'em both," he suggested.

"The white becomes me best, but then I look ever so much older in the blue; it's almost long."

"Let down the white one."

She ignored this valuable suggestion, also.

"And Captain Fairbourne says that blue is really my color."

Captain Fairbourne was one of the "guns," a young linesman who had fallen a victim to Mabel's girlish spells and impish humors; and if Bertie were capable of hating anyone, the afore-said captain would have been that ill-fated person.

"What's Captain Fairbourne know about color?" he remarked, with a toss of the head. "He'd much better confine his expression of opinion to the goose-step and musketry drill."

"Strange how civilians always dislike a soldier," observed Mabel, reflectively. "Can it be envy, I wonder? Is this a walking match? If you are going to tear on like this, I must ask you to go on alone."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Sorry I was walking too fast for you; but you do make me mad sometimes."

"Only sometimes?" she queried, smiling up at him. "Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me when you are sane, so that I may know when to begin; for I think I rather like you when you're a little—just a little—mad."

"Do you—Mabel?" he responded, eagerly, the gloom of his boyish face relaxing. "That's good news! But I like you all the time."

"Even when I tease you?" with a sideways glance.

"Even when you tease me—by flirting with that conceited redcoat, Fairbourne."

"I never flirt," she declared, reddening.

"Never?"

"Well, not to speak of." She faltered a little. "If you consider that I am flirting if I speak pleasantly to any other person than a conceited cock-sparrow of a schoolboy—"

"Now, that's unjust, and—and not like you, Mabel! I'm not conceited, and you know it."

"I call a person conceited who contradicts everyone who holds a different opinion to his own. And I saw you

looking in the glass as we went through the hall this morning."

"I did; but it was because I wanted to look at your new fishing hat without your seeing me do it."

"Isn't it a pretty hat?" she said, beaming up at him so that the boy longed to take her in his arms and kiss the face beneath it. But he checked himself, and, boylike, took refuge in banter.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "But you might wear it straight."

"Isn't it straight?" she asked. "Please put it right, will you?" she requested, as boy to boy, and with a childlike look in the blue eyes raised to his.

Poor Bertie slipped his pipe in his pocket and set the coquettish hat straight, his hands trembling a little, his lips tightly set and his eyes fixed carefully on an imaginary spot in the center of her forehead; for he felt that he needed all his strength to resist the temptation to kiss the half-parted lips so close to his.

"There you are," he said, roughly, and a little huskily. "You ought to have a nurse with you."

"Oh, I find a young bear quite as good," she retorted, sweetly.

"Well, don't forget that some bears can dance," he said, "and to-night remember this one. I shan't mind pinning up your dress or tying your pinafore. I suppose it will be a splendid affair?"

"Rather!" she assented, enthusiastically. "All the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road; and, oh, Bertie, you wait until you see Diana's dress! And she's going to wear the old diamonds uncle Edward has given her!" She cast her eyes up to heaven, as if she were in the ecstasy of some glorious vision. "I tell you, my dear boy, that there has never been seen anyone so entirely unsurpassable as Diana will look to-night."

"The Queen of Sheba?"

"Her majesty was not in it with our Di!" declared Mabel, with absolute finality. "It's— But what's the use of trying to describe a ball dress to a stupid boy!" She broke off in despair.



"For God's sake, say no more! I'll be no man's slave."

"Perhaps I shall like your simple little frock as well," he said.

"My simple— And pray, who told you it was simple? At any rate, however simple it may be, it will not be half as simple as you. Oh, here come Diana and Vane," she exclaimed, as a dogcart came up the road behind them. "I'll ask Vane to give me a lift; do you see his face?"

The two lovers were looking at each other as they talked in low accents, in slow, lingering speech, and did not see the boy and girl until they were close upon them; then, in answer to Mabel's call, Vane pulled up.

"Give you a lift?" His face fell as he repeated Mabel's bland request; then he laughed and shook his head.

"Not much! A walk will do you two good. The fact is, Mabel"—severely—"you're getting fat for want of exercise."

"Oh, Vane!" pleaded Diana, laughingly. But Mabel called out:

"Sold again! Who wants to ride with a couple of spoons? Yah! Drive on, Romeo and Juliet!"

Diana looked back, waving her hand

until the dogcart turned the bend, then she nestled close to Vane again.

"How happy they looked!" she said, with a happy little sigh.

Vane nodded and laughed. "Yes; a pair of children playing at love," he said. "I hope there's nothing serious in it. Sometimes I blame myself for asking the boy down here; he was quite gone enough at Shortledge. There'd be trouble if he meant business, for aunt Selina would look higher for Mabel, and Master Bertie will be as poor as a church mouse."

Diana was silent for a moment, then she said, in a low voice:

"He may not always be poor. Some one—some one might help him—and her."

Vane pressed her still closer to him, and looked at the downcast face with swift comprehension and gratitude.

"Is there anyone you know whom you don't make the happier for knowing you, dearest?" he said. "Bertie's a lucky young beggar! But I'm the luckiest of 'em all! But it's just like you, dear sweetheart, to think of those two kiddies."

"Why, what is money good for but to make those we love happy?" she asked, quietly. "And I love Mabel as if she were a sister. I never had a sister," she added, almost to herself. "I have never had anyone but aunt Mary."

Dalesford was silent for a moment, then he said:

"I don't think I ever met with anyone so entirely free from relatives; relatives are a nuisance; at least, most of mine are. Desmond March, for instance. You don't know anything of your father, Diana? I mean who and what he was? Why he left England while you were so young?"

The question was prompted only by his interest in everything connected with her, and she answered, simply:

"No. You know as much about him as I do. Mr. Fielding has told you."

"Yes. He must have been particularly clever to have made that pile of money, that money which I'm always half inclined to be jealous of, Diana."

"Oh, why?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Fancy I'd rather you hadn't turned out a great heiress. Never spoken of it before—rather a—a sore subject—and we won't speak of it again."

"I'm sorry," she said, meekly; and he laughed and kissed her.

"Well, so long as you don't do it again," he responded, as if she were apologizing for some naughty act. "And you think this idea of the governor's about my going into Parliament a good one?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Whatever Lord Wrayborough says must be right," said Diana.

He laughed aloud at her prompt response.

"His idea is that I shall have some object in life—as if I wanted any other than you!—and that it may amuse you. I ought to have put the second reason first, seeing that he considers you and your inclination before anything and everybody else in the world. If you'd like to see me an M. P., I'll have a shot for it. There'll be a vacancy at Lowminster before long; what's-his-name,

the present member, has talked of retiring a long time. I expect I should make an awful mess of it—got no brains, you know—but you'll have to find them; and you'll have no difficulty. The guv'nor says— But you must be tired of hearing the guv'nor's song of praise in your honor. Here's the lodge, already! We must have come along pretty fast."

The mare had taken her own leisurely pace, but Diana, edging away from him to a discreet distance, did not say so.

"Now, you go and lie down"—he was always wanting her to go and lie down, as if she were an invalid who needed the most tender care—"and have a good rest before dinner. And you dance the first and the third and the fifth and the sixth—"

"Yes. They wouldn't"—wistfully—"let me dance them all with you, Vane, I suppose?"

Not since the last visit of royalty had the great castle presented so gala an appearance as it did on this eventful night. The avenue and courtyard were illuminated by the torches of the Highland men; the guests were received by the major-domo and a double file of the house servants in their state liveries, and conducted through the great hall, for this occasion all ablaze with electric lights, to the magnificent drawing room, where the house party awaited them.

Many of them had already made Diana's acquaintance, and now renewed their homage, for the girl looked, in her exquisite dress with the diamonds scintillating on her white neck and arms, and nestling amid the priceless lace—also a gift of the earl's—like a queen. And yet, with her queenliness, there was a sweet, maiden modesty, an expression of girlish happiness that struck each one who came up to her; and made strangers, who had been inclined to consider the rumors of her grace and beauty exaggeration, inwardly confess that her devout admirers had reason for their enthusiasm.

The dinner was a function almost regal in its splendor, and even Mabel and Bertie were almost awed into quiet-

tude; but when it had run its stately course and the Hungarian band was heard softly tuning up in the music gallery in the old ballroom, Mabel broke the spell.

"Captain Fairbourne has asked me for the first dance," she remarked to the epergne laden with fruit opposite her. "Oh!" said Bertie, grumpily. "And, of course, you gave it to him?"

"Well, no," she replied, casually. "I thought I should like to sit it out and watch the others."

"Not you!" he retorted, incredulously. "You watch the others! Well, you can watch them quite well enough while you're dancing; and I'll stop now and then for you to do so, if you like."

So he got the first dance.

Diana also felt inclined to stand still and watch the brilliant crowd, as, a mass of soft and flaming color of flashing and glowing gems, it moved about the vast salon; but she had to reckon with Dalesford, who, trying not to look too proud and Heaven blessed, came to claim her.

"The most beautiful woman in the room, my dear Lord Wrayborough," said an old friend and neighbor, as she stood beside the earl and watched Diana.

He turned his eyes slowly from the girl he had learned to love as a daughter, and bowed as if the praise were personal to himself.

"Isn't she! And as good as she is beautiful, countess. My boy is the luckiest Wrayborough that ever danced in Glenaskel. Look at him! He is ten years younger, he radiates happiness—and no wonder, with such a girl for his own!"

"Yes; Vane has changed," she said, as she watched him bending over Diana with love-worship in his fine eyes. "She carries those diamonds well, for so young a girl."

"Diana would carry an imperial diadem," he retorted, and as the pair glided near them in the progress of the dance, he smiled at her fondly, receiving as fond a smile from her in response. "There is no one like her—no one!"

"That sounds like Tennyson—Maud, you know," laughed the countess. "But you have every excuse for your enthusiasm, dear Lord Wrayborough. Who did you say that she was?" she added, with friendly interest.

"Her father was a wealthy merchant named Bourne," he replied. "He is dead; I am her father now, dear lady."

"You are not tiring yourself, Diana?" he asked her some time later. "You are dancing a great deal, my dear, and you have been out with the rods and the guns so much."

But Diana laughed and shook her head as she softly slid her arm in his—it was one of the "mousy" little ways in which she showed her affection for him, ways that filled the old man with delight. "Oh, no! I feel as if I could dance forever; as if—ah, well, try and imagine yourself the happiest girl in the world at her first big dance!"

And to Vane, still later on, she said, in a low voice:

"Happy? Oh, Vane, how poor and meaningless the word is to express what I feel! If you knew how good everyone is to me, how full my heart is of joy and bliss. Once or twice to-night I have asked myself whether it is fair for one girl to have so much, such wealth of love, such hosts of friends, such petting and spoiling, while others——"

She broke off, and he saw her eyes glisten with sudden tears; and he drew her out of the glitter and shimmer of the ballroom into one of the anterooms, closed the door and took her to his breast.

"God give me the luck to keep you always as happy, my angel and my love!" he whispered, passionately.

The light streamed through the windows before the ball was over; but at last the house party stood in the hall listening to the last carriage as it rolled away.

"And now to bed, my child!" said the earl to Diana. "Vane, go with her to the corridor and see that Mabel does not lure her to her room for a gossip."

She must rest, rest! Good-night, my dear."

As he kissed her the diamonds in her hair flashed in his eyes, and he said:

"The diamonds, my dear; better give them to me to lock up for you. You'll want them for Lady Brandon's dance on Wednesday; after that, I'll send them to the bank."

Laughing and blushing, Diana, aided by Vane's caressing fingers, took off the jewels, and the earl collected them in a heap and bore them off to the safe in the small room adjoining his own.

On the Monday after the day of the ball, Desmond March was sitting over the pretense of a breakfast. The covers from the dishes had not been removed, and the toast he broke absently fell untasted from his fingers. They were trembling, his lips were ashen and drawn, and there were black shadows under his sunken eyes. His run of luck had broken down, and once more he was in the depths of despair. Beside his plate lay a scattered heap of letters, all of them demands, some of them threatening demands, for money. As he looked round the room with aching eyes—he had drunk heavily at the "supper club" on the preceding night—he remembered that the rent was overdue, and reflected that in a short time he would be homeless as well as penniless.

For the first time for weeks he thought of the patient, loving woman whose faith he had betrayed, whose pitiful savings he had taken and squandered. To go to her now—no, not even he was equal to that. There was nothing but flight. But where to fly? Where? Absently, he picked up one of the papers which lay on the table; it happened to be a society journal, and as he turned the leaves wearily his eye caught an account of the great ball at Glenaskel. His face flushed and grew bitter as he read the successful effort of a reporter still dazed by the splendor he had witnessed from a corner of the music gallery.

Desmond March set his teeth upon

the oath that broke from him. And all this—Glenaskel, Wrayborough and how much more—might have been his. Diamonds—this girl of his cousin's, Dalesford's, must have been smothered with them. Great heavens, and he, the next heir, was stone broke, a defaulter, an outcast. Diamonds! Why, a quarter of the sum they would fetch would tide him over his difficulties. And this girl was flaunting them, would lose them, very likely—he flung the paper from him and groaned.

His valet, to whom, of course, wages were due, knocked at the door and entered.

"The—er—person to see you, sir."

Desmond March stared at him.

"Eh? Oh, tell him to go to—"

Suddenly his face flushed, and he caught his breath. "Wait!" he called, as the valet was leaving the room. "I think I'll see him."

A moment or two later the valet ushered in Garling. The short, square figure, the rugged, heavily lined face, looked strangely out of place in the luxurious room, and the man stood awkwardly leaning on his thick stick and regarding, in silence, the aristocratic, pallid face of Desmond March with a mixture of deference and defiance, of apprehension and dislike.

"So you've turned up as usual," said Desmond March, leaning back and looking at Garling, under half-closed lids. "It's as well you did; for I happen to want you."

"To want me?" said Garling, in his peculiar, husky voice. "What can you want with me? See here, Mr. March, I've come to tell you that this—this game can't go on. I'm tired of it. You took me by surprise the other night, and I caved in before I'd had time to turn round. Every Monday I've been here to—to report myself"—his rugged face grew red and his mouth hard and set—"but I don't mean to do so again. I'm—I'm different to what you take me for."

Desmond March nodded toward the door.

"You can go. My man will follow you and give you in charge to the first

policeman he meets. Or you can stay and undertake a job. I've got one for you. Which is it to be? Right," as the man, white to the lips, ground his teeth and remained standing. "Now lock the door. Come here, sit there, and listen."

Garling took the chair and kept his eyes on March, as the slave eyes his master, whip in hand; and in slow, measured accents Desmond March set him his task.

In the middle of the recital Garling sprang to his feet, his eyes glowing, his teeth set.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I won't do it! I can't! I've left that kind of work! For God's sake, say no more! I'll be no man's slave; I—" he shuddered. "I've had enough of convict life."

Desmond March leaned back and toyed with a paper cutter; but kept his eyes on his man.

"Oh, yes, you'll do it," he said. "Where's the risk to you—the Iron-monger, you know! But, risk or no risk, you'll do it. You'll take a—commission, of course, and you can clear off when the job's done; for I shall have done with you for good and all. Hesitate, you—you convict, and, by God! I'll send you back to Portland!"

With a groan, Garling sank into his chair. Then he sprang up and paced up and down with heavy, dragging steps, his head bent, his brows knit; and Desmond March leaned back and watched him with a feigned calm that concealed a deep anxiety.

At last Garling stopped before his tyrant, and, glowering down at him, said, hoarsely:

"If I do this—job, it's the last, you say? You'll have done with me—will let me go? You swear it? Swear it!" He laughed a laugh that sounded like the snarl of a dog. "You'd swear anything, you—you fine gentlemen, I know. But, mind! you're driving me harder than you think! I'll do it; but—it's the last; unless it's the kind of job"—he looked at Desmond March with a sudden ferocity—"that I'll swing for!"

CHAPTER XIX.

It was noon on the morning following Lady Brandon's dance when Diana awoke to find Mabel sitting beside her bed, regarding her with a smile that was wistful as well as affectionate.

"Oh, I'm late; you're dressed, Mabel!" Diana exclaimed, guiltily. "What is the time? So late? How long have you been sitting here? Is it anything you want, dear?"

"I've been here for the last half hour," replied Mabel. "I did want something, but I've forgotten what it is now. How beautiful you look when you're asleep, Diana! You've been smiling for the last five minutes. What were you dreaming of?"

Diana thought a moment, then blushed and shook her head.

"Dreams are silly things," she answered, evasively.

"Yes; they're silly enough even when they're happy," admitted Mabel; "because they're only dreams, you see, and they mayn't come true. But yours are all safe enough," she added, with a mischievous smile and nod. "I'll ring for your tea. Oh, you mustn't think of getting up yet, for Vane has given me strict orders to see that you breakfast in bed."

"I've never done such a thing in my life that I can remember," urged Diana; but Mabel shook her head decisively.

"Them's my orders, miss; and I'm just old enough to know that it's better to obey 'em when Vane gives them. And here's the tray. Are you hungry?"

"Starving," said Diana, sitting up and flinging her long tail of hair over her shoulder. "Is Vane down?"

"Down! Hours ago. Oh, he's quite the Industrious Apprentice now, since a certain young lady took him in hand and reformed him. He was up before the breakfast bell rang, seeing to the program for the day. He slaves at it as if he were a Cook's excursionist guide. Vane, who, last year, was the laziest man that ever drew breath! And that reminds me of what I wanted. It's that troublesome boy, Bertie."

"What has he been doing now?" asked Diana, with a smile, and a loving,

whimsical glance at the pretty girlish face, as its owner, having seated herself on the bed, was snuggling against Diana and somewhat hampering her fork hand.

"Oh, nothing; it's what he wants to do. He wants me to ride over with him to the Holy Well."

"And you're going to do so, of course?"

"Well—I was; but aunt Selina has suddenly discovered that I ought not to. She says I spend all my time with him—so absurd! I'm sure I don't! And she says she won't have me scampering about in country lanes with a young man; as if Bertie were a young man!"

"He's scarcely an old one," said Diana. "And you want me to come with you, I suppose, to play chaperon?"

Mabel nodded and grinned. "Yes; that's it, dear. You and Vane, of course. I thought—that is, Bertie thought—that we might get some lunch at the inn by the well and make a day of it. It would be awfully jolly—just us four. And we wouldn't interfere with you and Vane, you know. You could ride ever so far behind—" She wound up by giving Diana a hug, and, having got her way, ran off to inform her fellow conspirator of the success of their little plan for getting so many hours together.

Diana came down in her habit and found Vane patiently waiting for her in the hall. He looked up as she came down the stairs, and his eyes greeted her with mute admiration.

"You beautiful angel!" he whispered, almost audibly; and he scarcely waited until the butler had discreetly withdrawn before he took her in his arms and lifted her off the last few steps. "I spend most of my time trying to decide in what dress you look most lovely, Diana. This morning I'm inclined to put my money on a habit; but I know that to-night I shall plunge on an evening frock. How well, how bright you look, my star! Yes; that's it—you are my star, dearest. Without you my life would be black as—"

"Now, when you two have quite done

—don't let me hurry you," said Mabel, from the door, with exaggerated politeness, "but the horses have been waiting for hours, and Bertie says he thinks you must have mistaken this for a moonlight ride."

"This girl will be the death of me," declared Dalesford, with mock despair. "Come on, then. But look here, Mabel, no larks; no giving us the slip with that fellow boy of yours. I have just been listening to a lecture from aunt Selina—The Delinquencies of Lady Mabel Lashwood. And I've promised to keep an eye on you, young lady."

"Pooh!" retorted Mabel, contemptuously. "You've only one pair of eyes, and you can't keep them off your young woman. Besides, as if I couldn't take care of myself!"

The four young people started, talking and laughing with the joyousness of youth with a lifetime of love before them; and presently, as Mabel had shrewdly foreseen, she and Bertie had left the other couple far behind and were quarreling and flirting with a charming absence of restraint.

Dalesford seemed even happier than usual that morning, and before they had ridden a mile Diana learned the cause.

"The gov'nor heard from Mr. Starkey this morning," he said, lowering his voice and pulling his horse near enough to Diana's mare so that he could take her mistress' hand. "He says that these blessed business arrangements are nearly concluded, and that—Diana, do you think you could marry me, say next week, if these lawyers will let us?"

Her eyes were downcast for a moment, then she raised them and looked at him with infinite love, with so sweet a surrender in them and on her half-parted lips that his hand closed over hers in a swift, strong grip.

There was silence for a while, then they fell to talking in a low voice, of their marriage, of the place where they should pass the honeymoon.

"I leave it all to you, dearest," he said. "I should be happy enough if we spent it in a London attic, or a slum in Manchester; anywhere with you would be paradise."

And, of course, she assured him in faltering accents that for her any place, with him, meant an earthly heaven.

"What I should like would be to stroll off by ourselves to some quiet little church away beyond the hills there, and get married quietly and without fuss. But, of course"—quickly as Diana, blushing, looked doubtful—"of course that wouldn't be allowed. The dear old father has set his heart on a regular grand wedding, with a bishop to do the service, and a perfect crowd at the house. We'll be married here, eh, dearest? He'd like it, and the people—what have you done to win their hearts, you witch? Do you know that they fight in the stables for the honor and glory of saddling your horse; that any man who gets a word from you goes about the place with an air of pride and conceit that renders him insufferable? Why, I saw one of your photographs, those last ones of yours, on Donald's"—Donald was the head keeper—"mantel shelf. I can't think how he came by it."

"It must have been one of the proofs. I threw them in the waste-paper basket," said Diana, laughing very softly.

"Ah, I see. He declined—you know Donald's stately way?—to tell me where he got it; and when I began to read him a lecture, looked so fierce that I dropped it and cleared out."

"Dear old Donald!" murmured Diana.

"Exactly. So you see that the people would feel bad if we had it at Wedbury. Besides, here we are. Next week, dearest."

"Not next week, dearest. Why, I haven't half my things. Perhaps—the week after—or the week after that—if aunt Mary is well enough to travel. She is better and getting stronger every day, she says— Oh, Vane, what are they doing?" she broke off, looking anxiously at Mabel and Bertie, who were going across the moor at racing pace and apparently making for a stone wall of one of the marches.

"I believe they're going to try to jump it," said Vane. "Young idiots! Hi, Mabel! Hi, you there, Bertie! Hold hard, there's a fall on the other side of that! Hi!"

But the wind was against him, and the two young scapegraces failed to catch his warning and rode on, their laughter blown backward to Vane and Diana.

"Is— is there any danger, Vane?" she inquired, anxiously.

"N—o, no, dearest. Don't be alarmed. They can both ride; but that's a young untried un Bertie's on, and— You come on quietly, I'll try and catch them."

"I'll bet you what you like you won't clear it," Mabel was panting, as they rode toward the wall. "It's all very well when you London people have to deal with a hawhaw fence; but these stone walls—"

"I'll double you," yelled Bertie, his eyes dancing, the laughter bubbling through his words. "I'll give you ten to one in gloves; my size is seven and a half; yours is fours, I know."

"Fours! Threes, you impudent boy!" retorted Mabel, throwing her mane back with an indignant toss of her head. "Now, look out! Lift him well, Bertie—"

"Ho!" yelled Vane, angrily; but his warning shout reached them too late to be of any use; on the contrary, it caused Bertie to unconsciously tighten his rein as they were close to the wall. Mabel's horse, an experienced hunter, cleared the formidable stone wall as cleanly as a bird flies; but Bertie's young horse hesitated, jumped a little too low, and, catching an inch of his off heel, stumbled over the wall and threw Bertie.

A cry rose from Mabel, and she tried to pull up; but it was quite a minute before she could get back and fling herself beside the prostrate boy, who looked absurdly long and fearfully still as he lay with outstretched arms and white face.

With a gesture of utter abandon and terror, the girl put her strong young arms round him and lifted his head to her palpitating bosom.

"I've killed him, I've killed him! It's my fault, it's all my fault!" she moaned. "Bertie, dear; dear Bertie, look at me, speak to me! Oh, what shall I do! Is—is he dead?" she sobbed to Vane, who

had by this time cleared the wall and got beside them.

When riding with Diana he always carried his flask; he took it out and got some brandy through Bertie's clinched teeth and poured some on his forehead, and presently the boy drew a long and painful breath and slowly opened his eyes.

"Get back," said Vane, warningly. "He is coming to."

Mabel reluctantly, and with a pitifully anxious gaze still on Bertie, drew away to Diana, and, gripping her hand so tightly as to cause Diana pain, stood there shivering with apprehension and suspense.

But as Bertie pulled himself together and struggled to his feet, the color stole back to her face, and, setting her teeth hard, she fought with the shame that crushed her eyelids down.

"Hallo!" said Bertie. "What's up? Is—?" He looked round with an anxiety that matched that which had sat upon Mabel's countenance. "Is Mabel safe? Is she—she's not hurt? It—it was my fault, Vane. I chaffed her into jumping it."

"She's all right; you're both all right, you young idiots!" said Vane, half angrily, as he felt the boy over. "'Pon my soul, you aren't fit to be trusted with anything bigger than Shetland ponies, either of you! Here! take a pull at this while I get your nag. You darned young fool, to force a horse, a young horse, as ignorant as yourself, to take a wall like that!"

"It was my fault—" began Bertie again; but Vane shut him up and went after the horse. Bertie found his cap, felt his head covertly, and went up to Mabel, who was quite a different person to the wild, terror-stricken girl who, a minute or two ago, had held him in her arms and wailed over him. She received him with every species of exaggerated scorn and contumely.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she exclaimed. "I told you you couldn't ride. I knew you'd come a cropper; and you have, you see. Perhaps you'll take my advice another time. And I'll have Fownes' gloves, please; and don't you forget the

size—threes, not fours. A pretty sight you look with—with the blood running down your face. Where's your handkerchief? Oh"—with withering scorn—"take mine; pity nurse isn't here."

He took the dainty little square of cambric and hastily and shamefacedly wiped his face, and meekly offered to return it. But Mabel shrank away with a shudder.

"Don't offer it to me back, you—you dirty boy!" she adjured him, angrily.

"All right," he said. "I won't. You can have one of mine in exchange—"

"For a table cover, I suppose. Thanks. Oh, how hungry I am! For goodness' sake, let's ride on!" she exclaimed, impatiently. But the moment his back was turned, her number three hand stole toward Diana's and clutched at it, and her eyes, now dim with tears, sought Diana's imploringly.

"Oh, what should I have done if—if he had been killed?" she murmured. "Keep in front of me for a moment—only a moment, Diana dear. And—and—do you think he heard me? Oh, how could I give myself away so! Do you think—really and truly think—he isn't hurt? Keep near me for the rest of the way, Diana. I'm—I'm so afraid that he might see—"

Diana comforted and quieted her. "Happy Bertie!" she whispered, softly. "Do you love him so much, Mabel dear?"

"Love! That mere boy! I hate—!" her voice, which had begun valiantly enough, faltered, and a little sob caught at it and checked it; and she hung her head and turned away.

Judging by the way Bertie ate at the inn, it was evident that he had not received any mortal injuries; and they rode homeward happily enough, though Mabel was unusually quiet and demure.

As they approached the head keeper's lodge, Donald, hearing the horses, came to the door and doffed his bonnet. He was a giant in girth and stature, and his ruddy face glowed redly at the sight of the "young mistress," whom he regarded with the frank and fearless devotion of the born Highlander who is not afraid or ashamed to display his

respectful affection for the person to whom he owes loving allegiance.

Diana, with a glance at Vane that asked his approval, pulled up.

"I hear you have my portrait, Donald," she said, blushing a little.

Donald shot a swift look from his keen eyes at Vane.

"The master haf told you?" he said, with an upward jerk of his head. "Hech, an' you'll no be minding, Miss Diana. I gave one o' the maids—'tis no matter what I gave. An' ef it's no offense, me leddy, I have a favor to spier."

"What is 'it, Donald?" she asked.

"It's just that ye'll write your bonny name at the bottom of it," he said. "'Tis meself that will be the proud man if your leddyship will put the writing to it."

"Why, yes, of course I will," said Diana, smiling at him. "Do you know that you are paying me a great compliment, Donald? Go and get it, and I'll sign it and send it back to you; and you must let me put it in a frame, if you really care to keep it."

With a couple of strides or so Donald entered the tiny cottage and instantly reappeared with the precious photograph.

"Here! give it to me, Donald," said Dalesford. Donald watched him intently as he put the photograph in his breast pocket, then he took off his bonnet to Diana.

"Thank you, me leddy!" he said, simply, almost as if he were just acknowledging a favor to which he was entitled; and he stood bareheaded until they had turned the corner.

"The guv'nor ought to have seen that," said Vane, laughing, but with his eyes glowing proudly. "As for me, I'll own to being jealous. I can plainly see who is going to be the chief of the Glenaskel clan! It is getting dusk. Bertie"—he turned in his saddle—"you'd better go straight to Mrs. Harvey, the housekeeper, and get her to see to that scratch on your head—What is the matter, dearest?" he broke off, as Diana

uttered a faint cry, and her mare swerved. "What is it?"

"I—I don't know," she replied. "Some one, some man, passed between the trees just there; and the mare shied."

"Where?" he asked, angrily. "Was it one of the servants? Confound——"

He turned his horse and rode back a little way, peering into the shadows of the trees.

"I can see no one," he said. "Was it one of the keepers, woodmen, dearest? I'll have the fellow hauled over the coals. No one has any right to skulk about the drive——"

Diana laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't be angry, dearest," she said. "Yes; I dare say it was one of the keepers. I am not frightened, there is no harm done. See, there is Lord Wrayborough. What care you take of me."

At the foot of the stairs, she remembered Donald's photograph, got it from Vane and held it in her hand as she talked to Lord Wrayborough, who, as usual, wanted to know all the details of the ride, how she had enjoyed herself and whether she was sure she was not tired. She told him of Donald's purchase of the photograph and his request, and the old man, proud and pleased, drew her into his room.

"Bravo, Donald! Fine fellow that, eh, Diana? Compliment! I should think so. And he behaved like a gentleman, eh?"

"Like a prince!" said Diana.

"Here's the pen and ink. Write it large and plain. That's it. Hem! Pity he hadn't waited a little; you could have written 'Diana Dalesford.' What?"

He put his hand on her shoulder and pressed it lovingly, and did not move it when the butler, at the open door, said:

"Mr. Fielding has arrived, my lord. He would be glad if Miss Bourne could see him."

"Fielding? Eh, Diana? What?"

"Oh, I'll come directly," said Diana, and, dropping the photograph on the table, she left the room and followed the butler to the library.

The Crisis in Marriage

By Lilian Bell

LOVE is the mother of unselfishness, therefore most marriages are happy in the beginning. Each tries to give his or her all, and neither stops to consider the quality of the self-sacrifice, or the balance of the scales.

The length of time which elapses before a husband and wife begin to be self-conscious depends largely upon the characters of each and both. Vanity is the chemical which, when dropped into the golden bowl of married love, resolves it into its separate and elementary components. Perhaps the wife wounds the husband's vanity, and suddenly, from being a blindly adoring lover, he finds himself drawing away and looking at his wife, not as the angel he had believed her, but as a woman, and a woman he is tied to for years and years to come.

Perhaps some *tertium quid* admired at a little dinner the frock which her husband had failed to mention. Her quick vanity was touched by the flattery, and straightway she remembered that he had begun to forget these little attentions he used to lavish on her when they were first married.

After self-consciousness arrives—that is to say, after the period when each so lived in the other that each found it difficult to realize his or her own existence had passed and each had become conscious that, after all, she was herself and he was himself, and not the half of a whole—then is the time when both husband and wife begin mentally to take account of stock.

Perhaps the husband begins by thinking: "By Jove! I don't believe most men make as good husbands as I do! Here I have given up all my clubs except the golf, and I come home every night of my life, and I never spend any

more money on myself than is absolutely necessary, and just look at the other fellows I know! I wonder if they don't think I am a fool to be so devoted to Mary. I even stand her relations! And what does Mary have to stand from me that is as bad as that?"

The thought is father to the action, and it is not long after these ideas have crystallized into form that Mary thinks she sees a sign of the falling off of the bridegroom attitude. Then the suspicion grows that the ordinary, everyday husband is on the way to take his place. She feels that soon her marriage will be as commonplace as those she sees around her, and she thinks it is all John's fault. He has ceased to notice!

From that moment she begins to pity herself, to sum up her own perfections and to articulate John's faults. Chemicization has begun, and each existence is separating from the other. It will not be long before these unspoken thoughts will develop into words—words which cut into the tender consciousness of bridegroom and bride until the pain dulls itself of its own poignancy. Thus vanishes from the memory the last tender view of her face under the filmy wedding veil, and the scent of orange blossoms grows so faint that it is soon forgotten.

The crisis has come, the one is now two, and self-pity was the chemist.

Now comes the test of character.

If either husband or wife has an imagination, it will be seen that this is the fork in the road. They cannot separate now, and even walk parallel yet alone, without losing all the glamour, all the exquisite, inarticulate tenderness, which make marriage a sacrament and the holiest relation which exists on earth to-day. Hands which are clasped across

any barrier, be it only a strip of flower-sown grass, or a black and bottomless chasm, cannot know the closeness and the thrill which came when the pathway was one and so narrow that it was trod within a sheltering arm. Yet so few there be who have eyes to see!

I sometimes doubt if a return can ever be made after the fork in the road has been clearly discovered. Does not the mere effort to return brush aside the sparkles of dew from the grass and tread down the most delicate of the wild flowers? After bitter sneers have passed and after hateful truths have been put into words, can one ever forget? Will not the unknown terror which causes your sudden waking in the night resolve itself into an agonized memory of the cruel words which ate into your soul, words which caused the dearest lips in the world to emit flames of fire which seared themselves upon your heart?

Yet this is the time of all others to beware of self-pity. Self-pity! That insidious destroyer of happy homes; that uninvited guest who comes and camps upon your hearthstone and simply bides his time. You don't know, but he does, that it will not be long before one of those chairs will be empty, and he sees, but you don't, that the hour approaches when he and you will sit opposite each other—alone. How do you like the idea of self-pity for your mate through life instead of the beloved one?

Then beware how you let him in, for he is as insidious and persistent as a house cat. Shut the door, and he comes in at the window. Drive him out every day in the week, yet he returns, quiet, unobtrusive, apparently meek, yet with the maddening arrogance of one who knows that your patience will not last and that your will power will weaken. Your mistake was in letting the cat know the warmth of a welcome the first time.

Self-pity has many disguises. He is too clever not to know that in his natural garb he is hateful to the healthy-minded, so he chooses for the cleverest of his victims the erotic self-analysis so

dear to the trained mind. It matters not that this sense of discrimination has been learned in a hardy school, and never before has been put to so base a use. Self-pity is clever enough to know a keen blade when he sees it, and he rather prefers a sharp point. The time comes when even philosophers and metaphysicians will put their critical faculties to an unworthy use if self-interest prompts. Thus self-pity hides himself under the aspect of criticism of your neighbor. You select a man who has won some sort of praise from some ill-judged source, which has been expressed in your presence. Perhaps he is an easy-going fool, amiable and good-tempered, whose wife appreciates those qualities and has sense enough to know that an overtrained intellect sometimes means overtrained nerves, which is only another name for the family brand of irritability. Perhaps she has the wit to thank God that her husband is not intellectual.

At any rate, she is satisfied with him, and some one mentions her constant state of happiness and exploits your friend X. as a model husband.

At once you are off! You think you are simply exercising your critical faculties at the expense of your friend. You don't seem to recognize your old friend, self-pity, complaining because you were not praised for the happiness of your wife, when you are so much finer a fellow in every way than X.!

"Well, of all things! To praise old X. because his wife is on a broad grin all the time! Why, the woman is just one of those round-eyed dumplings who purr like a cat when they are warm and dry. She hasn't sense enough to go in out of the rain. She hasn't brains enough to be miserable or she would see than X. isn't the model husband people think he is. Why, the world jogs along so easily with him, he don't have to worry. Anybody can smile who is out of debt. If people only knew what I bore up under, and how cheerful I am when my heart is as heavy as lead, then they might talk. X. and his wife laugh because they haven't anything better to do, whereas I come home and

force myself to be pleasant and bright with Mary so that she won't remember that my note comes due to-morrow and that I haven't a cent to pay it with.

"Now, that is what I call being a good husband. That is what I call shielding a wife. To keep unpleasant subjects out of her mind and so to behave that she will not suspect that I am worried. That takes courage and self-sacrifice and unselfishness and tenderness and chivalry and courtesy, and calls into play the truest, noblest qualities of which man is capable. That takes moral courage. That sort is far nobler than to stand up and be shot at. A soldier is only required to be a fine brute. Why, to fight is easy, dead easy, compared to what I do every day of my life.

"I'd like to see old X. under the same circumstances! Why, if he had a worry in business or were ill, the first thing he would do would be to tell his wife and dump the burden on her! That's X. every time. Yet here he gets all sorts of hot air thrown at him for being a good husband, while I might go to my grave before anybody would congratulate Mary on having married me. What kind of husbands do women like, anyhow? Oh, I know! The fat, comfortable sort who give 'em plenty of money to spend and don't bother them. When it comes to a man's really knowing how to be a good husband, they none of 'em know enough to appreciate him."

From this general self-pity, it is not long before he thinks he sees signs of Mary's unappreciation. Surely she used to mention his good qualities oftener than she does now. Surely her little bridelike attentions to him are wearing off. It doesn't seem to make any difference to her now if he only kisses her good-by once, whereas she used to run after him into the vestibule and say good-by to him so often that he was sometimes late at the office.

Thoughts are things! And I defy any man or woman to think constantly along these lines for a few months and not have them reflected in his or her daily life.

Oh, for little signposts along the road of marriage, such as we plan for cyclists! "Do not coast down this hill! Dangerous turn at the bottom!"

The critical attitude of either husband or wife is sure to react upon the sensitive consciousness of the other. One cannot do all the unfavorable criticizing and the other all the loving. Therefore, as it is generally conceded that it is the wife's business to pardon the most, there is but one thing for her to do, when she comes to the fork in the road, and that is to get back to first principles.

This is not easy, unless one understands how, for a pumped-up emotion is an insult to its object, and is instantly detected by one who knows the real thing when he sees it. If your husband really loves you, you cannot make a pretense at loving him and not have him discern it. You must coax yourself back, step by step, along the road you have trod, until old emotions re-obtain their sway over you.

What were the verses you used to read together? Where the walks you used to take before the strenuous life sapped all the time you used to give to so foolish a thing as loving your own husband? What were his little idiosyncrasies of which you used to be so observant when you were first married, and which you have coaxed him to drop because they were foolish?

Foolish? Perhaps. But as long as they were harmless and he liked them, why did you permit your own selfishness to supersede them? It is by observing the little things in married life that love is kept alive. Many a woman is tired of a husband and almost out of love with him, when in her own soul she knows that he would gladly give up his life to save hers, and that because he has ceased to consult all her little likes and dislikes to which he was such a willing slave in the early days of their marriage. Many a man is bored to death with a wife who has grown slovenly, yet he knows that she adores him.

Why grow brutal just because you have the luck to be married?

Mere selfishness should teach a wife

to be unselfish with her husband, because so much more real pleasure is obtained from unselfishness to a beloved object than selfishness. But good husbands spoil their wives to such an extent that men are sometimes to blame for their wives' selfishness, so that occasionally sheer goodness is at the root of some blighted love story of the once happily married.

It is an old saying that marriage is a partnership, and I once heard an experienced and wealthy business man say: "In floating this company I propose to give the general manager some stock, for I would not trust one dollar of my money in the hands of a man whose interest was not to see that the stock earned its dividends." In other words, he made the manager a partner.

Interpreted spiritually, that would apply equally well to the crisis in marriage.

Let husband and wife own the stock of love equally, believe in its integrity

alone to carry on the business, and neither will dare to try to water it with tears of self-pity. When they understand that love is absolutely necessary to carry on the business of life, they will become as unselfish in their efforts to keep it green and fresh and to increase its volume and power as they were when they were first engaged and asked each other the question in an anguish of anxiety: "Will you always love me as you do now?"

Engaged love has the enthusiasm of novelty and the excitement of anticipation. Married love is stronger and more intelligent. One is founded on the unknown; the other on the known. Nor is it, as many have averred, the first year of marriage which is the most difficult to live down. It is the year, be it the first, fifth or tenth year of marriage, when there appears

The little rift within the lute
Which by and by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.



THE size of a man's head is by no means an index to the size of his brain; you can never accurately estimate the thickness of his skull until he is given a little authority.

THE fact that a man's photograph is not in the rogue's gallery is by no means a proof that he is ineligible.

THIS is an age of reform—try to reform something, if it is only yourself.

THE warmest exponents of socialism are those who have lost all hope of ever becoming autocrats.

THERE is no more invulnerable armor against the venomous shafts of the vicious than the dignified reserve of gentle birth.

WHEN a man is clever enough to make in a few years the fortune that has taken another's ancestors several generations to gather together, he is derisively styled a "newly rich."

ALL infants may look alike, but you would better not tell that to a young mother.

THE man who makes a commercial failure and manages to abstract enough of his assets to get back into business is soon restored to public confidence and favor; but the poor devil who impoverishes himself to pay off every dollar of his debts is a hopeless wreck for the rest of his life.

That Walk through the Wheat



TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,
Above us the sky spread golden clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!



AND our pathway went through the fields of wheat;
Narrow that path, and rough the way;
But he was near and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!



SOFTLY he spoke of the days long past,
Soft of blessed days to be;
Close to his arm, and closer I pressed,
The corn-field path was Eden to me.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!



GRAYER the light grew, and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade,
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!



AND the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower wound the way.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!



HE looked in the depth of my eyes and said:
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

MARIE GOODWIN.



OF course most of this is founded on what was told by his *confrères*, the clerks of the department; but to give each clerk credit for his part of the telling would be too much of a task. Therefore, let it be assumed that one person was with him all the time and saw all, divined all, and, meanwhile, had a continual quiet laugh to himself when he saw the petty autocrats of bureaucracy put to rout by one very young man, through that young man's keen intuition of their weaknesses and his ability in playing one weakness against another.

His story is in two parts. The curtain rises on the first part when he, by whom we mean Lynn Ridgway Vyle, was "certified to the department by the Civil Service Commission as eligible for appointment as clerk, under the provisions of Section 1, Act—," and so forth. Enter then young Vyle, a youth with a discriminating taste in neckties, a dislike for work and a great ability for avoiding it.

Let us sum up the good points of

young Vyle first. We shall have much to say of him which is not good, so let it not be said that we were not fair. Young Vyle was well bred. He spoke English without an American accent; he had charming manners, when he chose, and he dressed in excellent taste on a sum which was totally inadequate for correct dress in the average man. Vyle was not handsome, neither was he good looking; but he *was* a gentleman in appearance. He walked gracefully and without self-consciousness, and had the power of staring through objectionable persons.

Now let it be known that, in the department which Vyle entered, there was an Autocrat. We will not give his name nor his position, for once the Autocrat was kind to us, and we do not forget favors. Therefore, as we have not mentioned his name, and he is too egotistical to take the picture we shall paint as his faithful likeness, we shall tell you something about this Autocrat. He was a small person, materially, and a good bit smaller mentally; but he had the capacity for hard work and faithful attention to details. In his position, he was most useful to congressmen seeking appointments for political henchmen. Thus he made friends with those having much influence, and in the making he did not regard party prejudices. Therefore, he had escaped the cyclones which sweep departments clean after

each inauguration, and had, for fifteen years, been an Autocrat. From which you may imagine that we spell his title with a capital "A," after due consideration, and only forethought for the make-up of the magazine prevents us from spelling it in capital letters.

Needless to say the Autocrat was vain. He was. He was very vain. Therein lay Lynn Ridgway Vyle's salvation. For Vyle, being lazy, was quick to detect ways and means for avoiding labor—as we think we remarked previously.

The Autocrat allowed Vyle to listen to his wisdom on the morning of his arrival—for Vyle was appointed in the Autocrat's office, which was really a bureau in itself. Now, some newspaper man had told Vyle of the greatness of the Autocrat, and Vyle took elaborate pains to show the Autocrat in ways and manners that he knew himself to be in the presence of greatness, which led the Autocrat to remark to his confidential clerk, after Vyle had departed, that the new clerk appeared to be "a bright young man."

Young Vyle had been appointed to act as file clerk of the Autocrat's office; and several days of instruction in his duties convinced him that it was entirely too much work for a single person. But he did not say so. He labored on the files with remarkable fidelity for at least a week. But meanwhile he was planning to lighten his labors.

Let us now come to the methods of the cunning Vyle. Each year the Autocrat had written a report on different things coming under his surveillance. Young Vyle espied fourteen of these reports, handsomely bound in morocco and printed at the G. P. O., locked up in the Autocrat's private office. He approached the Autocrat reverently, and asked that he might be loaned the last copy. The Autocrat was flattered. The Autocrat consented.

Several days later, young Vyle returned the report; and was fortunate enough to catch sight of the Autocrat going out to lunch the same day. He joined the Autocrat and began to converse with him about the report which

he—Vyle—had read, and which the Autocrat had written. Young Vyle must have read some of the reports, for he discussed the subjects involved intelligently, and differed with the Autocrat only as much as was necessary to preserve originality of thought. The Autocrat invited young Vyle to lunch. Young Vyle accepted. For an hour young Vyle listened to the Autocrat babble, and agreed with his babblings. The Autocrat returned to his office, confident that in young Vyle he had secured the most intelligent clerk that he had ever had.

Let us not dwell upon the duplicity of this acute young Vyle. Rather, let us briefly summarize: he borrowed, one by one, all of those fourteen reports, and took good care that the Autocrat saw him borrow and return them. By the time he had conversed on each one of them, no clerk in the department had a better standing than young Vyle.

Then Vyle suggested that, "as you remarked the other day, Mr. —, I think our file system could be improved." The Autocrat had suggested nothing about the improvement of the file system, but he was not sure he had not. And when Vyle outlined a very superior method to the one then in use, and attributed it to his ponderings over the suggestions of the Autocrat, that gentleman's heart warmed toward young Vyle.

"But," objected the schemer, when the Autocrat had consented to the adoption of Vyle's methods, "it will be necessary, in order to carry out this work fully and completely, that I have an assistant."

Now, as a matter of fact, there was hardly enough work on those files to keep one man busy. They were only the personal files of employees, and were not very large nor very complex. But the file clerk had fortified his case, and had led up to it well. That day the Autocrat directed the appointment clerk to make requisition for another clerk. The appointment clerk might have told the Autocrat that another clerk was not needed, but the appointment clerk was full of wisdom, and he had seen the

methods of Vyle. To tell the Autocrat that he had been hoodwinked by a lazy, designing young devil—as the A. C. considered Vyle to be—would be to



The Autocrat allowed Vyle to listen to his wisdom on the morning of his arrival.

lose his official face with the Autocrat. For that would be an insinuation that the Autocrat was not what he considered himself to be, and was not, furthermore, a judge of men! And to suggest that—Heaven forbid!—I think we have previously remarked that the appointment clerk was full of wisdom.

So the assistant came—a callow youth from a farm, who wore high-water pants and an eager smile, and upon whom Vyle took care to impress the fact that he—Vyle—was a great man, had the ear of the Autocrat, and held within himself the power to promote or demote the new assistant. The young man from the country—whose name doesn't matter—properly revered the well-dressed, easy-mannered, condescending Vyle, and he buckled in and mastered the intricacies of the files under Vyle's able direction.

In a week Vyle had him trained to do about nine-tenths of the work. Vyle spent his time loafing about the corridors, smoking and conversing with

newspaper men, reading newspapers and books, and writing amatory screeds to maidens enamored of him.

Everyone in the Autocrat's office—except the Autocrat—knew that Vyle was lazy and did less work than anyone in the department—which is saying much. Yet Vyle was the man who got three promotions in one year, over the heads of clerks who had been in the office a half-score years longer than he; over clerks who worked, steadily and accurately, six hours out of the six and a half. Vyle was the clerk who was honored with invitations to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Autocrat and Miss Autocrat. When the Autocrat went on a junketing trip—called officially a “tour of inspection”—Vyle was the clerk who accompanied him and helped him to write his reports.

In speaking to clerks who applied to him for an increase of salary, the Autocrat always pointed out to them the superior figure of Vyle, his cleverness, his attention to details, his ability

for work. And the clerks spoken to, knowing all the time that Vyle was a hypocritical fraud, dared not say so, because that would have meant demotion. The idea! That they should put their feeble powers of discernment above those of the Autocrat. So they grinned feebly and admired Vyle audibly, but very vaguely, when in the presence of the Autocrat. But when they quitted the Autocrat's presence, they went into the corridors and said shameful and insulting things to the in-offensive walls.

One day Vyle was told by a physician whom he had been consulting that his lungs were weak and that he must go to New Mexico if he would avoid the Great White Plague. Whereupon Vyle informed the Autocrat of it, and borrowed a fair sum of money from the Autocrat, after which he tendered his resignation and went to New Mexico, with the hearty good wishes and assurances of personal concern of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Autocrat ringing in his ears.

Also the muttered wishes of his *confrères* that he would never come back. But the latter only caused broad grins to spread over the face of Lynn Ridgeway Vyle.

So, as we have said, he went away; and the department scratched his name from the rolls; and almost every clerk hoped that they would never hear of him again.

But they did.

II.

The Autocrat heard regularly from young Vyle during the next six months; and was glad to note that young Vyle was getting better. Vyle wrote an interesting letter, and informed the Autocrat of much about New Mexico which the Autocrat had not previously known—or anyone else, to be frank. He wrote him lies to the effect that he had secured employment as a schoolmaster, when, as a matter of fact, Vyle was doing nothing whatsoever, except enjoying the hospitality of a wealthy young New Yorker, who was in that part of

the world for the same reason that Vyle was.

Young Vyle was called, by courtesy, the wealthy youth's secretary; but the youth seldom wrote any letters, except to his sweetheart and his father, and these he wrote himself. Vyle's duties were to play billiards, whist, poker and *écarté* with the wealthy youth, to aid him in selecting wines and cigarettes, and to tell him *risqué* stories. For these onerous offices he received a fair salary, his rooms in the youth's bungalow, a servant to attend him, and the privilege of wearing the wealthy youth's clothes.

But, after five months, the wealthy youth was pronounced a hale and hearty man again, and he quickly hied him back to New York, leaving Vyle behind; for Vyle was not yet out of danger. But a month later, he, too, was decreed well; and he lost no time in writing a letter to the Autocrat telling him that he was coming back to Washington, and that he hoped the Autocrat would find it possible to reinstate him—Vyle—in the service.

The Autocrat received the letter and acted immediately. He had no position open in his own office with a decent salary attached; but there were twelve bureaus in the department over which he held sway. In one of them a clerk had died only the day before, and already the chief clerk of the bureau had forwarded a list of requested promotions, one man to fill the dead man's place at the dead man's salary, another to take the promoted one's salary, and so on down the line, finally requesting an appointment, through the civil service, of a clerk to take the place of the last one promoted—and at the lowest salary; for these things always go by promotion, and the promotions are made according to the merit and service of the clerks in the office.

But what were mere conventionalities where the Autocrat's wishes were concerned? He sent for the chief clerk of the bureau and told him that he was going to confer a great favor on him. The chief clerk, a young man recently promoted to that position, smiled feebly,

because he knew the brand of favors generally dealt out by the Autocrat. Then the Autocrat explained to the bureau chief clerk the various merits and other excellent qualities of that young paragon—Vyle. Clearly and lucidly he showed the bureau chief clerk that such a man was not be gotten for less than the salary the dead man had received; and he requested the bureau chief clerk to look up and be joyful, for he—the Autocrat—was going to show him the favor of his countenance by appointing Vyle to the position.

The chief clerk was not at all pleased, and he had a hard time to conceal the fact. "But, sir, you see," he said, "the men in the bureau expect these promotions—they deserve them—I have promised them. It would be unfair to bring this young man in over their heads—"

"Unfair!" almost thundered the Autocrat.

"No, no, sir, not *unfair*," quibbled the bureau chief clerk, terror-stricken. "Not that I think so, sir—I was only trying to show you their view of the situation."

Of course, you understand that the Autocrat could make an ex-chief clerk out of his interpolator by the simple means of dictating a letter to his stenographer and signing the same letter.

The Autocrat scowled at the bureau chief clerk and lighted a large cigar. "Well?" he demanded. "Do your clerks run the bureau, or do you? Eh—what?"

The bureau chief clerk hastened to affirm his belief in his own executive ability, and thanked the Autocrat in well-chosen words for the appointment of Vyle. The Autocrat, his fur stroked the right way again, purred—I mean murmured—condescendingly, and bowed to the bureau chief clerk, which the latter took by way of a dismissal, and took it gladly.

Once in the hall, he cursed the Autocrat, cursed Vyle, and wondered how he would square things with his clerks. For he was a fair man, and he knew how much the clerks recommended needed the increase in salary, and how hard they had labored for it.

As he meditated, a messenger boy went by whistling a popular air, and the bureau chief clerk nodded grimly as he repeated the last two lines of the song:

Whatever you do or say, my boy, your pockets will never be full
Unless you get next to a nice little man with a big, strong pull.

"Only he's not a *nice* little man," said the bureau chief clerk, venomously.

Vyle was notified by telegraph of his appointment, and requested to report as soon as practicable. So, four days later, there strolled into the department building a tall, slim young man, attired in well-cut blue flannels, a close fitting collar and wide scarf, and a soft felt hat, turned up in front and down in the back, after the English fashion. He wore tan gloves and smoked a cigarette. And he was the returned Lynn Ridgeway Vyle.

The Autocrat welcomed him with effusion, and took him to the chief clerk of the bureau, in whose presence he put one hand on Vyle's shoulder and told the chief clerk of his various excellencies. Vyle nodded patronizingly to the chief clerk, and touched his hand in token of acquaintanceship. Vaguely, the chief clerk knew that trouble was in the wind.

Young Vyle was assigned to the filing division, the same being in charge of a fossil—a relic of Civil War days, and one whose ideas had not changed since those momentous times. As most persons are who hold petty offices of authority, the fossil esteemed himself an important person, inasmuch as he held under him eight clerks in fear and trembling. One of these clerks was chief sycophant to the fossil, and it was he who had been recommended for the salary which Vyle had gotten instead. Therefore, it may be seen that the fossil did not welcome Vyle overmuch.

From the moment young Vyle entered that quiet, well-regulated office, trouble began, because he was at no pains to conceal the fact that he looked upon the fossil as a very inferior person indeed, and the fossil, sunk as he

was in the morass of conceit, could not fail to understand this. So the fossil adopted a domineering attitude toward young Vyle, and Vyle sneered at him.

It was soon discovered that Vyle had very little intention of earning the salary which was paid him; and the fossil, on the second day, elaborately informed him that he must do some work. Vyle sneered again, and, an hour later, began to file away and index papers in a way utterly at variance with the fossil's methods, the same having endured for twenty years. The fossil demanded an explanation, and Vyle gave it.

"That is the way they do it in Mr. —'s office," said young Vyle, calmly. "That is *his* system."

"Well, it is not *my* system, young man," cried the fossil, beside himself with anger. "And you are in *my* office and will do things *my* way."

Vyle laughed lightly. "Bad system," he informed the infuriated fossil. "Rot-ten bad. Twice as much work. This way a much better system, I assure you."

"Well, it won't be done that way," shouted the fossil, trembling with rage.

"It will—by *me*," remarked Vyle, casually. "You see, I can't revert to an inferior system after having been in Mr. Autocrat's office."

"I shall report you to the chief clerk," said the fossil.

"Do—oh, pray do!" said Vyle. "Let's go in now. I'll go with you."

"I'll go when it suits me," said the fossil.

"It suits me to go now," said Vyle, lighting a cigarette. "And I think I'll say something about the violent language you use. I don't like it. We didn't have it in Mr. Autocrat's office."

Pale with fury, the fossil was forced to acknowledge defeat. To say that the Autocrat's ways and systems were inferior to his own would mean official

decapitation. But Vyle paid no further attention to him. He went to the chief clerk and explained, at some length, that the file system was "rotten," that he had a better system—which he learned from Mr. Autocrat—and requested that his system be given a trial. He—Vyle—would supervise the change of systems.

"But our system is satisfactory," objected the chief clerk.

"No, it's not," disagreed Vyle, calmly. "It's rotten. It holds up information. That Mr. Fossil is an old fool. Sunk in antiquity. Needs new methods. Now, Mr. Autocrat's system is certainly better."

Of course, the chief clerk dared not say it was not. Vyle went on: "Have to complain about fossil's noisy ways. Quite irritating to a gentleman. Rough, rude, loud—don't like him."

The chief clerk said he would send for fossil. Vyle went back to his room and informed the fossil of this effect. Then he lighted another cigarette and resumed his contemplation of the courtyard.

The chief clerk went into details with the fossil, telling him that he must not



He sent for the chief clerk of the bureau and told him that he was going to confer a great favor on him.

be discourteous to young Vyle; and that he—the chief clerk—thought it would be well for Vyle's system to be adopted. "You see, Mr. Autocrat uses that system, and, of course, it's better than ours"—of course! Poor fossil! Cunning Vyle. Furthermore, Mr. Vyle had kindly consented to supervise the installation of the new system.

"You *must* understand," said the chief clerk, "that Mr. Vyle was Mr. Autocrat's file clerk for a year, and that he is a personal friend of Mr. Autocrat. That sinks in, does it?"

The fossil went back, humbled in spirit, hating Vyle, but very courteous to him. Vyle was requested to impart knowledge as to the Autocrat's file system, which he did. For a week, every clerk in the fossil's office was overworked changing from one system to another, while Vyle, his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth, walked about, giving suggestions, and maddening the clerks who were doing the work.

Two months later, the fossil went to the chief clerk, with tears in his eyes. "Mr. Vyle will *not* work," he informed the chief clerk. "He reads books and writes letters, comes in at any time he chooses, leaves at any time he chooses, and I dare not say a word to him. Whenever I object, he tells me that if he was a satisfactory clerk to Mr. Autocrat, he guesses he ought to be good enough for me. And you can't imagine the nasty way in which he says it. And what can I say? I'm losing the respect of my clerks. Mr. Vyle makes fun of me. And I need another clerk. Won't you transfer Mr. Vyle?"

The chief clerk's eyes had been previously opened as to Vyle's character by a clerk in the Autocrat's office. He pitied the fossil and saw his helplessness. So he notified Mr. Vyle, very courteously, that he had decided to transfer him to Mr. Chauncey's room.

Mr. Chauncey was a tow-headed young man with a great ability for work, and a greater ability for slave driving. He had charge of the statistical department of the bureau, and was a little monarch in his two rooms. Per-

sonally, he was a narrow-minded man, who had no vices because he had no temptations, and who worshiped the Lord as the Lord does not want to be worshiped—that is to say, Mr. Chauncey's God was only a little better than himself, and was in the exact image of himself. Also, Mr. Chauncey's God approved of Mr. Chauncey muchly.

His clerks feared Chauncey and labored hard under his watchful eye. They were held down by an ironclad set of rules. While smoking was permitted in the entire department, Chauncey took it upon himself to forbid it in his two rooms. And his clerks dared not disobey his orders.

Enter then, one sunny morning, one Vyle, attired as scrupulously as ever—calm, supercilious and smoking a cigarette. Chauncey looked up with a portentous frown.

"Your name Chauncey?" queried Vyle, knocking the ashes from his cigarette. "Yes? Well, I'm to have a place in this room, I believe. Where is it to be? I understand you have something to do with it."

Mr. Chauncey turned almost purple. "Something to do with it?" he choked. "Why, I am the HEAD of this room." He looked Vyle over unpleasantly. Vyle sneered at him.

"One of the first things for you to learn," said Mr. Chauncey, scowling, "is that we do not permit smoking in this room."

"Oh! that so? May I inquire as to the identity of 'we'? Surely don't mean yourself? Really, now!" Mr. Vyle smiled, pityingly. "Incorrect grammar. Only monarchs and editors use the plural pronoun."

"I do not allow it," snapped out Mr. Chauncey. "And you will throw away that cigarette immediately."

Mr. Vyle looked him over carefully from the tips of his unblackened shoes to his string necktie and his mop of frowzy hair. "Oh, pshaw!" he said. He spoke very pleasantly. "Oh, pshaw, man! don't make a silly ass out of yourself."

There was a subdued chuckle from some one. The red poured into Mr.



"I do not allow it," snapped out Mr. Chauncey. "And you will throw away that cigarette immediately."

Chauncey's cheeks, and he sprang up, facing Vyle. Some thought he was going to strike him. Vyle dropped into a chair.

"Now, old chap," he said, with pleasant familiarity, "you and I will get along famously as soon as you learn my little ways. Don't get angry. It doesn't become you, and, besides, I don't like people who lose their tempers."

"I don't care what you like," cried Chauncey, in a fury. "I'll report you to Mr. —, the chief clerk. No man can come into my room and be insolent to me. Get out of this room."

"Go to the devil," said Vyle, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Or, rather, go to the chief clerk and tell him your tale of woe, my boy; and see what you get for it." Vyle then turned from Chauncey as though he had lost interest in the affair, and strolled over to the window, where he smiled and nodded to a pretty girl passing along the street. Chauncey went out suddenly, banging the door behind him.

Vyle turned from the window, lean-

ing back against it, and faced the room of clerks. "That man Chauncey," he said, with deliberation, "is a fool. Is that his idea of discipline?"

One of the clerks took it upon himself to warn Vyle. "Better look out," he said. "He stands in with the chief clerk. If he don't like you, you don't get any raises, nor——"

"Why, I get nearly as much as he does, anyhow," said Vyle. "And twice as much as any of you, my friends. I was in Mr. Autocrat's office, and Mr. Autocrat is a friend of mine. And don't let that escape your memory, either."

At the magic word, the clerks understood how it was that Vyle dared to be offensive to Chauncey. Evidently Chauncey learned how it was, too, for he returned to his room a chastened man.

"Mr. Vyle," he said, with an oily smile, "you and I won't quarrel. Now, if you will permit me, I will show you your work."

Vyle had been in Chauncey's office just one month when Chauncey repaired to the chief clerk with a mournful narration which far exceeded the fossil's.

"Destroyed discipline—not half as much work done—two new clerks, too—not half as much done—all mixed up in accounts—place reeks with tobacco—all of them smoke now—can't stop 'em. Vyle don't do any work—tells stories to the others and keeps them from their work—what can I do?"

The chief clerk heaved a heavy sigh and transferred Vyle again—this time to his own office.

"Now, see here, Vyle," he said, vigorously, when they were closeted alone.

"You get one of the largest salaries in the bureau and you do less work than any clerk in it. You breed trouble, you disregard authority, and seem to think you can do as you please. Well, you can't—that's flat."

Vyle held up his hand. "Just a moment," he said. "Why is Hammond getting sixteen hundred dollars when he's away half his time sick, and doesn't do that much work?"—Vyle snapped his fingers.

"Hammond has been in the bureau for years."

"Rot! What does that matter? Now, understand me, old man, I didn't come into the government service to kill myself with work. I don't give a hang for your picayune service nor your picayune work. But, between you and me, Mr. Autocrat thinks a lot of me. I'm at his house two nights out of the week, and I belong to the same lodge as does Mr. Autocrat. Furthermore, since I've been in this bureau, I've been studying conditions, and I could tell Mr. Autocrat a lot that would send you out of the chief clerkship flying. Moreover, Mr. Autocrat thinks I'm a good clerk, and for you to tell him I am not would be looked upon as spite work. Now, that's how I stand. Do as you please!"

"Let me say, frankly, that you're a scoundrel!" cried the chief clerk, his choler rising.

"And let me return the compliment, with the addenda that if you say that again I'll punch your head, and then go to Mr. Autocrat with the information that I told you about—the reforms needed—and tell him I quarreled with you because I told you that I was going to give him this information, and you objected."

The chief clerk stared at him and he stared at the chief clerk. Then the former laughed and stuck out his hand.

"You're too clever for the government service," he said. "Well, we can't alter what is. I guess we won't talk about it any more, Vyle."

Vyle grinned and went out.

For three months following, the chief clerk had calmly to look upon the spectacle of Mr. Vyle doing very little work and receiving a rather large salary for the non-performance thereof. But he knew it was useless to remonstrate or to endeavor to alter affairs. It irked him, however, short as was the bureau of clerks, to note one of the best salaries going to a man who did nothing.

The chief clerk's troubles were rapidly nearing an end, although he did not know it. Miss Carstairs was the reason for this. She was the daughter of a Westerner who had suddenly acquired millions, and who was endeavoring to break into fashionable society. She happened to call at the bureau office one day in her hunt for an ancestry. She wanted to discover something about an officer who had fought in the Revolutionary War.



Before the chief clerk could rise to greet her, Vyle came to the front.

She entered, a radiant little person with sunny hair and flower-like eyes. She was attired in a Worth gown and a Paris confection of a hat. Before the chief clerk could rise to greet her, Vyle came to the front, spoke pleasantly to her, was informed of her mission, and led her off to the quest.

"The nerve of that little——" The rest of the chief clerk's remarks are best left unrecorded. He was an unmarried man, too.

Vyle had what is generally known as a "way" with women, and the "way" worked effectively with Miss Carstairs. He looked up what she wanted to know, then showed her over the building. During the course of the next hour, he managed to find out pretty nearly everything about her and her father, among other things that Mr. Carstairs needed a private secretary, one with good manners and good taste. Mr. Vyle hinted that he might like such a position. Miss Carstairs suggested that he call on her next morning and be introduced to her father. And the suggestion was made with some little eagerness.

The next morning found Messrs. Carstairs and Vyle acquainted, and Vyle left with the following words of Carstairs in his ears:

"I like your looks, young man, but I'm a business man myself, and I don't take people without recommendations from those they're working for. You bring me a letter from your chief."

Incidentally, Vyle discovered that Mr. Carstairs bore the Autocrat an ancient grudge. At any rate, a letter from the Autocrat would avail him nothing. He must get it from the chief clerk.

So he went to the chief clerk and put it to him frankly. He—Vyle—wanted a letter of recommendation, reason explained. Would the chief clerk kindly give it to him?

"Letter of recommendation?" said the chief clerk, explosively. "Well, I guess not. Not much. Well, I should say not. Why, you're the worst clerk we ever had. The only reason you aren't fired is—well, you know."

Vyle chuckled quietly. "Just a moment, old man. Now, look here. On

me is wasted one of the best salaries in the bureau. You need clerks and you need promotions. Your men are getting transferred to other departments. Me out of the way means six promotions from lower grades. You're rid of me, whom you don't like. The clerks are spared the demoralizing spectacle of a man who does no work getting a large salary. Peace once more flaps its wings over the bureau, while I am in a position where my natural talents and tastes will serve me well. It will pay five thousand a year. You don't think I'm such a fool as not to do my best? Come, look at it sensibly."

The chief clerk saw a great white light. He smiled amiably.

"You sit down to the typewriter and write the letter. I can't. I'll sign whatever you write. Don't lay the praise on too thick."

"Oh! trust me," said Vyle.

The letter, which the chief clerk signed and which Vyle gave to Mr. Carstairs, was as follows:

Mr. Vyle has been in this bureau six months, and during that time has conducted himself in a manner which reflects much credit on his powers of discernment. He has an able mind, a quick perception, and an adaptability to circumstances. Moreover, he is quite competent to compass any end on which he has set his mind. I cannot recommend him too highly.

"After all, there's a lot of truth in that," said Lynn Ridgway Vyle.

"An excellent recommendation," commented Mr. Carstairs. "I will take you on a three months' trial, Mr. Vyle. Come down as soon as you can. We leave for Europe next week."

If we were writing fiction instead of plain, unvarnished fact, it would be very easy for us to end this transcript by a successful love affair between Mr. Vyle and Miss Carstairs. But, alack, we are mere historians, and the events transcribed are of but recent date. All we know in the matter is that Mr. Carstairs has found it easier to enter exclusive circles since acquiring the services of Mr. Vyle; and that Miss Carstairs admires him tremendously.

That is all.

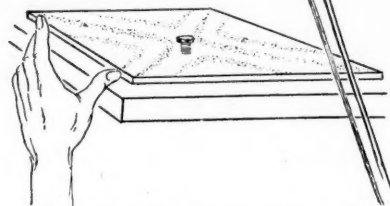
Some Remarkable Laws

By A. Frederick Collins

IF a stone is thrown into the air we know full well that the instant its initial energy is spent it will fall again to the earth.

Oppositely and impossibly, if the missile kept on in its aerial flight into interstellar space, or if, after its momentum had ceased to overcome gravita-

tion, it should remain suspended in the air, it would be, in the light of our present knowledge, a miracle.



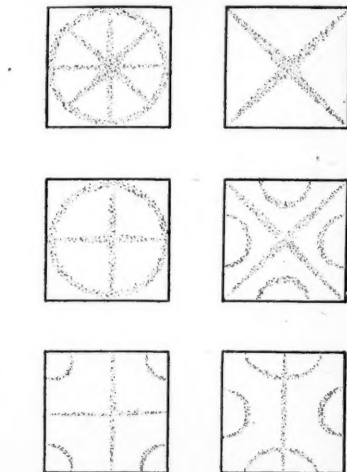
Producing sand figures by means of a violin bow. This is done by pivoting a glass window pane upon a wooden rod, sprinkling sand upon it, and drawing a violin bow along one edge to make it vibrate. According to the force and rapidity of the vibrations, the sand takes various forms, as in this and the succeeding illustration.

tion, it should remain suspended in the air, it would be, in the light of our present knowledge, a miracle.

Physical bodies, and the forces which act and react upon them, are governed by laws of nature that are fixed and unalterable, the same yesterday, to-day and forever; and it is these facts that have enabled man to formulate a physical science based upon uniform occurrences in natural phenomena, and which operate at all times in the same way under similar conditions.

The fundamental elements in nature are just about as vague now as they have been in the past in any period of the world's history; but what has been learned in the progress of knowledge is the solution of the laws that govern their actions. For instance, we do not

know what gravitation really is, yet it may be expressed by a mathematical formula very easily. Again, it is well known that every particle of matter in the universe has an attraction for every other particle, and it is this attractive force that is called gravitation. Everyone knows that gravitation varies directly as the mass or quantity of matter; further, that gravitation varies inversely as the square of the distance between the centers of gravity, and, finally, that gravity in its usual sense means the attraction between the earth and bodies upon or near its surface.



Other forms taken by the sand as the speed of the violin bow is accelerated or reduced.

with this we must, for the time, be satisfied. Often natural occurrences, commonly called phenomena, the laws of which are well known, seem to bear on the supernatural—that is, to those who are not familiar with them; as an analogue, it may be likened to an experiment in sleight of hand; when one sees the result and knows not the cause, one is inclined to credit the magician with undue powers; or, if more enlightened, one will attribute it to exceeding skill, when, in truth, the wonder-worker may have vanished the ball by means of a trap in the top of his table.

Then there are other phenomena the laws of which are not understood so well. In working out some of these I have often been impressed with the curious nature of many of them, and for this reason I append some results that are certainly remarkable, and the laws which control them will appear wonderful or not, depending on how well the reader is versed in the theory and practical aspects of the case.

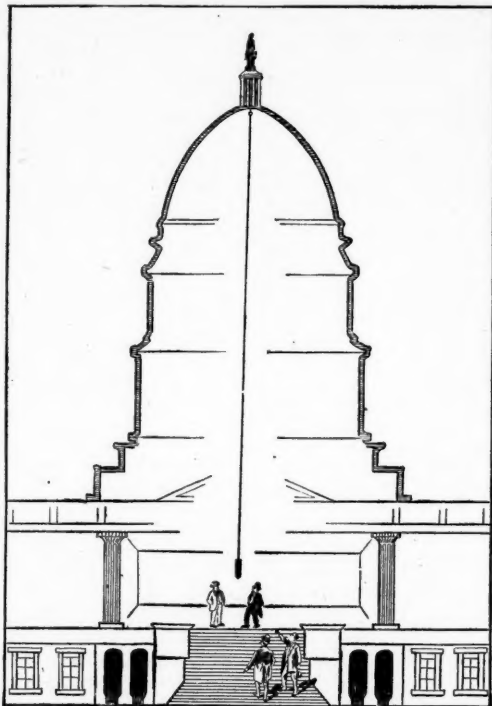
One of these is the production of what is known as Chladin's figures; in this experiment a glass window pane

is clamped at its center to a supporting wooden rod, so that its whole surface may be free to vibrate. Now, if fine sand is sprinkled over the surface of the glass, and a violin bow is drawn across its edge, the sheet of glass will be set into vibration, when the grains of sand will take on various forms—beautiful and symmetrical.

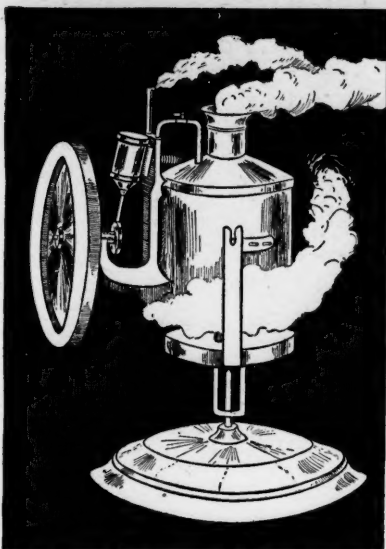
Many geometrical figures can be easily produced by merely touching the fingers to one or more points of the glass, and so damping the vibrations. When this is done, and the plate is caused to vibrate by the action of the bow, the sand leaves the places where the vibration is the greatest, called the venters, and piles up at the places where the vibration is the least, called the nodes. Even with this explanation, the process seems an uncanny one to the observer, who sees the fine

grains of sand dancing about as though they were alive and taking on a definite and artistic form.

There is an instrument called the gyroscope that has given physicists the time of their lives in seeking a complete explanation for all of its actions. The gyroscope consists of a heavy, solid



Showing the motion of the earth by a suspended weight in the capitol at Washington. In this experiment a long and delicate pendulum is set in motion and allowed to continue swinging during several hours, in which time the earth moving away from under it will cause it to hang apparently out of position. This is one of the ways in which the movement of the earth is rendered visible to mortal eyes.



Steam gyroscope, for illustrating the rotation of the earth. The axis of this wheel is free to turn in any direction. When, as in the case of the pendulum, the earth moves, this wheel will rotate out of position.

wheel, the axis of which is free to turn in any direction, so that it may be acted upon by two forces simultaneously. This curious device is often sold in the toy shops and on the street under the name of the magic top, for, when the wheel is made to revolve rapidly on its horizontal axis, it can then be supported by one end, as though it were devoid of gravity. Many interesting experiments can be performed with a gyroscopic top that are quite inexplicable, and which would require a college professor to elucidate, and, unless he is an exceptionally good guesser, the chances are he would be wrong.

In the year 1852, M. Foucault, a scientist of France, performed a brilliant experiment to show that the plane of displacement of the vibration of a pendulum was due to the diurnal motion of the earth. This daring physicist suspended, from the dome of the Pantheon in Paris, a fine wire, and at its free end he attached a steel ball. When this long and delicate pendulum had been

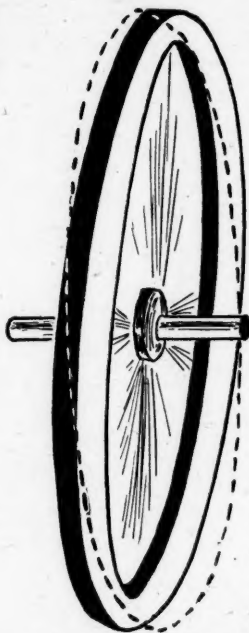
set into motion, it continued to vibrate for several hours, and as it swung to and fro, the earth in its daily revolution slowly moved away from under it, and consequently it was found that it remained in its original plane of vibration; it was the first time the movement of the earth had been rendered visible to mortal eyes.

Later, Foucault designed a gyroscope that was operated by electricity, in order that its movement might be made constant, which, of course, the pendulum was not, and with this compact device he was also enabled to show the diurnal motion of the earth.

Very often we hear of fly-wheels that burst in the most inexplicable manner, but such accidents are usually supposed to be due to the development of centrifugal force, caused by too high a velocity of the wheel when its particles

of matter are directed away from its center, and, of course, when this is great enough, the wheel breaks.

There were, though, many fly-wheels that have broken which were carefully balanced, were without defects, and were driven at a comparatively low velocity; where such untoward results have taken place, the cause, in nine cases out of ten, may be traced to the law of gyroscopic action, for a fly-wheel will



Fly wheel showing how much a wheel may rotate out of position and yet not break. They often burst, owing to the movement of the earth, previously indicated.

not burst easily unless it begins to rotate in a plane that is not at right angles to its geometrical axis.

When the motion of the earth or other disturbing influence sets up a lateral vibration in a wheel, a danger point has been reached that is very apt to end in disaster, and perhaps death. With a flexible wheel, made purposely for viewing the phenomena, these lateral and destructive strains may be brought out plainly, and the twisting effect may be easily seen.

The boomerang used by the native Australian as a weapon in war and in the chase, is made of a curved stick of wood, and, though a white man may explain how the savage makes and throws it so that it will return to him, the latter, who knows nothing of the laws of wind resistance, and cares less, can only demonstrate its use effectively. The boomerang consists of a thin, slightly curved piece of hard wood, usually about two feet in length, and when thrown by an adept, will traverse the air in a long, graceful curve, and if it fails to hit the object, it will return before striking the ground, and to the immediate vicinity of the thrower.

An imitation boomerang, for showing the principles upon which the gen-

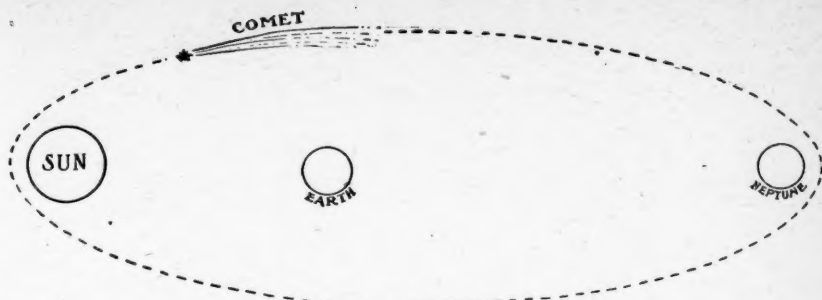
uine article works, may be made of a piece of heavy card-board cut in the form shown in the illustration, so that one leg of the missile is longer than the other. Now, when this is held in the fingers slightly inclined, and one end is sharply snapped with the fingers, it sails off into the air, describes a long arc and gently returns again.



Native Australian throwing the far-famed boomerang. The rapid rotary motion given this implement by the finger in throwing causes it to shoot out in the air in the direction indicated. When the energy which has kept it moving forward subsides, it still continues to revolve, and, keeping its place in the air, in virtue of this movement, it sweeps to one side and returns.

There are, as may be supposed, many things that have to do with the complex motions of a boomerang; first, the instrument is given a rapid rotatory motion by the finger, and it then shoots out into the air, returning in the same direction; when the energy that has kept it going is expended it still continues to revolve, and, keeping its place in the air, in virtue of this movement, it sweeps to one side and returns.

Of all the curious phenomena observed by man, there is none more noteworthy than the erratic orbits described by comets. A comet may move in an ellipse, or in curves known as parabolas and hyperbolas. When comets move in one of the latter orbits, they are attracted by the sun, providing they get close enough from the limitless space beyond, and just when they would seem to come into collision with Old Sol,



Path of a comet toward, around and away from the sun. When a comet is a great distance away from the sun it moves slow, but as it approaches its velocity, like that of a falling body, increases. Hence, when it has nearly reached the sun, it is traveling at a terrific rate of speed. But just when annihilation seems evident, a curious law comes to the rescue and it curves without colliding.

they escape by graciously missing the great orb, but, unlike the fluttering moth about a candle, having once escaped, they never return again.

Comets that move in an ellipse travel around the sun like the planets, and have a regular period of revolution; their reappearance can be anticipated, and the exact time when they may be expected can be accurately calculated. Halley's comet may be taken as an example of the peculiar actions observed in these hazy mysteries of the sky. Its orbit extends from outside of that of the earth to the outside of Neptune's path.

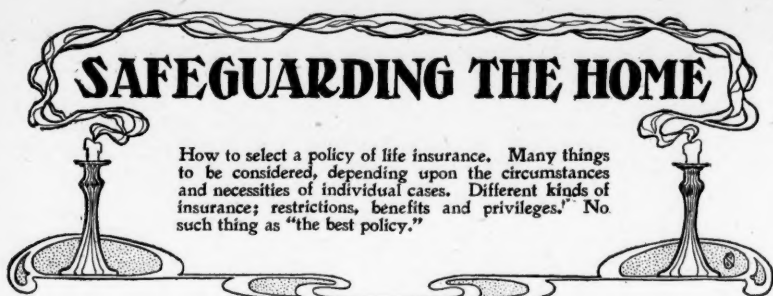
When this comet is at this great distance from the sun, it moves exceedingly slowly, but as it approaches, its velocity, like that of a falling body, increases. Hence when it has nearly reached the sun, it is traveling at a terrific rate of speed, but just when annihilation seems evident and unavoidable, a curious law reaches out its helping hand, and the comet flies away unscathed.

One of the most familiar things with which man is acquainted, and yet knows nothing about, is flight. It is true he sometimes soars, but flies—never. Everywhere, even on Wall Street, the most casual observer sees little birds gracefully sailing the air, and yet to-day the human race does not seem to be nearer its practical solution than when Darius Green invented his flying machine, with which he fell from the top of a barn to the ground.

The gas bag does not, of course, solve the problem at all. On a perfectly calm day it is dirigible within certain narrow limits, but in a little wind it is a veritable white elephant. On machines heavier than the air—namely, that type known as an aeroplane—a host of workers have soared to dizzy heights in their mind, but when models were built, they were found good plungers. Not many years ago, experts, who were supposed to know, said that all that was wanted was a light engine, and then we would have successful aerial navigation.

Since then engines have been built capable of developing a horse power per pound of weight, and now we are told that the engine is a secondary consideration. All the laws of the air have apparently been deduced, and builders who were the best scientists in the world have designed their craft in accordance with them, but either the interpretation of some law has miscarried, or, what is quite as probable, there is a factor yet unknown that makes for its success; albeit to some curious phase of nature's laws may be directly attributed the cause.

This fact not many scientists will admit, and so while these men know exactly how birds fly and how a flying machine should be constructed, they can't fly a little bit; all of which goes to show that there are some riddles in natural laws that are destined to keep the *savant* guessing in the future, as others have in the past.



How to select a policy of life insurance. Many things to be considered, depending upon the circumstances and necessities of individual cases. Different kinds of insurance; restrictions, benefits and privileges. No such thing as "the best policy."

THE business of life insurance affords daily illustrations by the thousand of the utter lack of proper consideration with which so many people deal with matters of vital importance to themselves.

The taking of a policy of life insurance in the majority of cases is done under the pressure of persuasion by an agent, whose business it is to force his man into it, against his will, if need be. And an agent even with the best intentions in the world is not capable of making a selection of a policy best adapted to the requirements of a given case, because he is not—except rarely—in possession of all the facts necessary to enable him to reach a proper conclusion. And, only too often, the agent considers his own interests at the expense of his client.

The insuring public apparently knows very little of the fine points involved in making a selection of policies; the average man chooses his policy for a variety of reasons, most of which he would never consider in a transaction having a vital bearing upon his business. He does it because he has a prejudice for one company and against others; or because he is solicited by a friend who is an agent and whom he good-naturedly wishes to oblige. Or if he looks upon it as a duty to be performed, he is only too apt to treat it as an annoying episode to be got through with at the least possible expense of time and thought. About the last thing he considers is the advantage to himself of concentrating his attention upon the subject sufficiently to

make himself master of the details. It is much easier, and apparently simpler, to authorize somebody else to attend to such a matter, particularly when one's mind is filled with other things that are, or seem to be, at the moment, more important. And his tendency to avoid the responsibility, involved is all the stronger because of the popular impression that the whole matter of selecting the right kind of a policy is so complicated that nobody but an expert can fully and properly understand it.

As a matter of fact, one need only be familiar with a few fundamental business principles, such as almost any man capable of supporting and providing for a family is supposed to understand, and to expend the time necessary to read and digest the terms of the contract presented to him and duly consider the facts which create his special need of the protection afforded by a life insurance policy.

All questions of sentiment, other than that which prompts a man to care for those dependent upon him for maintenance and education, should have absolutely nothing to do with this matter. It should be approached in exactly the same manner that is supposed to govern the making of any other kind of investment, due regard being had to the requirements of the particular case, to the resources of the individual, and to the uncertainties of the future.

It is impossible, of course, in an article like this, to give the sort of advice that will meet all the exigencies of each individual case; and even if it were, we

are not rash enough to undertake it. The chief object of this article is, not to offer advice, but to supply some information which we think may be of value to those of our readers who are convinced that life insurance is of value, not only as a general proposition, but as affecting their individual necessities.

It may be well to begin with the division of life insurance policies into the two classes of participating and non-participating, as they are called. Participating policies entitle their holders to a share in the profits of the company, which are paid at certain times stated in the policy; these dividends are taken from the company's surplus. Non-participating policies give no right to any part of the profits; they are absolutely non-speculative; they guarantee the payment of the face of the policy at the time when, under the terms of the contract, it becomes due.

There is no feature of investment about this class of policies as there is in participating policies; they are intended for protection, pure and simple. One advantage that they possess is that the holder knows just what he may calculate on; he knows exactly what it will cost him in annual premiums, and he likewise knows, with the same certainty, the precise sum that the company will pay under its contract with him.

In view of some entirely incorrect statements that have appeared from time to time in print recently, it is as well to point out in this connection the distinction that is to be made between non-participating policies and term insurance, so-called. It has been said by writers upon the subject, who manifestly were not sufficiently informed to be competent to deal with it, that term insurance and non-participating insurance are identical. While it is true that a term policy may be non-participating, it is also true that it may be participating and may share proportionately in the profits of the company. But the phrase, term insurance, is descriptive of a contract that is limited to a certain number of years—five, ten or twenty—and provides that if the holder dies within the prescribed period, having

regularly paid his premiums, the amount of the policy will be duly paid; but, on the other hand, if he survives, the contract terminates, he is left without protection and the company is relieved from further liability. Term insurance is, in fact, merely a temporary expedient, and its proper function and use is to enable the insured to meet some extraordinary financial loss, which might result from his death during the period for which it is taken. The premium rates for term insurance are less than those for policies payable at death, because the risk of the company is less, there being a fair chance that the insured will survive a period of five, ten or twenty years, whereas there is no chance at all that he will live forever.

The most common and popular forms of life insurance policies, both participating and non-participating, are what are called ordinary life, limited payment and endowment policies. These are the staples, so to speak. Different companies have their own favorite forms of contract under an almost endless collection of names, but in the last analysis they are merely variations, in the vast majority of cases, of these three classes. These contracts are so drawn by a multitude of companies as to suit every conceivable peculiarity of taste, and to provide for all sorts of necessities; and perhaps it is, therefore, not so surprising that sometimes an intending purchaser is confused by the apparently unlimited range of choice that is presented to him. But, after all, this confusion is wholly unnecessary if he will only keep in mind clearly and persistently a few—comparatively a very few—easily understood and very plain principles.

An ordinary life policy, also called by insurance experts whole life, is one which provides that the holder shall continue to pay premiums thereon as long as he lives, and that the policy shall be paid only after his death, when the contract matures. A limited payment policy is so drawn as to enable the holder to complete all payments of premiums within a certain definite number of years—five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, as the case may be—after

the expiration of which period he is required to pay nothing more, no matter how long he lives, the policy being "paid-up," and the face thereof will be paid at his death. An endowment policy is the same as a limited payment as regards the payment of the premiums, which are settled in full within a stated period, usually not less than ten years, but in addition to this, the company agrees to pay to the insured, if he is living at the end of the period, the full amount in cash for which he has insured his life. In the case of both limited payment and endowment policies, the death of the insured within the period limited also effects the maturity of the claim against the company, and the policy is paid in full.

A limited payment policy is of advantage to a man who is in a prosperous condition financially, and may reasonably look forward to a continuation of his prosperity during the most active working years of his life, when the expenditure for life insurance protection will be least burdensome. The endowment policy combines investment with protection, and may be looked to to furnish also some provision for the helplessness of old age.

Now the first thing to be done by a man contemplating the insuring of his life is to decide which one of these three forms of insurance is best suited to the peculiar requirements of his individual case, and it will depend primarily upon the question whether he wants it as an investment of his surplus earnings or merely as a protection for his family in case of his death. For a young man without the incumbence of a family, an endowment policy is unquestionably the best, for it is not only a means of saving money, but, having once taken it, he is under some constraint to save, and it is put, to some extent, beyond his reach, so that he cannot spend it foolishly. The same thing may be said, and for the same reasons, of a man in easy circumstances, even if he has a family, unless his family is so large or so expensive as to absorb most of his income.

The case is different, however, with a man so situated as to make it reason-

ably certain that his death will leave his family practically unprovided for, and this, unfortunately, is the plight of a very large majority of family men. Having a limited sum to use for any purpose other than the support of his family from week to week, his chief concern is to make it go as far as possible. He must, therefore, contrive to secure for them the very largest measure of protection that his small surplus will buy. With this purpose he will naturally select that form of policy which will guarantee the largest return at his death—in other words, an ordinary life policy, the premiums on which are considerably less than on either of the other two. For protection pure and simple, a non-participating ordinary life policy is the best possible form of insurance, because it demands less of the holder to carry it.

This is all simply by way of suggestion, as a starting point for one who is considering the question of life insurance for himself. Inasmuch as no two cases are exactly alike, it is impossible to frame a general rule that will be an invariably safe guide. There may be other considerations to review, and each individual, presumably having a completer knowledge of his own circumstances than anyone else, must, of course, judge for himself. But he will derive some assistance in reaching a conclusion by remembering that he is, for all practical purposes, restricted to a choice between these three and resolutely confining discussion to their respective merits as applied to the conditions which surround him.

Having fully made up his mind on this point, he comes next, logically, to the matter of a contract. And it may be said here, in passing, that no man should ever commit himself so far as to sign an application for life insurance, and submit to a medical examination, without first reading a copy of it and thoroughly understanding its terms; and as the tendency is toward simplicity in the provisions of life insurance policies, it is a matter which ought not seriously to embarrass an average business man or wage-earner.

The question of a contract is a little more complicated than that involved in making a choice between the forms of ordinary life, limited payment and endowment, because it necessarily introduces the matter of companies, and consequently benefits, restrictions, privileges and dividends or profits.

It may possibly appear to a good many people that, inasmuch as the business of life insurance is conducted upon well-established principles, in conformity with the unchangeable rules of mathematics, and under the protection of a well-developed system of law, there ought to be no very substantial divergencies among different companies in the profits of their business; that their dividends should approximate something like uniformity. It is, nevertheless, a fact that among a selected number of American life insurance companies, there is disclosed a considerable variation in the proportionate amounts paid by them to policy holders, being a difference between the highest and the lowest of over twenty-five per cent. of the total income. And there is a similar difference in dividends which range from less than two per cent. of the total income to over fourteen per cent. This was in 1904. It may be interesting to note, in this connection, though it is not entirely relevant, that in the case of at least two of these companies toward which criticism has been particularly directed of late—namely, the New York Life and the Equitable—the percentage of dividends to policy holders has been increasing during the past four years, while in the case of others, previously conspicuous for large dividends, there has been a substantial decrease. It shows that it is not always safe to generalize on such a subject without having access to all the facts. But this is a digression, and is only referred to as something which possesses a little interest and throws a little light on certain recent discussion.

It appears, therefore, that the consideration of dividends may properly play an important part in the selection of a policy, particularly when it is looked upon as a means of investment, or when

participating insurance is preferred to non-participating solely for purposes of protection. In such a case it almost goes without saying that, other things being equal, the policy of the company uniformly paying the largest dividends is to be preferred, because, in the end, its insurance is the cheapest.

This brings us naturally to the question of annual and deferred dividends, the policies with the latter form being more commonly known as tontine, semi-tontine or accumulation policies. Annual dividends, as the term indicates, are declared and paid each year, and may either be used by the policy holder to reduce the amount of the premium or left with the company to earn further interest or to purchase more insurance, which is added to the amount of his policy. In the case of deferred dividends on tontine and semi-tontine policies, the holder can only withdraw his profits at the end of a certain stated term of years, and at no other time. Of course, he takes the risk of losing them altogether, for the right to them is forfeited in case of his death within the period.

Much has been said and written in condemnation of the tontine system, and we believe that the condemnation is thoroughly just. It is difficult to understand why there should be any discrimination for or against policy holders in the matter of dividends, when the law distinctly and emphatically prohibits discrimination in other respects. The profits earned by the money of one policy holder ought to be disposed of, in justice, to his advantage, just as those earned by the money of another policy holder are to his; all are entitled by law to have their insurance on equal terms and at the same cost, and this is impossible in the case of deferred dividends.

Besides this, the accumulation of these dividends in a large and wholly unnecessary surplus offers an opportunity for temptation to officers to which they should not be subjected, and is often the real source of scandalous rumors which, even if unfounded, are injurious to the cause of life insurance.

Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, the tontine system removes the

possibility of wholesome criticism which a yearly accounting of profits supplies to the policy holders. The dissatisfaction that a man feels with the settlement of his policy after he has held and paid the premiums on it for twenty years, is apt to be much less effective with the officers of the company than that of one who has a chance to express it every twelve months. For almost fifty years life insurance companies have been required to compute the amount of the reserve annually, a process which also involves the computation of the surplus, so that it is always an easy matter to fix the amount of profits.

But it may very well be that other considerations than that of the amount of profits may determine the choice of a policy. It is conceivable that the exigencies of a particular case may make it wise for a man to subordinate the question of dividends; it may be more important for him to think of the benefits and privileges conferred by the contract than of getting the highest rate of profits; that contract which imposes the fewest restrictions is likely, in some cases, to be of greater advantage than one which offers greater inducements as an investment.

In a majority of cases these matters are possibly unimportant, though they may come to be essential later. At any rate, it is the course of wisdom to give them due weight.

In the early days of life insurance, and, indeed, up to a comparatively recent period, it was the custom to introduce into policies provisions imposing restrictions the violation of which at any time effected a forfeiture of the policy, which meant the loss not only of the protection afforded, but also of all the money paid in premiums. But the development of the business and rational legislation have brought about a change in this respect, and to-day the general rule is that these restrictions are removed after the policy holder has paid his premiums for a few years, in most cases two or three. One of the large companies issues its policies absolutely free from restrictions of any kind.

They relate mostly to residence, occupation, travel, habits of life and manner of death, and forbid the insured to live in a region commonly believed to be unhealthy—in the tropics, for example—and impose the penalty of forfeiture for intemperance or suicide. In most cases in which the company cancels the policy for these reasons, they will pay to the holder the amount of the reserve accumulated, which, of course, is a comparatively trifling sum, much less than the amount of premiums paid.

At the end of the time during which these regulations are effective, the policy holder is free to reside or travel where he chooses, to engage in any kind of occupation, to contract any habits of living, and if he kills himself, the full amount of his policy will be paid by the company.

To the average applicant for life insurance, these matters doubtless will not appear to be of vital importance, especially when the lapse of two or three, or even five, years relieves him of the burden, but, nevertheless, they should be examined and understood.

When it comes to benefits and privileges, there is greater need for care and deliberation, for it is here that wisdom in making the selection may be used to fit the necessities of the individual case.

The term "benefits" is commonly understood to describe the manner in which the proceeds of the policy are applied when the time comes for its payment, either by the death of the insured, or, in the case of an endowment policy, the expiration of the endowment period. The original and, therefore, the crudest form of contract simply provided for the payment, at the death of the insured, of a specified sum of money to the person named as the beneficiary. Now, however, other forms of settlement are offered as alternatives.

In contracts for ordinary or limited life insurance payable at death only, the insured may prescribe that it shall be paid in one lump sum, as formerly, or that it shall be paid in yearly installments, specified in the policy as to number and amount. The latter method is

useful to make provision for a wife and children, because it guarantees them a fixed income and places it beyond the risk of loss through their own ignorance or the fraud of others.

When an endowment policy matures, the insured may withdraw the whole amount in cash or leave it with the company, which will, if it is a tontine policy, allow him to purchase with all the proceeds, including the accumulated profits, a new policy payable only at his death, the amount of which is very much larger than that of the original policy. Where annual dividends are paid, the final disposition of them depends, of course, upon the use made of them in previous years. Where they have been left with the company, they may have been allowed to accumulate, and at the end of the period may be applied in the same manner as the surplus is in the case of tontine policies. But they may have been used each year either to reduce the amount of premiums or to buy additional insurance. Another benefit or method of settlement is to use either the profits or the entire value of the policy to purchase an annuity.

These are examples of benefits afforded by life insurance policies. They are referred to for the purpose of indicating to the reader the propriety, and even sometimes the necessity, of considering other things than the matter of profits.

The privileges extended by a life insurance contract are for the purpose of helping the policy holder to carry his policy when he is temporarily embarrassed, or, in cases where he must surrender it, of giving him something in return for the premiums he has already paid.

They are four in number—namely: extended insurance, paid-up insurance, cash value and loan values.

Extended and paid-up insurance are alternative methods of adjusting the

policy when it has lapsed through the non-payment of premiums. The holder is usually given the chance to decide whether he will have his policy continued for a certain number of years longer, without paying any more premiums, or whether he will accept a substantially new policy for a smaller amount, upon which also no further payments will be required. The number of years the policy will be extended, or the amount for which it will be paid up, depend upon the amount of the reserve.

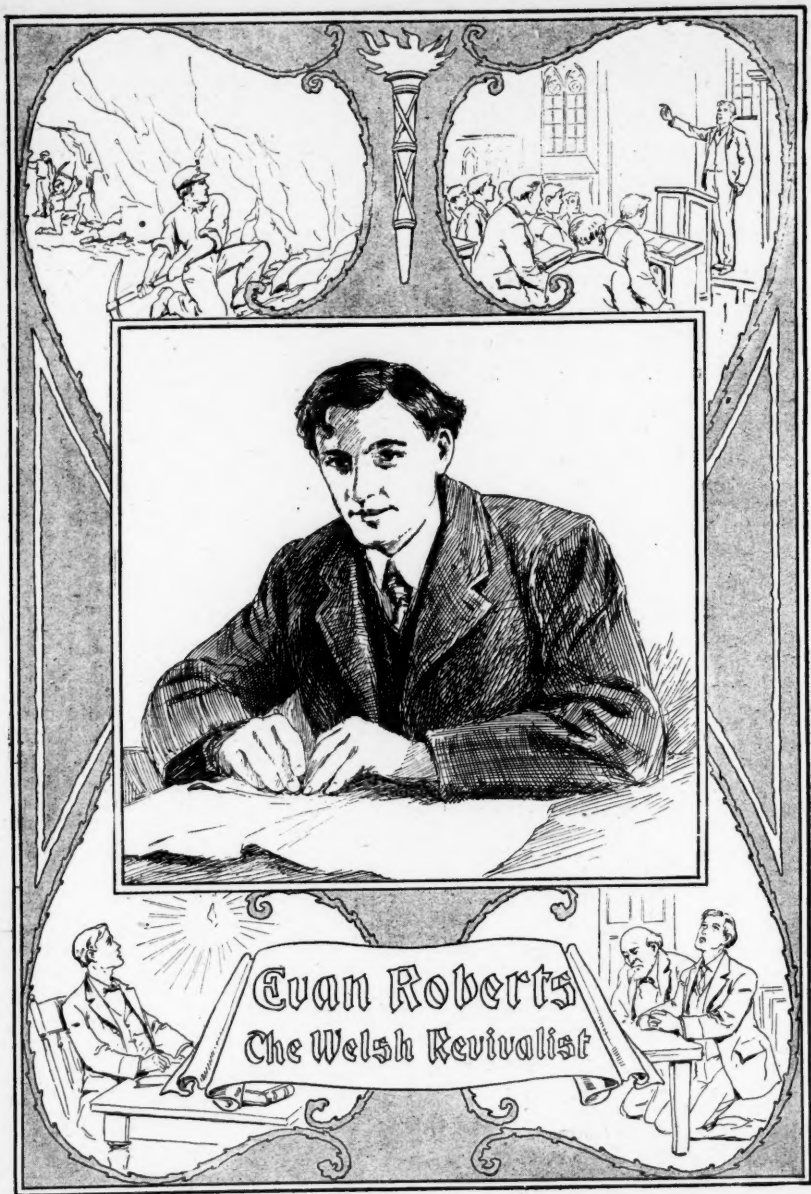
Cash surrender values are offered in most policies nowadays, by which a holder may give up his policy absolutely and receive from the company a sum which also depends upon the amount of the reserve.

Loans are made by companies to the holders of their policies to enable the latter to pay their premiums, or, indeed, for any purpose. No security is required as a condition of making the loan except the policy itself, which, of course, is ample.

It cannot be said that there is any such thing as a policy contract which is, under all circumstances and conditions, absolutely the best, for the reason that there must, in the nature of things, be many variations in the necessities of individuals. Therefore it is impossible to formulate any general rule to govern the selection of the right kind of a policy.

One thing, however, should be borne in mind. The greatest wage-earning capacity in the life of every man is restricted to a limited period; he must grow old, and in many cases outlive his usefulness as a wealth-producer. Consequently, whatever his choice of a policy may be in other respects, he ought, above all things, so to arrange it that he will be able to pay all his premiums within the period of his greatest business activity.





A Formidable Personality

Evan Roberts, the Welsh Revivalist

NOTHING is more significant of our day than the wave of religious revival that is sweeping over the world in places. In England, in France, in Germany and elsewhere, the tide of religious feeling is on the rise, and in our own country there are not wanting signs that the world is not dead to the presence of its Maker. In Syracuse, recently, the business interests of the city were suspended for nearly a week while a great revival ran its mighty way. In Chicago, the religious circles have been rife for months with the presentiment that a great wave of spiritual feeling is coming. In Missouri, California, Maine—everywhere, you find the feeling that the day of a great revival is at hand.

In the face of this no man is of so much interest as the young evangelist, Evan Roberts, of Wales, who has brought about a veritable storm of religious feeling in that country. The force of his personality, which he denies to be a factor in the matter, has at least been the center of the movement, and it is around him that the tide of comment at present circles. He it is to whom the people look as a new apostle, and his word, "It is the Spirit of God," rings like a challenge to the world. In the cities and towns the percentage of drunkenness and vice of all kinds has so fallen away that saloons are rapidly being closed, and in the mines, which form the chief industry, the spectacle of groups of roughly clothed men stopping to pray is one of the commonest imaginable. Under the sky, outside the doors of churches, in the home, in the street—everywhere, the word of the Lord is repeated, and it is a fact attested by many who saw and heard it that several who had not previously been able to speak a

word in the Welsh language were able to, and did unconsciously, repeat prayers and hymns in that tongue. So forceful is the movement that the very atmosphere is rife with it, and old debts, like old sins, are being cleared away, and the social atmosphere purged and clarified.

The personality of the man who has brought this about is interesting. He is young, only twenty-six, tall and slender, with an exalted light in his eyes and apparently without any consciousness of the power which he exerts. A collier by trade, he was working in the mines when, as he says, the Lord appeared to him in person—not the spirit of Jesus Christ, but Almighty God. "For a long time I was troubled in my heart and in my soul, by thinking over the failure of Christianity. Oh! it seemed such a failure—such a failure, and I prayed and prayed, but nothing seemed to give me relief. But one night, after I had been in great distress about this, I went to sleep, and I found myself, with unspeakable joy and awe, in the very presence of Almighty God. I was wide awake, and for the space of four hours I was privileged to speak face to face with Him, as a man speaks face to face with a friend. At five o'clock, it seemed to me as if I again returned to earth.

"And it was not only that morning, but every morning for three or four months. Always I enjoyed four hours of that wonderful communion with God. I cannot describe it. I felt it, and it seemed to change all my nature. I saw things in a different light. I knew that God was going to work in the land, and not only this land, but all the world."

It was not long after this that Roberts felt that he ought to study, and went to

college, but there the Lord deserted him for a month, and he knew nothing more of His wonderful spirit. One Sunday, during service, however, a vision kept offering before him—a vision in which he saw the schoolroom in his own village, and, sitting in rows, his old companions and all the young people, and he himself addressing them. A voice kept saying: "Go and speak to these people." Ashamed to return and preach religion to his own playmates, he hesitated for a long time, but at last, finding no rest in spirit, he declared, "I will go." Instantly his peace of soul returned and he went.

The record of this trip to his home town is curious. At first the young people, who came out to hear him, just as the vision had shown, were not inclined to listen, having known him as a playmate and a fellow-worker both in and out of the church, but at last the spirit descended, and six came out, declaring themselves moved by the spirit he invoked. Then he prayed for six more, and they came out also, but no more. Then the young people saw that his prayer had been answered, and were amazed.

But to those whom experience of religion makes this record seem trite, the character of Roberts presents some phases which are not so. In the first place, he is untutored in the large sense, having little education and small experience; and in the second place, he is amazingly sincere, with the most marvelous insight or intuition as to what is fit and right to do. He does not always speak. And he does not always appear. Religious feeling seems to spring up before him as if by magic—his mere presence seeming to convey the message of the Lord.

Thus, at the beginning of one meeting, he put the following question to the people:

"You all believe in God, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You believe in Christ's promises?"

"Yes."

Then he opened his Bible and read: "Go, I am with you alway."

"Then you believe He is here?"

"Yes," came the simultaneous reply.

"Then," he said, quietly, as he closed the book, "I am not needed here," and left the hall.

The meeting was a stormy success, as if the Lord he had invoked had been truly present.

On another occasion, with one of his helpers, he was on his way to a nearby village to hold a meeting. On the road they stopped and entered a cottage, in which an old man and a young girl, his daughter, resided, and of whom they obtained something to eat. After they were through, they went away, but when they were some distance off, Roberts suddenly stopped and said: "I can't go on. The Spirit has something for me to do. I must turn back."

He retraced his steps, and at the door was met by the old man, to whom he said: "Are you converted?"

The latter replied that he was not.

"But you would like to be?"

"Yes."

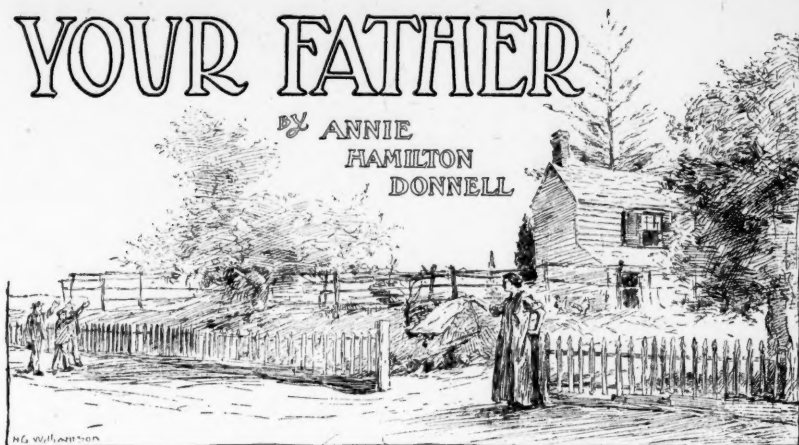
"Then let us pray that you may be."

He began a solemn invocation, in which all present joined, and before long the old man exclaimed: "Oh, it's all right; it's all right; I see the light!" And the evangelist and his friend went their way.

So it is, day after day. Those who have met him include famous churchmen of other denominations and renowned publicists, who admit that, while they cannot believe his direct communion with Almighty God, they cannot doubt his sincerity nor explain his power. Over and above the code of scholarly training or the possession of it, there is something else in this world—a strange, great strength, which here shows itself—the power of forces over and above men to deal with men and their needs. And Evan Roberts, a simple, innocent collier lad, has it—the power that moves a whole kingdom to righteousness and puts the impress of its sincerity on the thought of a large, wearisomely intellectual and entirely too skeptical world.

YOUR FATHER

BY ANNIE
HAMILTON
DONNELL



SARAH SLOPER wiped the little blue pitcher with slow, careful passes of the towel. There was even tenderness in her touch. She was disturbed by many conflicting emotions this morning, but she could always admire her blue pitcher. Others, too, admired it.

"Three dollars!" she murmured, scornfully. "Sell the little blue pitcher I was married in, and my mother was married in, and *her* mother, for three dollars!"

In her scorn she did not perceive any absurdity in her words. She was not in the mood for perceiving absurdities this morning. Life, as Sarah Sloper saw it to-day through her steel-rimmed glasses, was a solemn thing. There were the boys waiting. She set away the precious pitcher with a sigh that was almost a groan. She had been conscious every moment since breakfast that the boys were waiting. She had seen their wistful, brown little faces—Rael's and Joey's and little Romy's—in the tumblers she polished, the spoons, the clear sides of the little blue pitcher. She could not get rid of the brown little faces.

"But I've got to choose my time—I told 'em I'd have to choose my time," she thought, with another sigh. The

sighs and the little brown faces seemed to go together.

"I had flappers for breakfast a-purpose. I thought your father would kind of mellow down with them on his plate. I thought that would be my chance."

She had never called Israel Sloper, to herself or to anyone else, anything but "your father," since little Israel Sloper had lain on her arm and she had whispered it to him. When the other two came she had had so many occasions to say it!

"But it wasn't. Your father's so taken up with those steers of Abner Brewer's that I doubt if he even knew 'twas flappers he was eating. I'm glad I didn't choose that time."

But what time? When should she keep her promise to the boys and ask "your father"? There was so little time to spare—and the poor dear, willful, brown faces waiting!

"I can't have him say 'no' this time!" groaned the mother's thoughts. "Not this time! This time he must say 'yes'—seems as if I can't have it any other way. Not 'yes, indeed!'—I won't ask him to say 'yes, indeed!'"

They were such good boys. Why, already they could do almost men's work, and little Romy only nine! What other boys their ages could work like

that? There were Abner Brewer's three—*Abner Brewer's three!* She laughed scornfully at the idea of comparing those little, rollicking, lazy things with her boys and "your father's."

"And they never *asked* me to intercede before. I've done it time enough, but they never've asked me to. They've always done their own interceding and bore it like men when it didn't do any good. But this time——"

This time it seemed as if they hadn't dared to risk it. This was such an important time. The mother, over her dishpan, could look away through the window, through her steel-rimmed glasses, and see the three of them in their little bluejeans overalls, hoeing steadily down their rows of corn. But the mother knew—how well the mother knew!—the three longings that swelled and grew under the bluejeans.

It was a long day and a hot day, blistering out there under the sun, but the three boys blistered and waited. And "your father," silent and grim, as usual, hoed his row beside them. At dinner there were several little extra dishes, and at supper, too; but they did not seem to pave the way to a "chance." Sarah Sloper waited, too; it was so much safer to.

Then—bedtime. Bedtime was terrible for the mother of the three waiting boys. She could not bear to look at the three brown, wistful faces as they slipped silently away to bed. The pad-pad of the bare, brown feet mounting the stairs hurt her as though they fell upon her breast. But she kept on waiting.

"I'm going over to Abner's to see about them steers in the morning. We'll have to get up good and early; it's a good ways," Israel Sloper said, at bedtime.

He was a little more silent, a little grimmer, than usual, and it augured ill for the "chance." "Your father" was a silent man at best, and at worst——

"He won't say 'no,'" his wife insisted, over and over to herself, "not this time—this time he'll say 'yes.' I'm going to believe he'll say 'yes' till—he says it. I'll make it so plain, when my

chance comes—how they've never any of them been to a circus or to much of anything else; how faithful and uncomplaining they have been over their hoeing, and little Romy only nine! How they've set their hearts—I'll make it plain how they've set their hearts. Your father can't ever say 'no' when I remind him of the hoeing and tell him *that!*"

She was intensely loyal to "your father." For all the fourteen years since the boys began to come she had struggled to make them love him. She had yearned to have him tender to them in some little way—just some little way. When they were very small, indeed, she had tried to urge them one night to go in and kiss "your father" good-night, and they had got as far as the door. Then they had come scurrying back to her, and their little baby faces had looked frightened. She had never urged them again.

Little Romy was Sarah Sloper's only bit of romance, and he had been such a beautiful bit! Not freckled and sandy like the other two, not sturdy and plain, but golden-haired, and beautiful, and frail. She had almost worshiped him as he lay at first on her arm, and she had always known a very little, she thought, how the Holy Mother felt with the Holy Baby on her arm.

She had named him Romeo, in the face of Israel and all the Israelites. It had taken all her courage, but she had done it. She must have something romantic for her one little bit of romance, and Romeo was romantic. Besides, she would have named his little sister, if she had come in his place, Juliet, and so this name had seemed to come in natural sequence.

It was for little Romy she had especially coveted "your father's" love and a little tenderness, because little Romy was not so hardy and self-reliant as the other two. He seemed to need tenderness and love more than they. And when little Romy had grown up to bluejeans size, and shouldered his little hoe with the rest, she had gone away by herself and cried. He had looked too little and golden-haired and

sweet to trudge away to a man's work like that. One of the other boys had sought her out and tried to reassure her.

"Don't you worry, mother," he had said—it was Joey. "Me an' 'Rael's goin' to see to Romy. We're goin' to hurry through our rows an' spell him." And she had dried her tears and watched them do it. They had been doing it ever since.

Now it was for little Romy that she

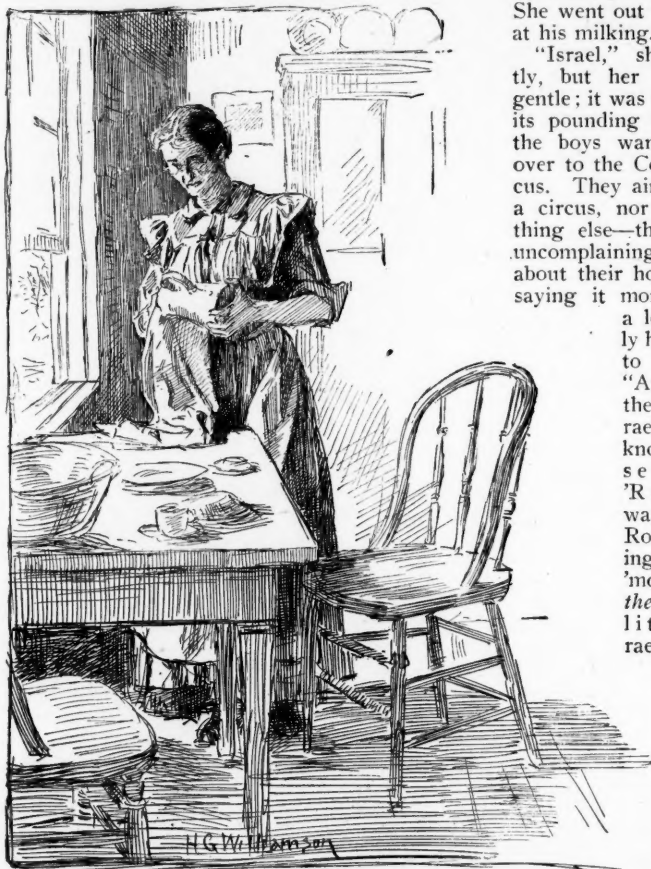
especially coveted "your father's" "yes," and she knew both the others felt as she did. It need not be "yes, indeed"—oh, no, indeed! They would be satisfied with only "yes."

The next day was a hot one, too. Sarah Sloper got up very early and prepared breakfast. Her lips in her sweet, plain face made a thin line of determination. The time had come; she could wait no longer. Chance or no chance, now was the time. She went out to Israel Sloper at his milking.

"Israel," she began, gently, but her heart was not gentle; it was stifling her with its pounding throbs—"Israel, the boys want—want to go over to the Center to the circus. They ain't ever been to a circus, nor much of anything else—they've been real uncomplaining and smart about their hoeing"—she was saying it monotonously, like a lesson. Suddenly her tone changed to eager pleading. "And they've set their hearts so, Israel! You don't know how they've set their hearts! 'Rael and Joey want to have little Romy see the riding and the clowns 'most more than they want to. And little Romy, Israel—"

She got no further than that, for then he broke in with his answer. It was not "yes, indeed."

The boys were waiting out behind the corn



"Three dollars!" she murmured, scornfully. "Sell the little blue pitcher I was married in."

house, where the grass was trodden flat by the tramping up and down of their restless feet. She knew they were waiting there, and she went straight to them. It was not far, but there was time to do considerable thinking on the way. When she got almost there she began to sing clearly and thinly, and, nearer still, to call out gayly to them.

"Coming! coming! *come!* Anybody round here that wants to go to a circ—yes, yes, you're going! Don't smother me or I can't get you ready. Boys—'Rael! Joey!—little Romy, down, sir—down!" as she would say it to little, fawning dogs. They were all over her—on her skirts, her toes, her neck. She beat them off, laughing through tears.

"You little animals, you! Hush, calm down or you can't go. There, I thought that would do it! Now listen to me—you're going. I'm going into the house and pack up your lunch. But you're not going till eight o'clock, and you're going to hoe corn till you *go*, like good boys. And not a word, mind—just *hoe!* But you can think all you're a mind to."

She drove them before her to the corn rows, and saw them steady down to work. Then she went back to the house with rapid, nervous strides. There was so much to be done before eight o'clock! Her lean, brown cheeks were flushed and excited.

Israel Sloper was just driving out of the yard. He called back to her from the road, jerking in his big, gray mare.

"Sarah!" he called. "Sarah—hello!"

"Yes, Israel," she called back.

"I may not get home before milkin'—*mil-kin'!* I've got to go into—town—town!"

"Yes, Israel," her clear voice raised to a high key.

"Well, you an' the boys can start the milkin'—*you and the boys, milkin'!*"

She nodded to him for answer, and he drove away. She could see his head turned toward the corn rows as he drove—toward the three small blue-jeaned figures, hoeing gallantly.

In the house, Sarah Sloper went straight to her china closet and took down the little old blue pitcher that she

and her mother and her mother's mother had been "married in." She held it for just the space of an instant against her face. She was bidding it good-by.

Down the road, through sun glare and white dust, she sped to the next neighbor, the little old pitcher under her apron. She almost flew, there was so much need of hurry. If her plan failed—but it must not fail. She went on resolutely.

"Good-morning, Sophy Glidden," she gasped, breathlessly, spent with her hurry.

"My land! is anybody afire or is the house dyin'? You're all het up to boil-in', Sarah! Your face is red as—"

"Is your boarder in? I came over to—to call on your boarder."

"My land! Yes, she's *in*, but I do know as you need to've run all the way."

"Where shall I find her?"

"My la— she's in her room; I'll go call her."

The vast calico expanse of back swayed through an inner doorway, and Sarah Sloper heard a voice pipe shrilly: "Mis' Ridgway! Mis' Ridgway! You've got a caller down here. I guess you better *hurry.*"

But Sarah Sloper was following up the voice. Her lean, stooping little back disappeared in the wake of the vast one.

"Can't I go right—can't I come right up, Mis' Ridgway? I can as well as not," she called, eagerly.

When she came down presently, she had nothing under her apron, but something tight-clasped in one hand. She scarcely stopped to speak to Sophy Glidden.

"I'm in a considerable hurry," she tried to say, politely—that was all.

"I see you be"—rather tartly. "I hope you had a pleasant call. It ought to've been, it was short enough!"

"Yes, it was—I mean, yes, it wasn't," panted poor Sarah Sloper, but she was by that time down the road. The other woman did not hear.

"It was awful!" she groaned, softly. "I'm all of a tremble—as if I'd been selling mother and *her* mother for three dollars! But I've got the three dollars."



"Israel," she began, gently—"Israel, the boys want—want to go to the Center to the circus."

It was burning her hand. It seemed to her she could smell the singe of it.

At eight o'clock she had the boys washed and brushed, and in shoes and stockings.

"Wear your overalls till you get 'most there, to keep the dust off," she said. "You can roll 'em up in one bundle and tuck 'em under somewhere till you come back. That'll make you nice and fresh for the circus. Here, 'Rael—here, Joey—can you keep tight hold o' this, little Romy?" She was tucking a bill into each brown hand. "It's a dollar apiece. I never went to a circus, but that ought to take you in and reserve you. I want you all to be reserved, so's you can see. Little Romy, anyway, would be lost in among the crowd. You two take care o' little Romy, and all o' you have a beautiful time. Yes, yes, it's splendid you're going to have—don't smother me! Yes, oh, yes, you're really started—you're 'most there! There, there—there, that'll do—run along, ev'ry little mother son o' you!"

She stood and watched them pelting

down the road in a cloud of white dust. When they waved back at her she caught off her apron and shook it violently. She was laughing and crying under her breath.

It was a long day and a hot day—terribly hot in the corn rows. Sarah Sloper had hurried out there as soon as her dishes were washed.

That had been a part of "your father's" answer—the corn must be hoed to-day. She took it row by row—first 'Rael's "stent," then Joey's.

Little Romy's she set her hot face toward unflinchingly, but it seemed a long way off—would she ever get to it? The boys were such smart boys, doing almost men's work. But the boys' mother was doing almost three men's work. She toiled all day long in the sun—for the sons.

Abner Brewer was not at home. His buxom, smiling wife came to the door.

"Gracious! you didn't think you'd find Abner to home to-day, did you?" she laughed. "I guess you forgot what

day it was! I guess you ain't got any boys—" She caught herself up hastily, remembering. But she could not stay caught up. She was as happy as a child.

"Such a time as I had gettin' those children started off! Nothing would do but they must go at six o'clock! I told Abner he was the biggest boy of the lot. He wouldn't stand still to have his collar buttoned! An' then what do you think he must do but come trotting back to say, 'of course, all he was goin' for was to take the boys!'"

Her pleasant laugh rang joyously.

"Great day, circus day is, ain't it? I s'pose, likely, Sarah had just such a time gettin' her boys off—but she don't seem to've got you off! Gracious, I don't see what you're doin' here! Steers? Oh, my gracious, all the king's hosses an' all the king's steers couldn't have kep' Abner here! Well, you'll have to wait till another day, unless you go to the circus. You'll find Abner to the circus! I'm goin', too, to this evenin's show; Abner's comin' home to get me. I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be a boy, too!"

Israel Sloper drove slowly away. He did not mean to go to the circus to find Abner, but after all his other business was done in town, he found his big gray mare headed for the gay tents with their flapping flags. He was not conscious of having pulled the reins at all.

It was a noisy, hilarious place. Hoarse cries of venders mixed with children's little shrill, excited voices. Everywhere were children. Israel Sloper thought he had never seen so many children—and so many of them little brown sons! They all seemed to be having splendid times; probably they had set their hearts—his thoughts halted there with a painful jerk. Some one seemed to be saying, "You don't know how they've set their hearts, Israel!" to him, with Sarah's voice. He was not comfortable. He would hitch the big gray mare and hunt for Abner Brewer in the crowd, to get that matter of the steers out of the way. But he knew it would be to get out of the way of his own thoughts.

The crowd about the largest of the gay tents was thickest; Abner would be sure to be where the crowd was thickest. Israel Sloper plunged in among the men and women and little brown sons. They jostled him and pushed him about and laughed up into his face. Everybody laughed except Israel Sloper.

Somewhere a band was starting up, and the crowd surged toward it with one accord. The afternoon performance in the great tent was over, and outside attractions were in order. Israel Sloper, because he could not help it, went hurrying toward the rollicking music. A little brown son hurried along beside him, shouting at the top of his voice. He was a little fellow, not more than nine—about little Romy's size. He might have looked like little Romy, too, if he had kept still long enough. But little Romy never shouted at the top of his voice—Israel Sloper, looking down at the little brown son under his elbow, gave a sudden, violent start. For the resemblance was so strong that it was little Romy!

"Romy! Romy! Rome-o!" some one called on the other side, and then some one else. 'Rael and Joey, too!

"You stop runnin' away!" they laughed. "What did mother say? Father'll never let us come to another circus, if we lose you—why—why, 'Rael, Romy, *here's* father!"

"Here's father!"

"Father's runnin' away, too!"

They were upon him, three strong, little Romy's thin legs winding round his legs in a wild attempt to climb him. They were all shouting at once, as if they were acquainted with him. They were thanking him!

"Oh, thank you, thank you, father!"

"Thank you!"

"We're havin' such a splendid time, aren't we, Joey?—aren't we, 'Rael?"

"My, you better bet!"

"You'd oughter see the elephants——"

"An' the *crowns*, an' the folks ridin' one horse with one foot, an' another horse with the other!"

It was little Romy who had the last word. They all stopped then for breath,

and while they stopped "your father's" thoughts went on. Crowd, music, jostling, could not keep them back. He was at their mercy.

The four drifted out of the thickest crowd, or were jostled out of it, after a while. Little Israel Sloper, with newborn generalship, marshaled them to a quieter spot. Big Israel Sloper was conscious, through the turmoil of his thoughts, that the boy was talking.

"Mother said she guessed you would, but we were awful scairt! We needn't have been, need we? Next time I guess we'll trust mother."

Yes, next time they might trust mother—if she ever gave him another chance—if she ever came to him at milking time and said: "Israel, if you only knew how they had set their hearts!"

Another chance—all he wanted was another chance.

"Here, you little chaps"—he wanted to say, "you little brown sons," but his tongue was not used to tender words, and refused—"here, you little chaps, take this money and go get some peanuts or pink lemonade, or some truck like that. You haven't seen the fat lady, have you? Nor the lean man? Well, go see them, then. Eat somethin', or see somethin', while I'm gone—I'm comin' back."

He was off before they realized it. Before he realized it he was on the way home to mother. He was putting the big gray mare to her best speed. It seemed but a matter of moments before he drove into the barnyard at home. Then he saw a spare calico figure up in the corn rows. Mother was hoeing corn.

She was bent intently to her work—or was it that her back refused to unbend? At any rate, she did not look up. It was "your father" who did all the looking. He sat stiffly on the edge of his seat in the old wagon and looked at the bent little figure in the corn. More thoughts—thoughts, thoughts, thoughts.

Sarah Sloper was very tired indeed, and little Romy's "stent" just begun. She set her lips together in their thin, determination line, and hoed on. She

would not look at the hills ahead; she would not let herself count them again. She would hoe this hill and then the next. Surely she could hold out to hoe one hill at a time! She made believe she was little Romy pretending he was a man—yes, it certainly was a little easier that way!

Some one else was hoeing in the corn. If she had not been so tired she would have been surprised. The only thing that surprised her, at the moment, was that he had his coat on, and it was his second-best coat. It did not seem just the proper thing for "your father" to be hoeing corn in his second-best.

"Sarah—mother!"

Then she was surprised. He had caught up a hoe in his embarrassment, and hoed his way to her.

"Sarah, I've found it all out. Oh, for the Lord's sake, put down that hoe! You sent them, and you're doin' the work I was goin' to keep them home to do. You're doin' it *all*—good Lord, Sarah! You're 'most dead, and it's me that ought to be—me! I thought I felt bad enough drivin' home, but it was nothin' to this. I never thought of *this*. Good Lord, good Lord, it's been an awful hot day, Sarah!"

"Sarah," he began, again, for she did not speak. There did not seem to be anything to say; he seemed to have said it all. Then he began again, and this time he said "Mother."

"Mother, they thanked me—I've been there and they thanked *me*. You let 'em think it was me, mother?"

"Yes, Israel."

"Oh, Lord, what did you do that for?—what did you do that for, mother?"

"For you, father."

He made her go into the house and lie down on the sofa while he steeped her a cup of tea. Sarah Sloper had always detested tea that was allowed to boil, but the smell of it now was incense in her nostrils. She lay sniffing it enjoyingly.

Israel Sloper worked eagerly, but a little bashfully. He could not seem to remember ever doing anything for her before. Once, as he bustled noisily

about the room, he found himself wondering what she would say if he were to go up to the sofa, stoop down and kiss her. He wondered what *he* should say. After a while he did it.

"Oh, oh, father!" she said, in soft surprise. And she looked down quickly, as if she expected to see a little golden head on her arm. For little Romy's head had been there the last time he did it.

"Don't ever you touch a hoe again!" was what he said. He poured out the tea and made her drink it. He made her take a second cup.

"You've got to get your strength up," he said, talking fast to hide his feelings,

"for we've got to go after them little rascals—I told 'em to wait till I came back. They're kitin' round like good ones about now."

"They are good ones, Israel."

"Umph! little rascals!" But in his heart he said, "Little brown sons." "We've got to go after 'em hot foot. And there's an evenin' show—we might as well take that in. And we'll take *you* in, mother. I don't see any reason why you shouldn't be a boy for once!"

Abner's wife was there "being a boy," too. She came bustling up with a laugh.

"Yes, I'm here," Sarah Sloper smiled, in her new content. "Your father would bring me!"



BUSINESS INSTINCT.

ISAACS—Vy don't you answer his letters?

COHEN—Letters take postage stamps, but after a while he will get so mad, he will telegraph, and I can reply to that collect.



A STOCK QUOTATION.

EDITH—Why, you've written in my album "Rubber 41 $\frac{7}{8}$ "!

MR. OLDBONDS—Well, my dear, you said I could write a quotation in it, if I couldn't think of something original!



HE WENT TO THE FOOT.

TEACHER—Wilfred, what does three feet make?

WILFRED—One yard.

TEACHER—Sixteen and one-half feet?

WILFRED—One rod.

TEACHER—Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet?

WILFRED—One centipede.



WORTH CAPTURING.

A SWEDISH traveler, having passed through Central Asia, arrived at Peking, where Li Hung Chang asked him to dinner.

"You come from Sweden," said the great man, "don't you?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what kind of a country is Sweden?" rejoined the other; whereupon he received, as was natural, a glowing description of its charms. "Ah!" he said, "that is very nice, very nice indeed. When I next communicate with the Emperor of Russia I will tell him to take Sweden!"

The AMERICAN DRAMATIST



B.D.
CHANNING POLLOCK

AND THE SEASON

IF there is one phrase more than another that has been worn sufficiently threadbare for anyone to see through it, that phrase is "the American dramatist." Everybody in theatricals talks about the genus, but as far as actual manifestation is concerned, specimens have been about as rare as specimens of the curious animal which scientific visitors to the circus were just about to classify when it died. There are a great many people who believe that the American dramatist is closely related to Dickens' amiable creation, *Mrs. Harris*.

The number of these people has been vastly reduced by the events of the season which "passed out," more from weakness than from old age, early in May. During the course of this season, the American dramatist not only put in his appearance, but evidenced himself to be an exceedingly lusty and promising infant. Four of the five big financial successes of the year belonged to him, not counting the musical comedies in which he maintained his supremacy. He was not responsible for as many of the real failures as was his British cousin, and those with which he was identified were not quite so unmistakable as

fell to the luck of the Londoner. In fact, not to be too brutal, it might be said of most of the season's theatrical mistakes that they were labeled: "None genuine unless marked 'Made in England.'"

From September to May there were ninety-seven new productions shown in New York, of which seventy-three were plays without music. The American dramatist had to his credit twenty-one pieces which lasted long enough to be called hits, and fifteen which did not. Nobody can question but that this break was greatly to his credit. The European dramatist had seven successes, counting three short comedies as one, and thirty presentations which suffered from the fact that the critics went to see

them and the public stayed away. This might have been a sufficiently satisfactory state of affairs but for the circumstance that the critics get their tickets free.

Probably there would not be more than the usual number of dissenters if one put down the great big hits as "*Leah Kleschna*," "*The Music Master*," "*Adrea*," "*The College Widow*" and "*The Duke of Killicrankie*." The first four of these were from the pens of Americans. Each of them had



DAVID BELASCO
who has produced many of the most successful plays of the last three years

more than a hundred performances in New York, and the majority were running along toward three hundred when this magazine went to press. There were better plays than "Adrea" or "The College Widow," but none which was approved so universally or for so long a time. One of these better plays was "The Woman in the Case," another was "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and a third was George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." When it comes to the matter of public opinion, however, Mr. Shaw was right—you never can.

"Leah Kleschna" was written by C. M. S. McLellan, who was born and reared in this country, and whose chiefest achievement before the production of the play in question was the authorship of "The Belle of New York." Mr. McLellan had the ordinary experience of hawking his work without results, most of the managers who saw the manuscript agreeing upon the obvious fact that a drama with a thief as its heroine couldn't possibly make a dollar. "I got into such a state of blues over the piece," Mr. McLellan has since remarked, "that if Joseph Weber had offered me fifty cents for it as a vehicle for Marie Dressler I believe I should have wept for joy." Mrs. Fiske, and not Miss Dressler, finally stood sponsor for "Leah Kleschna," offering it at the Manhattan Theater, where, owing to certain difficulties in getting bookings on the road, she had formed an admirable stock company and settled down for the season. "Leah" created nothing less than a sensation. The direct antithesis of its companion success, "The Music Master," by reason of the fact that it appealed to the brain rather than the heart, to the curiosity rather than to the sympathies, it proved to be far and away the most interesting play of this and one or two preceding years. Mrs. Fiske's acting, as always, was a fine and intelligent effort which must have pleased everybody gifted with imagination. John Mason, William B. Mack and George Arliss gave notably good performances of life-like characters.

It has been said that "The Music Master" scored because of its emotional and

not because of its intellectual force, and this is true in the broadest sense. "The Music Master" was positively mid-Victorian in its construction, but the story of the impecunious teacher whose daughter had been reared by wealthy people and who decided to leave her sooner than force her to share his poverty was irresistible. Men and women alike swallowed the lumps in their throats so often during the performance that they quitted the theater with the sense of having dined well. This quality and two other things made "The Music Master" so popular that when it could no longer be kept at the Belasco it was moved into the Bijou. The two other things were Davids, surnamed Belasco and Warfield, to whose skill as producer and player was due much of the success of the piece. Mr. Warfield demonstrated afresh his wonderful ability as a character actor and his more than wonderful pathos. He would draw tears where the roots of a watermelon would fail to find the slightest suggestion of moisture.

So great a number of people went to see "Adrea" that a great many of them must have enjoyed it, but one is at liberty to say for oneself that it probably was as cheap and tawdry and theatrical a work as has ever been seen on Broadway. There was not one genuine, honest, flesh-and-blood sentiment in the whole blithering mass of weepings and wailings and gnashings of teeth. Somebody said that it was "a grand opera set to Mrs. Leslie Carter," but in this case it is quite permissible to use the word "uproar" as a pun beyond the censure of Dr. Johnson. "The College Widow," written by George Ade and acted all season at the Garden Theater, proved to be a pleasant comedy, notable for the freshness of its material, the crispness of its wit and the realism of its football game. "The Duke of Killcrankie" made the best vehicle which John Drew has had since he acted in "The Tyranny of Tears." It was bright and well-bred, and enjoyed something more than a box-office triumph at the Empire. Mr. Drew was Mr. Drew as effectively as of yore, while Ferdinand Gottschalk and

Fannie Brough were seen to immense advantage.

Let that suffice for the quintette described as "big hits"! There were several smaller ones made by dramatic offerings quite as good, and, in addition, there were two or three pieces of true importance in that they brought to the fore new men—even newer than Mr. McLellan and Mr. Ade—whose work gave distinct promise for the future of the American dramatist. Mr. McLellan had not been heard of except as a librettist until he wrote "Leah Kleschna"; Paul Armstrong and William C. De Mille and Kellett Chalmers had not been heard of at all. They jumped out of obscurity like Jacks-in-the-box, and demonstrated beyond question that, among the thousands of men whose manuscripts lie unread in offices on Broadway, are four or five from whom something of real merit is to be expected. After all, the newspaper man of today is the playwright of tomorrow, and a man to be reckoned with the day after.

Mr. Armstrong's contribution to the stage was "The Heir to the Hoorah," a comedy of Western life which Kirke La Shelle produced with good results at the Hudson. Mr. De Mille wrote "Strongheart," which concerned an Indian at Columbia University and which was successfully done at the same theater by a company that included Robert Edson. Mr. Chalmers was responsible for Grace George's vehicle, "Abi-

gail," which was received with moderate enthusiasm at the Savoy. "Abigail" was the poorest stuff of the three, and, in addition, Mr. Chalmers canceled much of the promise he gave in that play by showing us, "Frenzied Finance" at the Savoy and the Princess. As was to have been anticipated, every one of this trio of presentations was crude and uneven in the extreme, but every one of them was original and full of good, red blood. It is in this manner that the

American dramatist evens matters with his cousin in London. So far as knowledge of the technique of playwriting is concerned, he is a babbling infant to the A. W. Pineros and Henry Arthur Joneses, but he has ideas. He doesn't go on and on about the lady with the past and the gentleman who has a strong scene with her at the end of the third act. And here is his advantage: The more one writes, the more technique one has and the fewer ideas. Ten years from now Mr. Armstrong and Mr. De Mille and Mr. Chalmers will be turning out mighty good plays,

and, if they live, in all probability Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones will be turning out mighty bad ones.

From the experienced American dramatists we had comparatively little. Clyde Fitch supplied Francis Wilson with "Cousin, Billy," and Blanche Walsh with "The Woman in the Case," an egg of a play with one act of yolk and three acts of scarcely palatable white. Miss Walsh acted "The Woman



GEORGE ADE

wit, humorist and now successful playwright. Guilty of "The Sultan of Suifu" and "The County Chairman"

in the Case" more than seventy-five times at the Herald Square, and set the town talking by her work in the yolk scene aforesaid. The chief figures here were Miss Walsh, Dorothy Dorr and a lamp, ingeniously placed so that it illuminated the two women and left the rest of the stage in darkness. Mr. Fitch also gave us "Granny," in which Mrs. Gilbert was appearing when she died, and "The Coronet of the Duchess," in which Clara Bloodgood was appearing when it died. Public affection for Mrs. Gilbert carried "Granny" along, although it was intended only as a sort of dramatized farewell and did nothing beyond serving its purpose. Augustus Thomas furnished "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and "The Education of Mr. Pipp," the former a great and the latter a quasi success. One was seen at the Savoy and Lyceum, and the other at the Liberty. "Mrs. Black is Back," acted by May Irwin at the Bijou; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," produced at the Savoy; "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which reopened the Madison Square, and "The School for Husbands," presented by Alice Fischer at Wallack's, were money-making plays from the pens and dens of Americans.

The worst of the failures made by native authors were works of little promise or importance, from which even less was anticipated. "Jack's Little Surprise," a farce brought out early in the season at the Princess, was so utterly vacuous that memory does not serve in recalling anything whatever about it. All of these things may be said of "Who Goes There?" which, coming from the brain of H. A. Du Souchet, originator of "My Friend from India," was acted in the same house, and proved entirely boisterous and meaningless. "Bird Center," "Common Sense Brackett," "The Spell Binder," "The Firm of Cunningham" and "Home Folks" were plays that had no reason for existence, and that did not long continue to exist. N. C. Goodwin came a cropper with a comedy called "The Usurper," Louis Mann did poorly with "The Second Fiddle" and Nance O'Neill's disastrous engagement at Daly's was not helped by

her performance of a literary piece by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "Judith of Bethulia." It may comfort Mr. Aldrich to be reminded that a German tragedy, "The Fires of St. John," and a large assortment of the works of old masters, were of equally scant assistance to Miss O'Neill. Three American plays that had the same fault in common were "The Fortunes of the King," "The Lady Shore" and "Nancy Stair," revealed respectively by James K. Hackett at the Lyric, Virginia Harned at the Hudson, and Mary Manning at the Criterion. In each of the trio history was made to do a jigstep to the tune of the author's fancy, and in all bombast and scenery made up the sum total of the entertainment. The women who wrote the first two plays are deserving of sympathy, but Paul Potter is old enough and clever enough to have known better.

If it is true that a goodly number of home-made dramas fell by the wayside, however, what is to be said of the imported article? No fewer than nine of the most capable and best-known actors in Europe covered the long stretch across the Atlantic and then tumbled over the hurdles of bad plays. Forbes Robertson made a futile effort at winning favor at the Knickerbocker in "Love and Man" before dropping back upon his admirable performance of "Hamlet." Sir Charles Wyndham, realizing the weakness of his repertoire,

opened with "David Garrick" at the Lyceum — a fact which nobody could understand until he produced "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace." This comedy, by Hubert Henry Davies, author of "Cynthia" and "Cousin Kate," was



PAUL ARMSTRONG
author of "The Heir to the Hoohah"

an invertebrate kind of thing, which would have had no value had it not served to reveal some exceptional talent in Sir Charles and his leading woman, Mary Moore. E. S. Willard, who followed "Lucky Durham" with "The Brighter Side," at the Knickerbocker, and finally was forced to revive "The Professor's Love Story," was even more unfortunate, while Edward Terry's plight at the Princess was sufficiently sad to be harrowing. Mr. Terry came to this country with a great fanfare of trumpets, and proved to be merely an ordinarily capable actor, utterly without distinction and hard as nails. His offerings, "The House of Burnside" and "Love in Idleness," were so old-fashioned and clumsy that we were delighted when he decided to shelve them in favor of Mr. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." The fame of that comedy drew an expectant audience to the Princess, and lo! "Sweet Lavender" was the most absurdly maudlin and clumsily humorous piece of the lot. That performance was the end of Mr. Terry, so far as New York was concerned. He played out his engagement to a series of empty houses, and then went to Canada.

Ellis Jeffreys brought over from England a comedy entitled "The Prince Consort," in which she acted for a time at the New Amsterdam and the Knickerbocker. "The Prince" did not get a royal welcome, and Miss Jeffreys became one of the "all-star cast" that revived "London Assurance." Mrs. Patrick Campbell struggled along with a ponderous Sardou tragedy, called "The Sorceress," from which much was expected and little realized. Madame Réjane succumbed to a combination of adverse circumstances made up of mediocre plays and New York's inability to understand her company, which spoke French that is not on the menu at Sherry's. Marie Tempest, a piquant young woman who delighted New York a year ago in "The Marriage of Kitty," came from London to spend four weeks at the Empire, where, despite the interest that had been created by judicious advertisement of her lightning trip, she



KELLETT CHALMERS
author of "Abigail," a play that gives
great promise of something
much better later

managed to please only mildly. Here, as in most of the other cases, the difficulty was with the vehicle, "The Freedom of Suzanne" being merely an agreeable entertainment in a day and age when audiences demand something that will make them sit up

and take notice. Murray Carson, another visiting actor, captured the booby prize of the season when he produced an original comedy called "The Trifler," on a certain Thursday evening at the Princess, and put it away again on the following Saturday.

Three or four English and French comedies presented by our own players had runs almost as brief. Charles Frohman brought from abroad Mr. Pinero's "The Wife Without a Smile," which had made money in England by virtue, or, rather, by vice, of a certain salacious episode widely described as "the dancing doll." This choice bit of nastiness having been the *raison d'être* of the comedy, it is not surprising that "The Wife" did not survive its amputation. "The Rich Mrs. Repton," put on under the same management, at the same house, which was the Criterion, added another to the list of failures identified with the American career of that very agreeable actress, Fay Davis. Poor Miss Davis had not suffered enough from "The Whitewashing of Julia" and "Lady Rose's Daughter"; she was obliged to struggle with this utterly impossible play from the pen of R. C. Carton, whose previous work had been so good that it is difficult to understand how he could have written so poor a mess as "The Rich Mrs. Repton." The

piece lasted only a few evenings, which also was true of a translation from the French, "Friquet," in which pretty little Marie Doro floundered helplessly at the Savoy.

Annie Russell had two foreign failures, "Brother Jacques" and, afterward, "Jinny, the Carrier," the latter by Israel Zangwill, who had disappointed us still earlier in the season with "The Serio-Comic Governess," adapted from a short story for the use of Cecilia Loftus. Heaven only knows what has come over Mr. Zangwill, who, at the time that he wrote "Children of the Ghetto," was quite the most promising playwright in England. "Children of the Ghetto" was a succession of types and incidents rather than a drama, but, at least, it was vigorous, witty and full of characters so real that they seemed to be acquaintances. "The Serio-Comic Governess," on the other hand, introduced Miss Loftus as a young woman who did not seem to be a recognizable governess, and certainly was not serio-comic. There was nothing convincing or humorous or pathetic about the play. "Jinny" was a little better, but "Six Persons," a one-act sketch from Mr. Zangwill's pen, in which Isabel Irving traveled from pillar to post, was the sort of stuff that might have been expected from an infant prodigy. When the critics said this to Mr. Zangwill, he retorted that Americans didn't know art from artichokes. If "Six Persons" really was art, the Jewish novelist was right beyond the possibility of dispute.

Of the seven unlucky importations that remain to be mentioned, two, "The Money Makers," which introduced Ida Conquest at the Liberty, and "Mlle. Marni," which introduced Amelia Bingham at Wallack's, were adapted from the French. There is no especial reason why they should have been. "Military Mad," an ante-season farce at the Garrick, and "The Proud Laird," a post-season comedy at the Manhattan, were universally condemned. The former was by a German and the latter by an Englishman. Richard Mansfield concluded his annual engagement at the New Amsterdam with a week of Mol-

ière's "The Misanthrope," which never had been acted before in this country, and which, by reason of that fact and Mr. Mansfield's prominence, attracted much attention. It was generally agreed, however, that "The Misanthrope," with its desert of talk, in which there was a word for every possible grain of sand, belonged definitely to another generation. "The Harvester," played at the Lyric by Otis Skinner, was another work which failed of comprehension in New York, while "Taps," which, in the original German, had been a sensational success at the Irving Place, failed because of the same misfortune when it was presented on the same stage by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon. "Taps" has been appreciated in every other country in which it has been acted, but American audiences, knowing little of the restrictions of caste, could not accept discrepancy in military rank as an explanation as to why a doting father should kill his unoffending daughter instead of her betrayer.

After "The Duke of Killicrankie," the most pleasant English plays of the season were those of George Bernard Shaw, who exploded into view with a suddenness that surprised Broadway. The manner in which Arnold Daly came to light the fuse has been told so often that it need not be repeated now. Suffice it to say that Mr. Daly's faith in the Irish Voltaire has placed him among the best-known stars in America, and kept him acting "You Never Can Tell" for a long time at the Garrick. Earlier in the year, Mr. Daly drew hosts of fashionables to the little Berkeley Lyceum, to see him do two fragments by this same Shaw, namely, "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her Husband." Mr. Shaw is the only dramatist writing now whose plays are as delightful in type as on the stage, their wonderfully bright dialogue, their piquantly perverse philosophy, and their luminously clear situations making them valuable additions to the library. He arrived with a vengeance when Mr. Daly passed under the management of the Liebler Company, ceasing to have a cult and acquiring a clientèle.

Short plays, not always produced by Progressive Stage Societies or National Art Leagues, had a distinct vogue during the spring, developing first as "special matinees," and then as regular evening performances. Margaret Wycherly, an astonishingly clever, magnetic woman, offered several one-act pieces by the Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, and then an unsatisfactory three-act romance, called "The Countess Kathleen." Much after the same fashion, Ibsen's newest nightmare, "When We Dead Awake,"

gave signs of mid-day life at the Knickerbocker, but relapsed into *rigor mortis* one sad evening at the Princess. "When We Dead Awake" was in three acts, but short, notwithstanding. Frank Keenan did a variety of sketches at the Berkeley Lyceum, of which only one, an adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather," proved to have any value. Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne gave matinees of Browning's "The Blot in the Scutcheon," at the Hudson, without setting

the Hudson on fire; Mrs. Fiske and her company appeared in three excellent playlets of her own writing at the Manhattan; and another half-hour performance was produced under the title of "In the Eyes of the World," as a curtain-raiser at the Lyceum. The best piece of the kind brought forth, however, was an exquisite bit dubbed "Hop-o'-My-Thumb," in which Maude Adams and Arthur Byron were seen to great advantage during the run of "The Little Minister" at the Empire.

Reverting to the subject of the drama shipped from England, one must mention Mr. Pinero's "Letty." William Faversham produced "Letty" at the Hudson without much success, but the fact remains that the piece was a surprisingly clever sample of play-making. One says surprising, despite the authorship of Mr. Pinero, because it is hard to see how so complete a garment could have been fashioned from the remnants of "Iris," "The Gay Lord Quex" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The

old, old material was dragged from the mothballs for "Letty," which included even the antique device of bringing a woman to a man's rooms at midnight. Aunt Jane, from the rural districts, would have been sophisticated enough to know just what was going to happen in every act—and yet "Letty" was enjoyable. So was "Sunday," presented by Ethel Barrymore with much success at the Hudson. "Joseph Entangled" and "Business is Business," in which the stars were Henry Miller and W. H. Crane,

were near-hits, and a better adapter than Robert Hichens might have made of the latter a masterpiece.

If the man who furnishes the librettos of musical comedies can be called a playwright, the American dramatist may be said to have scored again in this field. There were fewer productions of musical comedy than formerly, and infinitely fewer of these few came from England. "Fantana," which was the work of Americans in every department, achieved a longer run than any



CLYDE FITCH
the most prolific of all playwrights and one of the most successful

of its contemporaries, opening at the Lyric on January 14th and having got close to its two hundredth performance when this article was penned. Jefferson De Angelis and a clever cockney, Katie Barry, were the leading lights of



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

One of the best of our American dramatists, two of whose plays went very well this past year

"Fantana," which was a trifle conventional, but, on the whole, as humorous and melodic an entertainment as could be wished. In the matter of gorgeous stage pictures, it was surpassed only by "It Happened in Nordland," which lasted through the season at Lew Fields' Theater. This, too, was the work of Americans—Glen MacDonough and Victor Herbert. So was "Higgledy-Piggledy," in which Joe Weber presented himself at the Weber Music Hall. It could hardly be said, however, that "Higgledy-Piggledy" was written—it seemed rather to have been a frozen laugh that melted on the stage. "The School Girl," put together chiefly by an American, Paul Potter, but clearly in the English style, and "The Duchess of Dantzic," prepared by Londoners, were of a little higher class. Edna May was seen in the former and Evie Greene in the latter, both pleasing a large number of crowded audiences. These, and perhaps "Humpty Dumpty," the big Drury Lane spectacle shown at the New Amsterdam, were to the season of musical comedy what "Leah Kleschna" was to the season of "straight" drama.

Minor successes were "Lady Teazle," a version of "The School for Scandal," in which Lillian Russell emerged from retirement at the Casino; "The Madcap Princess," sung by Lulu Glaser; "Woodland," a fantasy in which all the

characters were supposed to be birds; "Sergeant Brue," presented by Frank Daniels, and "Little Johnny Jones." The only English musical comedy failure was "The Cingalee," which bored a few select gatherings at Daly's. The American failures, in order of demerit, were "The Baroness Fiddlesticks," "The West Point Cadet," "Mr. Wix of Wickham," "A China Doll," "In Newport," "A Little of Everything," "The Isle of Spice," "The Royal Chef," "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," "The Sho-Gun," "Love's Lottery" and "The Two Roses." The following left to the Rogers Brothers made their vehicle financially profitable, and "The Royal Chef" did well on the road, though even three or four catchy airs did not carry it to success in New York. "The Sho-Gun," by George Ade, was witty, but never attracted large audiences. "Love's Lottery" introduced Madame Schumann-Heink as a singer of comic opera, but did not give satisfaction, while "The Two Roses" was the beginning of a long and luckless season during which another favorite from the Metropolitan Opera House was kept at the Broadway Theater. This favorite, Fritz Scheff, revived "Fatinitza," "Giroflé-Girofla" and "Bocaccio" in rapid and fruitless succession. There was none of the enthusiasm expected to attend a return to the standard operas, and rather little attendance of any other kind.

A season that is poverty-stricken in good plays generally is prolific of revivals, and a vast number of those accomplished during the year were brought about, precisely as were the Lazarus-like offerings of Fräulein Scheff. Most notable among them were the "all-star" productions of the Liebler Company, who have the "all-star" habit in its most violent form. The cast seen in "London Assurance," at the Knickerbocker and Herald Square, included Ellis Jeffreys, Ida Conquest, W. H. Thompson and Murray Carson—all lights that failed individually—while an even better company in "She Stoops to Conquer," at the New Amsterdam, numbered Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Louis James, J. E. Dodson, Isabel

Irving and Sidney Drew. "Trilby" was revived, and "The Little Minister" and "Sherlock Holmes," each with its original star, while managers of musical comedy harked backward to "San Toy" and "Florodora" and a dozen others. Exceptionally fine productions of standard and classic plays were shown by E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, in fruitful combination; Viola Allen, Richard Mansfield, Ada Rehan, Robert Mantell, Forbes Robertson and Nance O'Neill. Half-forgotten old plays, such as "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Passport," also were trotted out to make up for lack of quality in the English and lack of quantity of the American dramatist. This, in brief and hasty *résumé*, was the theatrical season in New York from September to May, viewed from the middle distance of August.

One of the notable conditions of the year has been increasing indifference toward all but the few exceptionally fine plays. Nowadays nothing more damning can be written of a presentation than that it was "pleasing" or "mildly amusing" or "entirely agreeable." It has been demonstrated again and again that people will not spend their money to be pleased or amused. There must be something to bring them to their feet, to surprise them, to thrill them, even to shock them. Since plays of great merit are rare just now, business has been pretty uniformly bad for the past

twenty months—a fact which managers lay to every possible cause except the obvious one.

What seems to be chiefly required in the play that succeeds at present is the largest amount of naturalism compatible with the smallest amount of dullness. Real life is rather dull, so it devolves upon the dramatist to serve real life "with a stick in it." On the other hand, the emotions evolved and the manner of their expression must be such as an audience can understand and place. The

old motives and phrases—the kind that never were known off the stage—have ceased utterly to be effective. Originality and vigor, blood and sinew, vital thought and vital comprehension are needed above all other things, and it is this which makes for the future of the American dramatist. He is a writer from the soil, a writer who must ignore traditions because he does not know them, who must confine himself to what he sees and feels, because he is not sufficiently acquainted with what other writers have seen and felt. This



CHARLES KLEIN
who wrote "The Music Master" which David Belasco produced

man gives us material which in five years he will be able to polish until it shines beyond anything brought from abroad. Moreover, it will be polish on hard wood, and not on stained pine. Then will the forecast of the past season be fulfilled. Then will the Society of American Dramatists, housed on Fortieth Street, be more like a club and less like a dude's whangee.

Parthenia and the Barbarian

By May Belleville Brown

PARTHENIA had always espoused the cause of the abused, at the risk of notoriety or even of a broken heart. For the quarrel that finally separated her from her lover, and sent Sprague to wander under many flags, began with a discussion as to the merits and demerits of the overhead check rein.

After this occurred, Parthenia was more belligerently humane than ever. Every ragged child, every forlorn animal, fortunate enough to meet Parthenia when she walked abroad came in for a generous share of the sympathy with which her heart overflowed.

But even suffering humanity palled upon Parthenia, and, though she would not have owned it to herself, there were hours of weakness when, if Sprague had galloped to the door and boldly carried her off a captive, she would not have been an unwilling one, even if his steeds had worn overhead check reins.

So when aunt Louisa's health demanded a change of climate, and she asked her favorite niece to accompany her to the Western ranch, the girl gladly placed her different societies and "objects" in other hands and followed the course of empire.

It was Parthenia's first day abroad on Land's End Ranch, of which her brother was the owner, and it seemed to her that a new earth and a new sky had been created for her. The air was an entirely different element from the atmosphere to which her lungs were accustomed. Prairie flowers bloomed modestly on the stretches of green grass; prairie birds sang to the morning; the homely sound of cackling hens floated faintly up from the poultry yard; the house dog stretched lazily, and came forward with amiable tail. Parthenia drew a deep breath of enjoyment. At last she had reached a place where mis-

ery and wretchedness and cruelty were unknown! Here she could revel in a sinless world, where peace and kindness reigned!

Half unconsciously she was drafting in her mind a letter to the Humane Society at home, setting forth the beauties of this frontier Eden of her discovery, when a rude voice, punctuated by whip cracks and the stamping and squealing of a horse, shattered the calmness of her feelings.

Her lulling sympathies awoke, and with quickened feet she hastened past the sheds and came in sight of the corral. She appropriated just enough time to see that a lusty "horse wrangler," who might well have been a sculptor's model for Hercules, was holding high carnival with a diminutive pony, lank of body and lean of leg.

Round and round the pair whirled; the pony bit and struck, squealing all the while, and the man handled lariat and lash with vigor.

Parthenia's knowledge of horses was limited to the sleek Hambletonians behind which she was used to drive, the massive dray horses of the city streets, and the large-framed street-car horses, of almost extinct species and of Gothic architecture. The cow pony was a species unknown to her.

"Stop that instantly!"

Years of Delsarte, pedestrianism and golf had given her good lungs.

The man turned his head long enough to see that an angel of vengeance in a gray outing gown, with bronze hair and uplifted arm of command, stood against the morning sun. Angels of any kind were rare at Land's End, but his blood was up, and not even a cherubim with a flaming sword could have checked him. A crack of the whip was the answer.

"Stop that, I say! Aren't you ashamed to treat an animal that way? I shall report you to my brother!"

"Go back to the house!"

There was red-eyed wrath in the answer flung back to her.

"I shall not!" stormily retorted Parthenia. "I shall show you how much better kindness serves than brutality. That poor little horse is terrified, and fighting for its life. Shame on you to intimidate it just because you are the stronger!"

With majestic hand Parthenia touched the great gate spring, and it swung noiselessly open. The man's back was turned, but when the pony stopped fighting for a moment, as though suddenly interested, he again glanced around. The girl was inside the gate, coming toward them.

"For God's sake, go back!" he shouted, desperately.

Even as he spoke, the pony snorted and lowered its head, rushing viciously at the girl. In that moment she realized her danger, and with a scream of terror fled through the open gate.

Caught with so little warning, the man was whirled off his feet, and, still clinging to the lariat, was dragged in the pony's wake. Never, until Parthenia's life is at an end, will she be as near death as she was at that moment. As the infuriated animal swung through the gate, his teeth not a foot behind her shoulder, the wrangler, by a powerful muscular effort, threw his shoulders upward from the ground, flung himself to the lee of a low post just outside, and snubbed the rope around it in a half-hitch. The pony brought up with a jerk that whirled it heels overhead, and Parthenia ran plump into her brother's arms.

"He was beating the pony cruelly," she explained, indignantly, "and when I told him to stop, he ordered me to go back to the house—ordered me! And when I went in to stop him, the poor little thing was so crazed with fright that it ran at me, supposing, of course, that I had come to torture it, too. Just see how peaceable it is now. Why, the man is a perfect barbarian!"

The pony's position of deepest dejection was truly expressive of meekness and injured innocence. The man had also risen, unhurt but somewhat disheveled, and was securing the gate, but there was more than injured innocence in his mien.

A brother, especially an older one, usually speaks as one bearing authority. Just now this one's voice was both stern and audible.

"Parthenia, the cayuse that so nearly killed you—that quiet, abused creature over there—is known on the whole range as the 'Red Devil,' and has killed two men, crippled one for life, and committed various smaller crimes. Yesterday it laid up one of my best men with a broken ankle, and I ordered it shot, but Sprague here, who has more nerve than ten ordinary men, offered to try to break it for me. It's lucky for you this day that he has both nerve and muscle." He turned and beckoned the man to him. "Sprague, this is my sister. Parthenia, after this it would be well for you to remember that he is overseer of Land's End Ranch."

"Sprague!" almost shrieked Parthenia. And then: "Why, Ned! Ned!"

And if her godparents had been present, they might then and there have christened the young woman Niobe, from the tears with which she bedewed the shoulder of the Barbarian, to whom the process seemed most delectable.

The cab drivers of New England, who had so often quailed beneath Parthenia's accusing eye, would not have recognized the female who sobbed out her meek little speech that began with "I am so sorry," and ended with "You can have any kind of reins you want on your horses."

"History repeats itself," quoth the now-comprehending brother. "The first Parthenia, if I remember, also forsook parents and principles alike when she met the Barbarian."

The New England Parthenia raised her head to fix her jeering relative with a wrathful stare, but it was the Land's End Parthenia who intercepted the merry challenge in the Barbarian's eyes, and, looking down, blushed.



A Fruitless Treasure Search.

The Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam is a later Argonaut whom, up to the present time, the golden fleece has eluded. Earl Fitzwilliam is a wealthy Briton whose holdings in England and Ireland in real estate amount to more than one hundred thousand acres of excellent land, yielding him an income of half a million a year. Before succeeding to the estates he was the Viscount Milton and member of the House of Commons. He has enough of money, enough of honor, according to the common view of the contented mind, but they reckon without his passion for exploration. All of his early youth was spent in the sparsely settled regions of the Old World. Vastness fascinated him. The savagery of nature wooed him. The most beautiful spot in the world, he said, is the great empty Libyan desert.

That is the reason that he purchased the *Veronique*, formerly the *Herlick Castle*, used in the South African trade, and fitted it up ostensibly for a cruise for scientific research, really to search for the hidden treasure of Cocos Island. The islands are believed to have been the burial spot of unlimited treasures of the ancient Incas of Peru. To this was added, it was thought, the hoards of privateers in the war of 1812. Thither went Earl Fitzwilliam with his *Veronique*. Thence came Earl Fitzwilliam shortly afterward with a much battered vessel and a smaller crew. His crew told a story of accident.

"There was an explosion," they said. "After the first explosion several men went down to rescue or find the bodies of their comrades. In the meantime a hill caved in, badly injuring about ten of the crew."

Later reports had it that Harold W. S. Gray, another intrepid Briton, was there with a concession from Costa Rica for the land of the golden fleece, that Earl Fitzwilliam disputed the concession, and that there was a battle of their followers in which the *Veronique* was worsted. At any rate, Earl Fitzwilliam has returned to Europe, and the *Veronique* was extensively repaired at Panama.

A Practical Philanthropist.

J. G. Phelps Stokes is one of a large number of well-to-do Americans who prove their democracy by marrying women of no wealth. Mr. Stokes, however, has not taken his matrimonial responsibilities lightly. He selected Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, a former cigar maker, for his wife because, through their contact in settlement work, he found an affinity which irresistibly impelled them to the union. The Stokes family does not belong to the class of showy millionaires of which America has a large number. The elder Mr. Stokes, who was for many years a banker, is quite as well known by his interest in free trade and civil service reform movements, and is also an author, having written entertainingly about his



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yachting experiences in the West Indies. Of his sons, his namesake is secretary of Yale University. Before taking this position, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., was much interested in settlement work, and organized the Charities Association, the Y. M. C. A. of New Haven, and Lowell House, a social settlement. The younger son naturally dropped into settlement work, and identified himself with the University Settlement in Eldridge Street, New York.

While he was developing his interest in this philanthropic labor, Rose Harriet Pastor was learning, by experience, the hardships of the factory worker. She worked in a cigar factory in Cleveland, but, having a taste for writing, when she came to New York she under-



RIGHT HON. EARL FITZWILLIAM
Who fitted up a vessel to search for the treasure of the ancient Incas of Peru

took work on a Jewish paper. Her duties brought her to Mr. Stokes' office for an interview, and this meeting resulted in the attachment which first drew Miss Pastor into the settlement work, and afterward united the two as man and wife.

Was He Worth His Salary?

James H. Hyde is the picturesque young man of twenty-nine whose social career has created a good deal

of talk and excitement in insurance and financial circles.

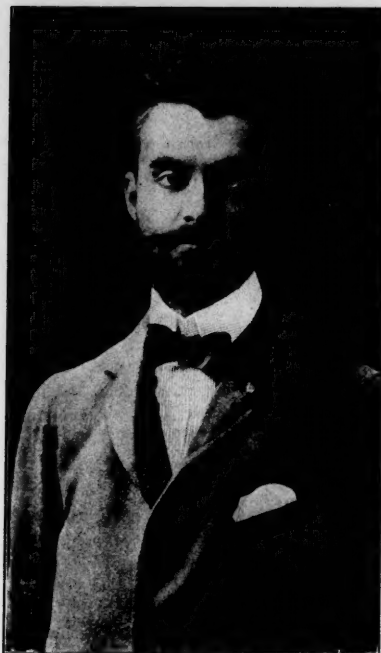
Mr. Hyde is vice-president of the Equitable Insurance Company, to which position there attaches the pleasing salary of one hundred thousand dollars yearly.



J. G. PHELPS STOKES

ROSE HARRIET PASTOR

The millionaire and the cigarmaker, whose romantic love-match has held the interests of New York for months



JAMES HAZEN HYDE

The artistic young vice-president of the Equitable Insurance Society, whose financial conduct of that institution has been the subject of public discussion for months

Mr. Hyde passed through Harvard without winning any particular attention from his classmates, but later on he demonstrated that he was a unique personality in some respects. His efforts to promote literary relations between France and the United States resulted in his becoming president of the *Alliance Française* in the United States. Through this society French lecturers were brought to this country, and later on Mr. Hyde was decorated by the French Government. The young man has many of the peculiarities of dress which we are wont to associate with Frenchmen.

More recently, a ball which Mr. Hyde says was given to promote the business of the insurance company in France, and which cost from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars, aroused general interest in his doings. At present there is

a great deal of discussion going on among insurance experts as to whether Mr. Hyde's services are worth twice as much as those of the President of the United States.

A Successful Young Artist.

Mrs. Grace G. Weiderseim is unique in that she has a vivid sense of humor which she infuses into her sketches that are appearing profusely in the magazines.

Mrs. Weiderseim, who is a Philadelphia girl, is the creator of that saucy and adventurous youngster, Toodles, whose pranks with puss and the wild animals have amused so many juvenile readers. She has also won some attention as the originator of a type of American woman of the somewhat demure style, that artists have named the Philadelphia girl. A group of heads that was published recently she put



MRS. G. G. WEIDERSEIM

One of the few successful women artists who can draw a good humorous caricature

upon stone herself, being the only woman artist, probably, who does her own lithographing. Her work was conspicuous in the Water Color exhibit of the Academy of Fine Arts and the Art Club in Philadelphia.

Her home is a suburban one, and is one of the most tasteful in Overbrook, Pa., a few minutes from Philadelphia. Every room bears some evidence of her industry and skill with brush and pencil, and shows as well the evolution of her art in a manner somewhat amusing, for Mrs. Weiderseim is still very young.

She is of one of the old families of Pennsylvania, and was educated at Notre Dame, in West Rittenhouse Square, and "finished" at



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY

Notable for her artistic perception and general ability. One of the few society women who attract a constant and deserved attention

Eden Hall, Torresdale. She studied art at the School of Design and the Drexel Institute.

A Woman of Varied Attainments.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay occupies a very conspicuous position in social New York, and is equally well known in London and Paris. As Kitty Duer she was considered one of the brightest and most interesting members of society. Since marrying Clarence Mackay, a son of the late mining king, she has attracted attention by the richness of her entertainments. She has published a book which has been translated into several languages, and has had her portrait painted by most of the fashionable artists.

Roosevelt's Boswell.

Mr. Jacob August Riis is the Boswell of President Roosevelt. Johnson's friend waited until his death to celebrate him, and possibly it would have helped Mr. Roosevelt's reputation more if the Riis appreciation of him had been delayed. Much may be forgiven Mr. Riis' enthusiastic friendship if one has read his other writings, which voice a certain impetuous honesty. But while one may smile at the writer, one does not necessarily applaud with him.



Coming to America from Denmark a poor man seeking his fortune, Mr. Riis had odd adventures in various forms of occupation before he hit on journalism, and found his medium of expression in the *New York Sun*. It does not often fall to the lot of a local reporter to be a leader in public enterprises; but Mr. Riis, as police reporter of the *Sun*, became so intimately acquainted with the unfortunate conditions in the tenement districts on the East Side of New York, that he was splendidly equipped to wrestle with the problems there, and he found at least a partial solution for them. The crowded district has to thank him for its fresh air and its improved housing conditions, and he has won many a convert to this form of philanthropy by his very interesting books on conditions in the slums. His present life is devoted to literary work.

A Possible President.

Charles Warren Fairbanks has had his eye on the Presidency for several years. The senatorship from Indiana was a step nearer to the goal of his ambition, and his election as vice president of the United States has brought him within one degree of its realization. In his steady progress upward Mr. Fairbanks has been assisted actively by his wife, whose prominence in the affairs of women's societies, and especially the Daughters of the American Revolution, has added much to the vice-president's popularity. Mrs. Fairbanks was for two terms the head of the Daughters of the American Revolution, being succeeded only recently by Mrs. Donald McLean. Another of Mr. Fairbanks' lieuten-



JACOB RIIS

The friend of the President and the unalterable foe of the slum. He has done as much as any man in the country to improve the condition of the poor

ants is his daughter, Mrs. Timmons, whose marriage to a naval officer, after her divorce from her first husband, brought her conspicuously into the social activities of Washington. The entire Fairbanks family has ample confidence in the star of the vice-president. Against that faith may be set the confirmed tradition that no vice-president becomes President of the United States except by the untimely death of the

President. Mr. Roosevelt shook that to the bill for an appropriation for five hundred thousand dollars for that purpose, the name became instantly famous.

"The law was enacted to develop the latent industries of the State and induce competition," he said of that signature and the history that led to its making. "If many independent refineries come into the State as the result of them the State will go out of the refinery business. If the refinery is erected—and it will be—and the Standard Oil Company reduces the price of oil all over the State, the State will turn the key and close its refinery. Then if the Standard Oil Company raises the price of oil the State will start its fires again and thus have the Standard

A Model Governor.

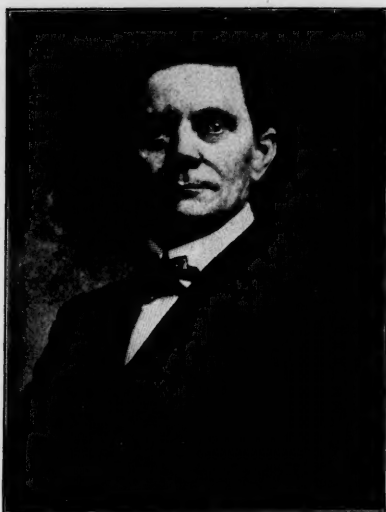
The country was astounded when a hitherto unknown man of Teutonic origin approved a bill for the establishment of an independent oil refinery, and so dealt the strongest blow that has yet been received by the Standard Oil trust.

When E. W. Hoch affixed his name going and coming." This declaration,



MRS. CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Who has done very much to further the career of her husband, the vice-president



GOVERNOR E. W. HOCH

This is the man who started the war on the Standard Oil Company in Kansas. His sense of official duty is as admirable as it is exceptional

and the force of the signature put beneath it, are two of the things which have marked a step in the progress of the country. No fight of just such a character as this has ever come up in a State, and the courage to meet the occasion is not an everyday quality. Governor Hoch showed that he had a sane conception of his duty and acted accordingly. From the editor of a weekly newspaper to the office of governor of Kansas, E. W. Hoch rose by initiative and force. He declared for purity in politics and said he would have every State department thoroughly investigated and have the results made known "without fear or favor." He has been styled the "best governor Kansas ever knew."

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

When the Chicago orchestra lost Mr. Theodore Thomas it was thought that some foreign conductor of eminence would be invited to take charge of the orchestra. The Boston Symphony Or-

chestra has always found it necessary to go abroad for its conductors, and the New York Philharmonic has been equally dependent in recent years on foreign talent. But the directors of the orchestra decided to give an American a chance, and appointed to the succession Frederick Stock, who was concert master under Thomas. The directors also changed the name of the orchestra, and it will be hereafter "The Theodore Thomas Orchestra," thus perpetuating the name of the man who founded it and made it such a splendid success.

Chicago now has an orchestra which ranks second to none, and the leadership of it lends distinction not only to the man who attains it, but to the city which receives him as such. Mr. Stock has come into an honor which anyone might well envy.

The Devotion of Mrs. Taft.

No man is more conspicuous just at present, nor more rapidly rising in pub-



FRED STOCK

He has been selected to lead the Chicago Orchestra, the organization made so famous by the late Theodore Thomas



MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT

The wife of the now famous secretary of the navy, who presents a charming example of motherly devotion to her children

lic esteem and understanding, than the large and genial secretary of the navy,

who is so very close to the President. Mr. William H. Taft is an able man and a kindly one, but he has in his wife a woman who is equally capable in her sphere. Several years ago, when he was stationed in the Philippines, regulating, rearranging and smoothing down the troubled affairs of those islands, Mrs. Taft was busy conducting the difficult social relations which always fall upon the wife of a man in so distinguished a situation. She was hostess at once of Filipinos and Americans, foreign representatives and natives, and so acquitted herself that she made a host of friends on all sides. A charming, kindly and tactful woman was the verdict of all those who met and knew her, and when she left the islands she was followed by a host of regrets.

Here, in this country, Mrs. Taft has occupied a no less distinguished position, and has acquitted herself equally well. In Washington she is looked upon as an ideal wife and mother, and one devoted wholly to her children. Recently, when her husband was planning his latest trip to the islands, she elected, since her children could not go, to remain with them, and has since been spending her time in their company, patiently awaiting the return of her ponderous lord. She is now occupying a cottage in Brighton, England.

A Happy Thought.

Accidents sometimes develop aims, and apparent chance may lead to ultimate fortune.

When Miss Mary Phillips, of St. Louis, told a girl chum that she happened to know a good deal about

that eccentric playwright, George Bernard Shaw, and told her a few of the odd stories about the vegetarian-socialist-author, the girl said: "Why don't you get a lot of us together and tell us about Shaw? We'll pay for the privilege."

"How foolish!" said Miss Phillips.

"How wise!" chirruped her friend.

It happened that, although Miss Phillips still enjoyed high social standing and privileges in the Exposition city, the family resources were not what they once had been, and the thought of this opportunity to earn some money of her very own appealed to her with all the allurements of her first doll.

The friend "talked the matter up," Miss Phillips being much too shy.

"I've got twenty-five that want to hear all about Shaw," the energetic friend announced one day. "I could have had a lot more, but aunt Mary's drawing room is small."

"I—can't lecture to all those people," feebly protested Miss Phillips.

"Who asked you to lecture? Just sit down, nice and comfy, and tell them those stories you told me."

Miss Mary Phillips gave her "drawing-room chat," and the young women who listened were so charmed that they immediately signed their names for another audience. They were anxious to learn more by this amiable method.

"Thank you, oh, so much. But what shall I talk about?"

"Oh, anything," were the fluttering responses; "just tell it nicely, as you did to-day."

That was the genesis of Miss Phillips' successful drawing-room chats that were a feature of two social seasons in St. Louis.

"I drew on my recollections of travel in Europe and my reading for material, and the girls seemed satisfied with my topics. After I had talked to them, or it was all so informal that I should say with them, the girls would ask questions, and I answered as best I could; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the afternoon."

Here is an interesting field for the gentlewoman who wants to make her pin-money or has to earn her bread and butter pence. Of course it depends on the ability of the girl. Not everyone has the ability to understand the learned Shaw, let alone lecture on him.



MARY PHILLIPS

A talented St. Louis girl who has made a name for herself there by her exceptional lectures on George Bernard Shaw

The Millions of Mercy

A Study of the Epworth League

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

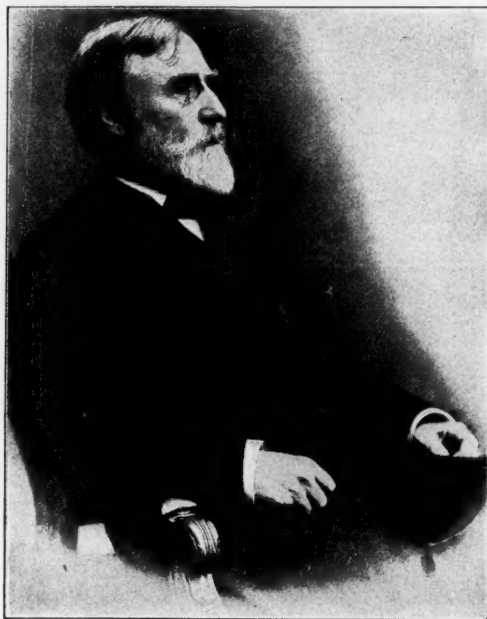
AT this moment the beautiful city of Denver is given over to the hosts and thousands of the Epworth League, the vastest institution of "uplifting," mutual help and social intercourse on the American continent, its operations extending from Nanaimo and Vancouver on the Pacific, to Trinity Bay and St. John's, in Newfoundland, besides covering the whole United States through the Methodist Episcopal Church, both north and south, right down to the Mexican border.

More than this, the splendid work of the league has gone forth into remote countries, not only in Europe, but even in far-off Australia and the islands of the sea. Indeed, it may be said that this wonderful movement among young people is felt among the fourteen million Sunday-school scholars and five

million members of young people's societies throughout the United States and Canada.

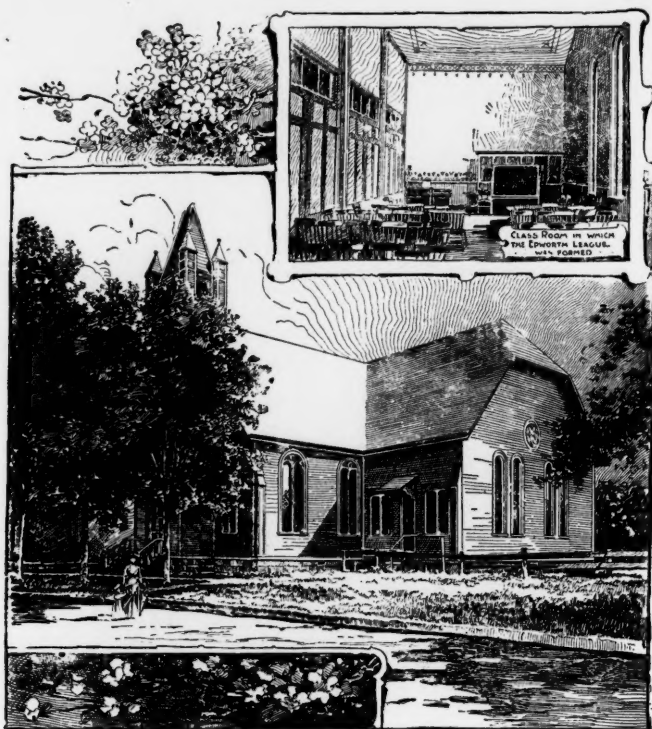
The General Conference of the Methodist Church, in 1880, decreed that

whenever possible a kind of lyceum should be started for the development of the youth, with facilities for social intercourse, besides the establishment of free evening schools, libraries, textbooks, etc. At this time there were many Christian Endeavor Societies, and much rivalry existed. There were the Christian League of New England, the Methodist Alliance, and so on.



BISHOP J. N. FITZ-GERALD
The Founder of the Epworth League

For many reasons they were not found satisfactory; some were too literary. In 1884 the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent proposed to the Centennial Conference of American Methodism, held in Baltimore, that there should be one



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

In this building, since replaced by the Epworth Memorial Church, the meetings were held, May 14 and 15, 1889, which resulted in the founding of the Epworth League

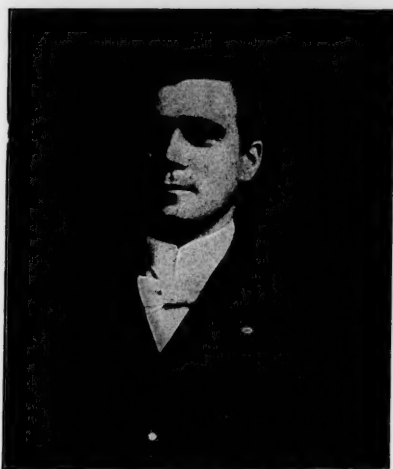
great league embracing all the young people's societies. This plan was adopted, but its growth was slow, and in five years' time it could only muster five hundred chapters and twenty thousand members.

Then arose hundreds of other societies—social, literary and benevolent; and at last, on May 14, 1889, a great conference met in Cleveland, Ohio, at which the five leading societies of young people were represented. Among them were Bishop J. N. Fitz-Gerald and Dr. Robert R. Doherty, two of the leading founders of the present Epworth League.

The history of the name is peculiar.

Up rose Dr. Doherty to suggest an "Oxford League" and an "Epworth Hymnal." By a slip of the tongue he transposed the names, but the delegates "caught on," and the little Lincolnshire village, forever associated with John Wesley, gave its name to the greatest organization in the world for young people. It was forthwith indorsed by the three Methodist Churches of the United States and Canada; it has been adopted in foreign lands, and has helped mission work at the ends of the earth.

Its motto is "Look up—Lift up," and last year there were nearly thirty thousand chapters, with a membership of over three million. This tremendous



DR. E. A. SCHELL

One of the able ex-secretaries of the organization, and an enthusiastic exponent.

organization publishes thriving magazines of its own, notably the *Epworth Herald*, which has a paid-in-advance subscription that any magazine might envy. With Bishop J. F. Berry as editor, the *Herald* passed the one hundred thousand mark, while Dr. Herben is increasing its circulation by leaps and bounds.

Then there is the *Epworth Era*, in the South, edited by the Rev. S. A. Steele and the Rev. H. M. Du Bose; while in Canada the league has its special departments in the *Onward* and the *Christian Guardian*. "There were, perhaps," remarked Dr. Doherty to the present writer, "twenty-one men present in that little classroom where the Epworth League was born,

and in two or three years' time it had swallowed up nearly two thousand other societies.

"At the General Conference of the church, held at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892, the league was formally adopted as the society for young people—their spiritual development and the promotion of general kindly ministration, mercy and help. You may say that every church, almost, in America, has its own chapter of the Epworth League, presided over by the pastor.

"The fundamental idea underlying this enormous organization is to persuade young people to spread the 'sweetness and light' of Matthew Arnold wherever they can possibly do so, and to this end they devote much ingenuity, time and money."

They do, indeed. Whole books might be written on the ways and means which the boys and girls of America's Epworth League devise to get money for flowers, beef tea, jellies, candy, medicine, sewing machines, artificial limbs, spectacles, coal, groceries, clothing and a thousand and one other necessities for those who sorely need them. And the young leaguers will visit hospitals and homes and sing songs and give concerts and recitations to cheer



EPWORTH MEMORIAL CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Erected on the site of the building in which the Epworth League was organized



TWO OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF EPWORTHIAN WHO TAKE PART IN THE ENTERTAINMENTS WHICH BRING MONEY TO THE CAUSE

up the infirm and aged; they will make toys, write letters of cheer to total strangers and shut-ins—but let me give a few concrete instances of how these young people spread Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light."

Two bright young girls of Bellefontaine, Ohio, wondered much what they could do to get a little money to further their league work in providing necessities for the poor in their vicinity. Their mother reminded them how clever they were in making cucumber pickles. Forthwith the youngsters prepared a big supply and hired Tommy, their small brother, to parade through the streets heralding their approach with an old dinner bell, while they solemnly went from door to door, hawking their excellent pickles, until every quart and jar was sold from their hired wheelbarrow.

Again, smart boys would make a little money by photographing groups of school children and selling copies to

their parents. Others subscribed to magazines on behalf of children's hospitals, almshouses and similar institutions, getting the necessary money by growing mint, gathering berries, keeping chickens, rolling and clipping lawns, selling papers, making fudge and selling soap and other commodities in return for useful premiums, which furnished the homes of the poor or provided their children with warm clothing or invalids with much-needed delicacies, flowers, change of air and so on.

One very bright little girl, of Lonoak, Monterey County, California, turned out to be an artist in making fishing flies, while another Epworth youngster, starting with ten cents' worth of flower seeds, finally kept a large children's hospital fully supplied with lovely flowers. The girls, indeed, seem to be more ingenious than their brothers in making the necessary money, without which even "sweetness and light" can hardly be spread.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC EPWORTHIAN, A. H. WHITE, OF CANYON CITY, COLORADO, WHO IS CARRYING COAL AT A CENT A PAIL TO FURTHER THE GOOD WORK

For, remember, even writing cheerful letters costs a few cents in postage—often a serious consideration in a humble family. But the resource of the girl Epworthians seems to be limitless. Some have made many dollars in making gold wire jewelry; others have raised violets, done darning and patching; while the boys may turn their very bird's nesting into money for the good cause.

A party of clever children of both sexes, in Hampden, Massachusetts, got an idea at a sociable, and were so successful in giving little amateur entertainments in neighbors' houses that they were able, single-handed, to shingle the local church. There is a girl in Leonidas, Michigan, who is quite a star Epworth-

ian, and has turned in many dollars to the fund of her chapter by making the quaintest of owls, mounted in pairs on small branches. She makes the owls out of white sheet wadding, painting in the wings and feathers with black ink, and using shoe buttons for eyes. The little lady sold as many of the owls as she could produce at ten cents a pair.

Indeed, it is amazing and most edifying to see the enthusiasm with which these millions of young people have thrown themselves into this labor of love. Boys, who in the ordinary way can hardly be kept at home, will remain for hours developing photos in a dark-room, that they may earn a few cents to provide flowers for the sick. Or they will brave the stings of bees for much the same purpose, honey being a very marketable commodity locally.

But queerest of all is the Chicago boy who pushed baby carriages through the park at five cents apiece, turning over the money to the league. Much good work is done in sending old Christmas cards to hospitals and poor children; and so curious are the developments of unselfishness that often a very pretty child may even pose



A TRUNK FULL OF TOYS GATHERED BY HAPPY BABIES TO BE GIVEN TO THE LESS HAPPY



HERE ARE THE MEMBERS OF A SOCIETY OF BOYS AND GIRLS WHICH HAS COLLECTED AND SENT PICTURE BOOKS, MAGAZINES, TOYS, FLOWERS AND CANDY TO THE POOR, SICK AND NEEDY. THEY GAVE A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT TO GET MONEY FOR AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB WHICH WAS NEEDED BADLY

for artists, with the consent of his or her parents, in order to get a few dollars to spend in flowers, newspapers and magazines, picture books, toys and so on, which are sent to poor children, to whom they come as a blessing and a most unexpected Godsend. Such a child is little Adaline Holmgren, of 344 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn, who has done much to brighten the lives of others in this way.

Yet another child, away out in California, decided to raise money to help a local hospital, and organized a fairy pantomime scene in her mother's garden, with the result that quite a crowd of visitors cheerfully paid a quarter each as admission fee, so that the sum realized was quite substantial. And very charming did little Titania look surrounded by her boyish courtiers. In fact, the intelligence and sense of beauty shown in the whole affair would have done credit to a far riper intelligence. One poor little crippled girl, named Willie Jane Sheppard, of Wedowee, Alabama, received, on her birthday, no

less than one hundred and twenty-five letters from more fortunate children—"also," as she afterward wrote, "one dozen handkerchiefs, some bookmarks, a bottle of ink and the very first pair of shoes I had ever worn!"

Little Bernice Mae Dickerson, of Rockville, Connecticut, is a tiny leaguer whose mission in life is to smile on old folks. Others, like little Bernice, send, through the mail, flower seeds, the roots of plants and flowers, as well as canned fruits, berries of their own picking, photos of their own pretty selves, dolls and toys, summer bonnets, flannel garments, scrap books for the sick, not to mention untold thousands of letters full of artless fun, queer "news," pretty greetings and affectionate messages. Many of the boys have dressed themselves up as the wildest of wild Indians and given an open-air wild West show, not only to their friends and relatives, but to all the countryside. In one case, just such an instance as this paid for the board of several little strange children at a fresh-air home.

Some children ransack the house for old toys and take great pains to find out where these may be sent to advantage. One little girl has a record of nearly two hundred letters written to invalids and lonely people, besides which she copied and sent fifty-nine pretty poems, two hundred and sixty amusing newspaper clippings, sixteen hand-painted cards and seven photos of her pretty self. She was stirred to all this by hearing of other junior members of the league providing speaking tubes for deaf men, sets of teeth and even artificial legs and arms.

In one case no less than one hundred dollars was needed to supply one of these limbs, but the money was raised by local entertainments. In Toronto the Epworthians provided many cast-iron troughs for dogs and cats and other animals that could not reach the



TYPE OF THE OVERFLOW TENT AT ONE OF THE GREAT EPWORTH MEETINGS

ordinary horse troughs. The different leagues then kept them filled. It is credibly reported that, quite apart from the humanity of this, rabies in dogs has very greatly decreased where these troughs were established.

I have said but little of the social and literary meetings held by the Epworth Leaguers. Naturally, the juniors under sixteen cannot be expected to take much interest in Browning or Professor

Moody's "Manual of English Literature." The Epworth League Cabinet, consisting of fifteen delegates, meets four times a year, and is fortunate in possessing in Dr. Randall a very able secretary.

Every two years a great conference is held. Cleveland had the first, Chattanooga the second. On the latter occasion the league was the guest of the Southern youth. As there was no hall big



A TYPICAL HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, VISITED BY EPWORTH LEAGUERS, WHO CARRY MEDICINES, NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES AND DO WHATFEVER THEY CAN TO IMPROVE THEIR CONDITION



HERE IS A LARGE FAMILY THAT WAS RESCUED FROM STARVATION BY THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, THEIR RENT PAID AND THIS OLD WAGON HIRED FOR THE FATHER, WHO WAS THEREAFTER ENABLED TO MAKE A LIVING

enough to receive even a tithe of the hosts that gathered, huge tents were pitched, and the thousands communed in sweet friendship beneath our Southern skies. At these times the city is quite given over to the league, and probably not less than one hundred thousand of the members are invading Denver at this moment; the leaders pondering the old days, twelve years ago or more, when they visited the birthplace of the league in Cleveland and found the little wooden structure in which this world-wide movement was born swept away to make room for the present structure.

One has but little room to deal with the classes studying the "Life of Christ" and the various text-books of the league, such as the "Price of Africa," of which unnumbered thousands of copies were sold soon after publication; "Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom," "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," "Child Life in Mission Lands," and many others. These text-books lead up to "World Evangelism" and "Mission Study."

But it is in the department of "Mercy and Help" that we find the most activity. The Gorham Chapter, up in Maine, recently gave an "Experience" social. Each member had to tell how a certain dollar was earned. Soon fifty-one dollars were subscribed, and the local league suggested it be given toward the pastor's salary. Sixteen chapters in New Jersey made over two thousand visits to the sick in six months, and earned nearly three hundred dollars, which was expended in flowers, clothing, groceries, fuel and other branches of the Mercy and Help work.

The First Church in East Liverpool, Ohio, with only a chapter of two hundred and fifty members, gave out fifty sacks among the families to be filled with clothing and other things for the poor. One woman even gave a sewing machine, which the league promptly made over to a poorer sister. The Rev. Robert Stephens, head of an Epworth chapter in Danville, Illinois, sends out valuable suggestions to other leagues, such as: "Have you a flower committee

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who sees after flowers for the Sunday school, the church and the sick? Have you a hand-shaking committee that never permits a stranger to enter your church without being shaken by the hand? Have you a church directory that puts up notices of the time of church service in hotels, barber shops and railroad stations?"

Another notion of the league is to put separate magazine articles into envelopes and mark and classify the subjects, afterward delivering the envelopes in great bundles to the hospitals, where weary invalids realize the boon of not having to hold a heavy book or magazine in bed. There is, in short, no end to this benignant ingenuity, which is frequently of a humorous term. Young men get up a hat-trimming social, and sell hats bedecked with faded flowers and ribbons which no sane maiden would wear.

Then there is the "measure social," at which all the members are accurately measured and taxed according to their inches. At the lemon social, each member brings a lemon and is charged a cent for every seed in it. Of "mystic teas," "peanut socials" and a hundred and one other similar functions whole volumes might be written. And so the

work goes on. At Onargo, Illinois, the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Frizzelle, reports forty-five dollars being subscribed toward the support of a missionary in Foo-Chow. The Mercy and Help Department of the Bangor, Michigan, League, reports for the six months hundreds of calls on the sick, bouquets for invalids and the church, garments for the poor, sitting up and entertaining the sick and poor and afflicted, curio and missionary exhibits, "coon-song" concerts, sewing circles and a wholesale distribution of fruits, jellies, canned goods, beef teas, hats and clothing.

The Parkin Chapter, of Brockton, Massachusetts, besides reporting beneficent activity on these lines, reports cash receipts of eight hundred and sixty-seven dollars, all of it earned by members in the thousand and one ingenious ways already indicated in this article. Such, then, is the Epworth League, at present in full conference in the city of Denver. It makes a powerful appeal to the natural sweetness and kindness of youth, and no one will ever be able to calculate what a blessing this gigantic movement has bestowed upon the universe at large, and their own country in particular, in the spreading of "sweetness and light."



THE DUCHESS' RETORT.

THE late Duchess of Teck found herself one day sitting between Canon Teignmouth-Shore and another dignitary of the same rank.

"Your Royal Highness," said the former, "must find yourself in a rather alarming position——"

'Canon to right of you,
Canon to left of you,
Volleys and thunders.'

"Well," was the reply, "this is the very first time I have been connected with the Light Brigade."



GREAT STRENGTH.

GROCER—What is it, little girl?

LITTLE GIRL—Mamma sent me for a lamp chimney, and she says she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us.

Mid War's Alarms

STORIES OF THE BLUE
AND THE GRAY

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "American Fights and Fighters," etc.

STORIES OF THE BLUE

V.—Mrs. Sears Repudiates Her Husband and Atones

(A Complete Story)

FIVE weeks had elapsed since Mrs. John Sears had been captured on her own plantation and lodged in prison in Cairo. She was held as a suspicious person. She was believed to be the head of the Confederate secret service in the vicinity, but it was difficult to procure evidence sufficient to convict her of any overt act, although the suspicions were as widespread as they were well founded. The district was under martial law, and her case depended upon the pleasure of the military commandant, who had referred the whole matter to Washington.

Meanwhile, through Sears' efforts, she was made as comfortable as possible. The influence which her husband had been able to exert, although he had been confined to his bed with a severe illness at first, as the result of his broken arm and the hardships of the journey to Cairo, had conduced to some mitigation of the rigor of her confinement.

Sears had carefully refrained from identifying himself with her in any possible way. He scrupulously concealed even his interest in her, and everything that he did for her was done through agents.

She herself knew nothing of his actions, and never even dreamed that her outside friend was her husband.

Sears believed rumor did her no wrong; that she was entirely guilty of having secured information about the Federal plans and turned it over to the

Confederates. In all probability, she was one of the most important secret service agents in western Kentucky. He had no doubt that if she were tried before the military commandant she would be found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment during the war, which everyone realized now would be a long one, in some Northern prison. Nevertheless, she was his wife, and, although he was heart and soul for the Union, he intended to effect her escape if he could. Besides, she had promised him to do no more of such work, and he believed her.

The delay in bringing her to trial suited him admirably. It gave him time to get well, to reflect upon the situation and to mature his plans.

In the interim, Forts Donelson and Henry had fallen, and the flag officer had returned to Cairo with the iron-clads.

So soon as the *Bienville*, the flagship, tied up at the wharf at Cairo, Sears went aboard of her. His arm was now perfectly well, and, although he himself was a little unsteady from his long siege, he was practically as fit for any undertaking as he had ever been in his life. He detailed his adventures to his uncle, but did not in any way disclose the fact that the Edith Darrell who was held in confinement in the city was the woman he had married. Ultimately he intended, of course, to tell the flag officer everything, but the time had not yet arrived for that disclosure. And his

uncle somewhat disturbed his plans by informing him of a prospective commission for another dangerous duty.

The jail in Cairo and several large warehouses adjoining had been fitted up as military prisons, and were filled with a great multitude of prisoners. It happened on the afternoon of the day the *Bienville* arrived that some drunken soldiers carelessly set fire to the building in which Edith Sears was confined. Sears had been prowling about the vicinity of the jail at the time, as he had often done of late, trying to contrive some means by which he could get himself in or his wife out.

The building was an old one, and it burned rapidly. The fire spread in every direction, and the provost guards, whose duty it was to watch the prisoners, were, of necessity, compelled to fight the flames for their very lives.

Sears had previously procured a plan of the jail. He had studied it until he could find any place in it in the dark, if he could get an opportunity. Here was that opportunity. He forced his way into the burning building, using his position as the flag officer's secretary freely as a passport wherever he met any objections. The place was full of smoke and crowded with frantic prisoners, who were clamoring for instant release in fear of being burned to death in the conflagration raging so furiously.

Sears forced his way through the excited and clamorous throng, and ran down a deserted corridor until he reached the door of the private room in which his wife was confined.

Sears knocked on the door. There was no reply. He knocked again, and, not daring to wait longer, threw himself violently against the door and smashed it open.

As he broke into the room he saw his wife standing by the window, apparently very much frightened.

When she heard the first knock at the door, she surmised instantly that some one of the mob without desired entrance. The hall beyond was filled with shouts and curses and yells, appalling to listen to. Her relief when

she saw her husband was instant and apparent. For the first moment, that is. Then, as he dashed toward her, eagerly calling her name, she withdrew herself from his touch with a gesture of hatred and loathing, as if he carried contamination with him.

"My dear wife——" he began, hurriedly.

"Don't speak to me. I loathe you, I despise you! I'd rather die——"

"Nonsense!" returned her husband, brusquely. "We'll discuss that later. At present you are in imminent peril of your life. I am here to save you. Come!"

"I won't go with you!"

"You said that once before," said Sears, coolly, "and I carried you. Be reasonable. Whatever you think of me," he went on, quickly, "this jail is doomed. If you stay here, you will be burned to death. If I can be the instrument of procuring your freedom, your safety, why should you object? There is nothing personal about it. Come!"

He concluded, and rightly, that his blunt, forceful presentation of the case was sufficient for her common sense. He turned and she followed him, rebellious still and saying nothing.

"Where does that door lead to?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"I think it gives entrance to the home of the jailer, used now for offices. There is an exit to the street from it. We'll try it."

He picked up a heavy chair, swung it lightly to and fro and battered on the door. It was a strong door, but he splintered the panels and finally broke it open. By this time the room was full of smoke. His wife watched him with an eager joy, in spite of herself, in the splendid strength he manifested.

"Come!" he said, taking her hand.

He did not judge her harshly in his heart because she had poured the vials of her wrath and contempt upon his head. He understood exactly. He could disarm her later on. At present he had only to save her.

In a very short space of time Sears found himself in the street.

He had studied the approaches to the jail as well as the jail itself. He knew exactly where to go to escape from the vicinity.

He hurried his wife along the more or less deserted streets until he felt he had put a safe distance between her and any immediate pursuit.

Through the lawyer he had caused his wife to be amply supplied with money, which she had gratefully ac-

cepted, believing it came from some Southern sympathizer. She had been enabled, therefore, to procure appropriate clothing for the winter weather.

In her sudden dash for liberty, however, she had taken neither coat nor hat. Observing the curious glances cast at her, Sears piloted her into the first dry-goods store they came across.

"Why," she said to him, as he gently

led her toward the store, "do we come in here?"

"You are attracting attention," he said, gravely, "because you have neither coat nor hat on, and I want to get you something which will serve temporarily in here. We have further to go to-night."

This evidence of his thoughtfulness greatly touched the woman. She entered the store, and easily found some-

thing suitable, at least for the time being, and with a feeling of joy Sears paid the bill. Nothing that had happened gave him so much a sense of proprietorship in her as this simple act. When she was completely equipped they went out into the street again. From what he knew of the military commandant, Sears realized that every possible avenue of escape would instantly be covered with heavy guards, in view of the number of prisoners which the fire had caused to be turned loose in the streets. That he could get her out of Cairo by the highways or byways without a pass was highly improbable. What should he do with her? They walked along the streets in silence, which was finally broken by his wife.

"Well, sir," she began, having observed him closely, "where am I to go now? What are you going to do with me?"

This instinctive deference to his judgment, this dependence upon his decision, further pleased him.

"The boldest course," he said, "is the safest. I shall take you to the *Bien-ville*."

"You mean——"



Then, as he dashed toward her, she withdrew herself from his touch with a gesture of hatred and loathing.

"I mean my uncle's flagship."

"And what will you say there?"

"I will say that I want to introduce him to my wife. He knows about our marriage. The flagship reached here this morning, and I shall say you came to the city to-night. Afterward—well, I shall know what to do."

"But," began the woman, bewildered, as they walked rapidly down the street, toward the river, "you—you repudiated me at my home. I have been hating you ever since I was captured. I heard nothing from you. In my hour of extremity everybody deserted me."

"My dear wife"—and there was avowal and caress in his voice—"do you think so meanly of me? In the first place, I was ill——"

"I know," interrupted his wife; "are you better now?"

"Perfectly well."

Unconsciously, almost, as she put this question to him, she slipped her arm in his, and, behold! they walked along in the growing darkness as any other husband and wife might have done.

"I knew you were guilty of the charges against you," he continued.

She nodded her head gravely.

"I divined instantly what course would be pursued in your case. I determined, so soon as I was able to get out again, to effect your escape. I believed that if no one knew of any possible relationship between us I would be very much more free to do this and could make the attempt with much better prospects of success. It would be fatal to success if it were known we were husband and wife. My dearest wife," he went on, boldly, "to claim you before the whole world is the one thing desirable for me. I will be the happiest man on earth when I can do so, but——"

"Do not talk this way," protested his wife. "Remember what you said, what you promised."

"I remember, but it is useless for us to pretend any longer. Think what we have gone through together, what you have done for me."

"And you for me."

"That was nothing. But we cannot be indifferent to each other."

"I am not indifferent to you."

"That's not enough," protested Sears.

"I want you to love me as I love you."

"You are a Northern man, an enemy; I cannot—I cannot."

"We won't talk about that now," said her husband, "but about your escape."

His gentle forbearance touched her greatly. If the walk had been prolonged, she might have manifested her gratitude in some way that would have been agreeable to him, and which would have taken some of the sting out of her words and actions, but just then they turned toward the wharf where the *Bienville* lay.

"There," said her husband, "is the ship. You must back me up in whatever I may say. You will be safe enough there for the night. My stateroom will be at your disposal. I shall see what can be done to effect our escape in the morning."

"You—I may trust you absolutely?" faltered the woman, frightened at his words.

"My dear wife," said the young man, very gravely, "you shall be as sacred to me as my mother or my sister would be, if I were blessed with either."

"Thank you," returned his wife. "I believe in you. I wronged you cruelly when I doubted you. But there came no word from you, and——"

She stopped short, drew away from him and stared at him as he faced her. A sudden idea had come to her.

"Did you send me that money?" she asked.

He said nothing, but in her growing illumination it was not necessary to answer the question.

"Did you give me that room? Did you send me those meals? Did you provide for that lawyer?" she went on, hastily, the color flaming into her face.

"Well, I—I—yes," he said, nervously.

"You see, you were my wife, and——"

"Oh, Mr. Sears!" cried the girl, overwhelmed with a sense of how she had wronged him in her heart. She put her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

"There, there," he said, slipping his

arm around her—it was sweet for her to rest against his shoulder—"don't! You must not. I want you to dry your eyes. We must get aboard the flagship at once. I want my uncle to see how worthily I have chosen."

The sentry at the gangway of the *Bienville* was very much surprised when the flag officer's secretary came on board accompanied by a veiled lady, whom he at once escorted to his uncle's cabin. The flag officer himself was even more astonished when he looked up from his writing and saw a woman standing by Sears' side. He rose to his feet instantly, however, after one quick glance, and bowed profoundly.

"Sir," said his nephew, coming forward, "allow me to present you to Mrs. Sears."

The flag officer was thunderstruck. He stared at the young woman in growing astonishment. He had forgotten, for the time being, his nephew's marriage, and the realization came to him with a sense of shock.

The first glance had told him that the girl was beautiful. As his nephew's sole remaining relative, he was glad, since Sears had married so unceremoniously, to recognize that his enforced choice had been a good one. A second glance disclosed the fact that the woman was in trouble. Mrs. Sears was one of the few women who look pretty even in tears, and there was a suspicious moisture about her eyelids that completely won the old man's heart.

"My dear madam," he said, "I beg to extend to you a belated but no less genuine welcome into our family. Jack, your rascal, why didn't you tell me—forgive an old sailor's frankness, ma'am—how charming your wife was? My dear, permit me."

He stepped nearer to her and took her by the hand.

"I am old enough to be your father," he said, kindly, and then bent and kissed her forehead.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the poor girl, greatly touched, "you are too good to me."

She had been so tried that she burst into tears again. Sears yearned to take

her in his arms, but the circumstances were such that he had to stand awkwardly by while the flag officer comforted her:

"It is most foolish of me," sobbed the woman, "to give way so, but I am in such trouble."

"Mrs. Sears only came to the city this afternoon. Every room in the hotel was occupied, as it has been for weeks past. She did not know where to turn, and in the confusion was robbed of her purse. By a lucky chance I met her in the street and brought her here."

"Quite right, my boy, quite right," said the flag officer, swallowing this astonishing mendacity without hesitation, or, indeed, suspicion. "Why didn't you come here at first, my dear young lady?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the woman, "that marriage——"

Again Sears came to the rescue.

"You know, uncle, that it was merely a ruse to save my life, and, while it was a legal marriage I have learned, I have never attempted to take advantage of it, and never shall. I brought Mrs.—the young lady—here because I considered it the safest place for her. Since the jail has been burned down, the whole town is in a state of terrific confusion, and I don't like to think of any woman alone and helpless under the circumstances. If you can take care of her to-night, to-morrow she can look up her friends and see what's to be done."

"It's sailor's fare only, madam, that I can offer you," said the old officer, "but I shall see that you are as safe here as in your own home."

"Thank you very much, indeed, sir."

"That message you wanted me to take down the river to-night?" asked Sears.

"We'll talk of that later," said his uncle; "meanwhile, call the steward and have him serve supper here. I will give you a spare stateroom on the other side, all for your own, ma'am. Perhaps you would like to go in there now and refresh yourself before we have our supper."

"I should like it very much, sir," said



"Did you send me that money?" she asked.

the girl, gratefully, retiring in the direction the old man indicated.

"Now, uncle," began Sears, who had thought out a plan in the meantime, "you said something about an important dispatch you wanted carried down the river to-night."

"I did. Our troops are below Island No. 9. This dispatch details my plans against that point and invites the co-operation of the army. I want to get it into the hands of General Bransfield as soon as possible."

"I'll take it, of course. My best plan, - you think, would be——"

"To go down the river. I will lend you a steam launch, which will land you just above the island—I'm afraid it could not pass the batteries—and then you must get along as best you can."

"Thank you," said Sears, promptly, "but I believe I know a better way. This town is full of Confederate spies, and the departure of a steam launch would be noticed. If I landed anywhere near

Island No. 9, I should be gobbled up. I will take a skiff as soon as it gets dark and will slip away from the shore and drift down the river until near the island. Then I will run the boat ashore in some creek or bayou in the morning and wait until the next night. Then I will start out again, and I have no doubt I will be able to pass the island undiscovered."

"Perhaps that will be a better way," returned the flag officer, thoughtfully.

After supper the flag officer left the two young people alone in the cabin for a few moments. Sears took instant advantage of the opportunity.

"I am going down the river to-night on a secret mission. You must go with me. It is your only chance. I shall bring a boat under your cabin window exactly at ten o'clock. You will know when that is by the bell forward. It will strike four times. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You must crawl out of the window. I will receive you, and you must leave the rest to me."

"You are taking a great deal of trouble for me," said his wife.

"One thing more," he said. "We will probably be two nights and two days in the skiff. It is very embarrassing, but it would be very much better—you could more easily escape detection if you wore——" He stopped and blushed furiously.

"Do you wish me to put on men's clothing?"

"If you can bring yourself to do so."

"I will do anything you tell me. Anything to further my escape, that is."

"Very good. I will see that a uniform——"

"Must it be a Federal uniform?"

"I can get nothing else."

"Oh, very well," said the young woman, resignedly.

"I will see that it is put in your state-room in plenty of time for you to change."

Mrs. Sears excused herself to the flag officer very early that night, on the plea of excessive fatigue after the exciting events of the day. Sears made occasion

to go forward and get a new uniform from a young bluejacket who was about the size of his wife. This he succeeded in smuggling to her stateroom unobserved. He and the flag officer sat talking over the prospective adventure until nine o'clock. At Sears' suggestion, he had memorized the dispatch, which had been weighted with lead so that it could be dropped overboard if he were captured. If he escaped, he could repeat it verbatim.

"Do you wish any assistance? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I shall take good care of your charming wife while you are gone."

"I am sure of that," said his nephew, just a suspicion of a smile lurking about his mouth.

As four bells struck on the *Bienville*, a small skiff cautiously approached the side of the ironclad just below the port which opened from the stateroom in which Mrs. Sears was supposed to be sleeping soundly. The night was pitch dark, a slight rain was falling, and Sears had brought the boat alongside so deftly that not a soul aboard the ironclad suspected him. So far so good. He waited in agonized suspense. Presently a head thrust itself cautiously over the port sill. A soft voice whispered:

"Mr. Sears!"

"I am here."

"What shall I do?"

"Turn around. Sit down on the sill, swing your feet outboard and trust to me."

It was a feat of some difficulty to catch the young woman, but he succeeded in achieving it without capsizing the boat. Guided by him, she slipped gently to the bottom of the skiff. Quietly he cast off the painter, a turn of which he had taken around a ringbolt, and in another moment they were lost in the blackness of the river.

"Don't say a word," he whispered to the woman crouching at his feet, glad of the shelter of darkness, "until I tell you."

Cautiously he stepped forward, broke out the oars when they had drifted far enough away from the ironclad, and his

vigorous arms, aided by the strong current, sent the little skiff flying down the river.

"Now you may talk," he said, at last.

"I hated to deceive your uncle," she began at once, "he was so kind. I left a note pinned to my pillow begging his forgiveness."

"That was very kind of you, but we have a long journey before us, and you must go to sleep."

"To sleep?"

"Yes," replied her husband; "there are blankets on board."

"You got them for me? How thoughtful you are! How can I ever thank you?"

"By lying down and going to sleep. I will awaken you in the morning."

She spread the blankets out, propped her head on a pillow he had also brought, and lay down in the stern sheets with her feet toward him, where he sat on the thwart. She covered herself with the other blanket, and over all he drew a heavy rubber poncho. In a few moments, such had been the fatigues of the day, she was sound asleep. Day was breaking when she awoke and rose on her elbow. The rain had stopped. The morning was fair. She stared at him a moment in bewilderment.

"Where are we?" she asked. "Oh, now I know," she continued, sitting up and looking over the side.

"Perhaps you can help me now?" he asked.

"I shall be very glad to do so."

"Is there a little creek or bayou near here where we can conceal ourselves during the day?"

"There should be such a one just below Halligan's Bluff."

"Good, we'll go in there. But stop! Why shouldn't I put you ashore at Island No. 9? I never thought of that. There are sure to be Confederate steamers there, and you can easily get down the river from there without difficulty. That will be just the thing."

Strange to say, the woman experienced no especial elation at the thought of this sudden parting.

"I suppose so," she said, half reluctantly.

"I will land you at the island immediately," continued Sears, not noticing her hesitation.

"But you will get captured if you do," she protested.

"I think not," answered the young man; "at least, I won't if I can depend upon you."

"On me?"

"Certainly.

I presume you are known to some person on the island?"

"Everybody knows me in this part of the country," answered the girl, proudly.

"Very well. All you have to do is to tell the simple truth."

"What is that?"

"Say that you escaped from the jail at Cairo last night by my assistance, that you bribed me to bring you down here, and that you pledged your word of honor that I would be allowed to go free after you reached safety."

"But I didn't bribe you."

"You can, though."

"How?"

"By thinking kindly of me and by letting me hope."

"Why do you always ask that?" said the girl, resolutely, suppressing a desire

to throw herself into his arms and tell him to take her all in all. He shook his head and smiled faintly at her.

"I suppose it is too much to ask. Well—never mind."

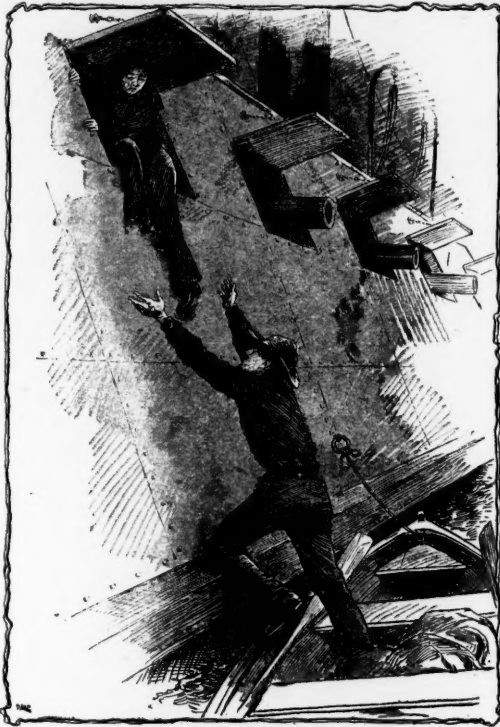
It was broad daylight now, and as the little boat whirled around the bend the batteries on the island became visible. He urged the skiff toward a jutting pier with vigorous strokes. As they

reached the end of the little wharf they were hailed by a picket. Sears swung the boat alongside the landing and waited. The corporal of the guard summoned the sergeant, the sergeant in turn the officer of the day. By great good fortune, this officer happened to be a friend of the woman's. He recognized her instantly, in spite of the fact that she stood before him on the wharf blushing furiously in her sailor's clothing, a blanket

draped picturesquely around her waist. The officer was a gentleman, however, and made no remark other than one expressing his pleasure at her arrival.

"Miss Darrell!" he exclaimed. "I heard that you were a prisoner!"

"I was up to last night, but I escaped, thanks to this good friend who brought me here."



"Sit down on the sill, swing your feet outward and trust to me."

"A Southern sympathizer, I suppose," remarked the officer, looking curiously down at Sears, who sat huddled up in the boat, his hat over his eyes.

"Yes," said the woman, hastily.

"Wouldn't you like to join us, friend?" asked the lieutenant, pleasantly.

Sears shook his head.

"I promised him," interrupted the woman, "that he should return unmolested after he brought me here."

"Of course, of course," said the officer, gallantly.

"You may go now, my man," said Sears' wife to her husband, stooping down and stretching out her hand to him as she spoke. "I shall never forget your kindness to me. Good-by."

Sears shook her hand, and discovered that she had passed something to him. Making no sign, he shoved his boat off and began pulling lustily up the river. He never stopped until he rounded the bend and was out of sight of the batteries. In all that time he kept his eyes fixed upon the slender, boyish figure in the navy blue standing on the wharf by the Confederate officer, looking wistfully after him.

The thing she had given him was a tiny gold locket. So soon as it was safe to stop, he opened it. Inside was an exquisite miniature of the woman he had just left. He looked at it long and

earnestly, kissed it, slipped the little chain around his neck, and swore in his heart that it should never be parted from him. She had not given it to him as the result of any sudden impulse evidently. She must have had it in her pocket, ready for the time of their separation.

Six weeks after the fall of Island No. 9, Sears, who had spent the time on the staff of General Bransfield, once more joined his uncle on the *Bienville*.

After the first greeting, Sears asked his uncle about his wife.

"Do you know," said the flag officer, seriously, "she got away from the flagship that night? There's something very suspicious about that young person, pretty as she is."

"Did she leave any word?"

"Only this," said the old man, fumbling in the drawer of his table.

"This" was a note addressed to him.

Forgive me. I am not insensible of your kindness. Do not think me ungrateful. You have been so kind to me. Do not judge me harshly. Perhaps I can convince you of my truth and sincerity if we meet in happier days.

EDITH SEARS.

"I will believe in her," said the old flag officer, watching his nephew read. "You are a fortunate fellow, Jack, if you ever win her."

"I shall win her, I am sure," answered his nephew, confidently.

STORIES OF THE GRAY

V.—The End of the Black Horse Cavalry

(A Complete Story)

ONCE more in the valley. At the head of his small brigade of veteran cavalry rode General Hugh Herrick. The three depleted regiments of his command now aggregated less than one thousand men.

The result of the struggle in the valley between Early and Sheridan had been disastrous to the Confederates so far, yet they still had an army in being, and upon the arrival of all his expected reinforcements Early intended to resume the offensive immediately. Her-

rick's brigade was the last detachment of the promised increase to his strength. Richard Trent, then a lieutenant-colonel, had been killed at the head of his regiment at the famous battle of Yellow Tavern, under that peerless cavalry leader Jeb Stuart, to whose corps Herrick's regiment and brigade had been attached after the death of Stonewall Jackson, who had also laid down his life for his beloved South on that bloody field.

Herrick had been severely wounded

during the hand-to-hand fighting in the Wilderness, but had recovered to take part in the awful death struggle by which Grant had hammered Lee back from the Rapidan to Petersburg. In repelling the famous assault of Grant at that place, Sergeant Tom—now Lieutenant—had been badly wounded.

He had been brought to Richmond to the home of his grandmother, and there his sister had striven vainly to nurse him back to health. The wounds were slow in healing, the boy's condition was very bad. He made little progress toward complete recovery. Among other things that affected him adversely was longing for his father. His disrespectful remarks to the old man when he had left him rankled in his mind. His desire to see him grew and grew, for he had fairly idolized his father.

It was more than probable that the letters which Rosalie had written to Colonel Trent, and which had elicited no answer, had never been received by him. Finally, the surgeon informed Rosalie Trent that unless the stricken boy could see his father he would surely die.

Rosalie carried the hard news to General Herrick. She found him in the lines at the front, just on the eve of a departure for the valley. In default of a better plan, he offered to take her with him and leave her at her old home. When they told Lieutenant Tom of their intention, the effect upon him was such as to bear out the surgeon's conclusion, that if he could only see his father he would get well.

So once again Rosalie Trent found herself riding by her lover's side at the head of a column of marching men, over the familiar highways of the fair valley of the Shenandoah. It was a different Rosalie and a different lover. In but one thing were these two lovers unchanged, and that was in the affection they bore each other. Perfect trust and perfect confidence, without which there can be no perfect love, existed between them. The ashes of sorrow had covered the fires of passion, but the coals still glowed redly beneath, and at a touch would burst into flame.

Herrick hoped and expected that they would be able to deliver her to her father before coming in touch with the enemy. That hope was disappointed, for, when the head of the column stopped where Greenaway Court had stood, it was gone. The fields had been ravaged, the barns and outbuildings had been destroyed by the Union troops, and a party of Confederate guerrillas, knowing the predilections of the old colonel, had afterward applied the torch to the deserted mansion house itself. All they saw were crumbling ruins and charred and blackened walls.

"Typical," whispered Rosalie, as she looked at them, "of the fortunes of the family—of the hopes of the South."

"Do not despair," said Herrick, sympathizing and fully understanding her grief. A brief inspection had revealed to him that the place was deserted. "Your father is probably with the Federal army under Sheridan. When we get to Early's camp I shall find means to ascertain his whereabouts and send you to him under a flag of truce."

Rosalie nodded her head, and they once more cantered to the head of the column. There was nothing else to be done, of course.

Some thirty miles below Winchester they unexpectedly came in touch with the enemy. General Custer, leading the Third Cavalry Division of the Union Army, was making a reconnaissance southward. Neither the Federals nor the Confederates had the slightest warning of each other's presence until they were almost in contact. They met at the junction of three roads. Herrick's scouts reported that a large force of Union cavalry was marching from the north down the main road. A moment later other scouts advised him that a regiment was on the west branch heading toward the junction. There was a third road leading eastward and then northward in the direction where the main force of Sheridan's army was supposed to be. Herrick could get no report from this road.

He had but a moment to come to a decision as to his course. He could retreat along the road he came, or he

could take the east road, or he could await attack at the junction. To retreat would be to destroy the hope of effecting a junction with Early; to go to the east would be to throw himself into the hands of Sheridan, or, if not that, it would take him further and further from Early with every step. To await attack would be to invite defeat. To advance was his only hope.

He directed Rosalie Trent, whom he committed to the care of one of his staff and a squad of men, to remain at the crossroads, where she would be out of imminent danger of battle, unless the Confederates were driven back. It was the best he could do for her. The several roads fell away from the crossing, which was situated on the top of a small hill. From this point one could see exactly what was happening in front or to the left.

Herrick rode back along the flank of

his column, explaining his plans to his officers and to his men. Belts were tightened, sabers loosened, pistols examined, the ranks were closed up, and everything made ready as they rapidly trotted toward the crossroads.

The brigade reached there in good time. Halting the troops where they were covered by the hill, Herrick rode forward along the side of the road under the trees to see the situation for himself.

He resolved to wait beneath the brow of the hill until the enemy, marching carelessly along, were almost upon him, and then to charge. He realized at once that he was alarmingly outnumbered, but he hoped to counterbalance that disadvantage by the impetuosity of his attack, which would be in the nature of a surprise.

He instructed the colonel of the rear regiment, after he had dispersed the regiment on the left, to wheel to the right and fall upon the flank of the Federal main body. If their united efforts succeeded in driving back the main body, which he could not hope to defeat, Herrick determined to retire to the crossroads and make his escape by the left-hand road, which would take him in a roundabout way to Early—the north, the direct road, being barred to him.

There was little time for long farewells between the lovers—and little need for them. A few hurried words from the man, a whispered prayer from the woman, a warm handclasp and he was gone at the head of his men. The colonel of the rear regiment led his



So once again Rosalie Trent found herself riding by her lover's side.

troops around the hill through the trees before striking the branch road. The astonished Federals slowly coming up the hill were thrown into confusion when the crest was suddenly covered with the yelling, shouting horsemen.

Breaking into a gallop, Herrick led his command in a wild race down the hill. But there were soldiers with that Federal advance. Sharp commands rang out instantly. The men closed up and drew their weapons as the Confederates, firing a point-blank volley, which threw the Union front into wild disorder, swept down upon them through the smoke with uplifted sabers.

For a while there was no stopping the Confederates, but gradually the effect of the surprise wore away, the resistance put up by the Federal troops became stiffer and stiffer, and finally, the impetus of the wild charge being spent, the advance came to a dead stop.

Overflowing the road on either side into the fields the conflict continued—a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, in which sheer weight of numbers began to tell against Herrick's men. Where was that rear regiment? If only it had succeeded in its appointed task and could fall upon the Union flank now! But the rear regiment never came.

Herrick's plan had been brilliantly conceived, but he saw that it had failed. The Union forces were too strong for him. He must retire or be cut to pieces.

Assembling a handful of bold horsemen, he threw himself upon the Union center, which gave back temporarily, then his buglers sounded the retreat. His well-trained men turned and raced back along the road—those that were left, that is.

Halfway to the hill Herrick, riding in rear of his men and urging them to safety, discovered Rosalie Trent coming toward him, her black dress whipping in the wind caused by her rapid gallop. She spurred to his side, and, without stopping, turned her horse and galloped along with him.

"The regiment on the left," she cried, "is cut to pieces! My escort is killed! The crossroad is filled with soldiers coming from the east road!"

"Into the woods!" shouted Herrick, motioning to his men. "On either side!"

He realized the situation instantly. He was surrounded. First one and then another of his men, then all comprehending, leaped their horses into the woods, on one side or the other, in a desperate endeavor to escape. Indeed, they could now see the crest of the hill they had just left occupied by the Union troops. Their only chance of freedom lay through the undergrowth beneath the trees. Herrick seized the bridle of Rosalie's horse and turned him about, both making for the woods.

They had not gone far before a bullet struck Herrick's horse. The animal stumbled and fell. Rosalie halted. A moment later they were both prisoners.

Out of his thousand men, some four hundred had been killed or wounded, three hundred and fifty were prisoners. The remainder got away. At least five hundred Federal troopers lay dead or wounded on that hotly contested little field.

After the battle was over, Herrick was led into the presence of General Custer, a boyish young man, the very picture of a soldier and horseman. Seeing the lady, the Union officer sprang from his horse and took off his hat, throwing back his head and shaking his yellow curls with a characteristic gesture as he did so.

"Madam," he said, courteously, but in great surprise, "what evil chance has brought you here?"

Herrick took it upon himself to make reply.

"Sir, are you in command of these troops?" he asked.

"I am, sir. General George A. Custer, at your service."

"I am General Hugh Herrick."

"Was that your regiment?"

"My brigade, sir."

"Well, you did a gallant thing in attacking us. We outnumbered you four to one."

"It was my only chance, general."

"I see," said Custer. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing but to look after my poor men. The wounded, I mean."

"They shall be attended to as my own. And this lady?"

"Is Miss Trent?"

"Not the daughter of Colonel Richard Trent, of Greenaway Court?"

"The same, sir."

"Miss Trent, you will be glad to learn that your father is at General Sheridan's headquarters."

"I am seeking to rejoin him, sir," said Rosalie. Then, realizing that some explanation was necessary, she continued: "My brother is very ill in Richmond. He is an officer in General Herrick's command. The surgeon says that unless he sees his father he will die. My elder brother was killed at Yellow Tavern, and I came to find my father."

"Madam," said the general, sympathetically, "I will send you to General Sheridan at once. We are, as you see, reconnoitering this section of the valley. Perhaps you would like to go with Miss Trent, General Herrick?"

"I am your prisoner, General Custer, and at your disposal. Yet I confess I should feel easier were I to see Miss Trent safely bestowed with her father. Miss Trent and I are to be married," he continued, "when this war is over."

"Oh, I see," said Custer, smiling. "Lieutenant Standish"—to an officer of his staff—"you will take a platoon and escort Miss Trent and General Herrick to General Sheridan's headquarters. Also turn over General Herrick to General Sheridan, or whoever is in command, if he is not there, and report this engagement to him."

"Yes, sir."

"A word in your ear," continued Custer, beckoning to his officer and dropping his voice; "watch out for that man! I know him. Don't let him escape!"

"I'll deliver him to General Sheridan, sir, to-night, or I'll be a dead man," returned Standish, confidently.

The brief time allotted him was soon gone, and perhaps an hour after the battle Herrick and Rosalie were again riding side by side down the valley, but this time they were prisoners.

Lieutenant Standish sent two troopers ahead, threw out pickets on either side, and rode himself with the remainder of his platoon a few yards in rear of Herrick, who was thus, in a measure, alone with Rosalie. The two captives spoke apparently upon indifferent subjects, fearful lest they should be overheard, but between every sentence there was a whispered private word or two. Rosalie knew now that she was going to meet her father. Herrick need not be bothered with her longer. If a possibility of escape presented itself, he must not regard her, she urged, and Herrick agreed.

They had gone perhaps five miles from the scene of battle, and were riding through a rather thick wood. The ground beneath the trees was full of underbrush. Suddenly two shots rang out from the right, accounting for the pickets there. There was a stir in the bushes. An instant later a volley at close range was poured into the Union troops. Lieutenant Standish ordered his men to deploy to the right at once. Before he could be obeyed, Herrick wheeled his horse and dashed for the bushes whence the firing had come. Standish, with the nearest trooper, an old sergeant, spurred his horse to intercept him while the men opened fire on the enemy concealed in the undergrowth. Swiftly as the two soldiers were moving, Rosalie Trent, at the imminent risk of her life, threw her own horse fairly across the path of the pursuers, thus interposing between Herrick and the Union troopers. She checked them for a moment. But that moment sufficed. Herrick disappeared in the bushes.

Standish, unconscious prophet, got a bullet in his breast, which ended him. A half dozen saddles among the Union men were emptied. They halted, gave back, and when the sergeant, who succeeded to the command, rallied them again, the enemy had disappeared.

Being without a commissioned officer, the pursuit was not pressed vigorously, and Herrick and the men who had attacked the Union troops made good their flight toward the mountains. A



Swiftly as the two soldiers were moving, Rosalie Trent, at the imminent risk of her life, threw her own horse across the path.

little handful of his own regiment, the last remnant of the famous Black Horse Cavalry, who had escaped from the engagement at the crossroad, observing the Union troops approaching, had made out Herrick a prisoner, and had determined to effect his rescue. They had done so.

That night Rosalie Trent reached the headquarters at Winchester. General Sheridan had just come in from Washington. His army was at Cedar Creek, some twenty miles distant. The battle at the crossroads, the death of Standish in the skirmish in the woods, the escape of Herrick, the presence of Miss Trent, were all reported to him. He sent for the sergeant to hear his statement in person, and directed him to bring the prisoner with him. Soon Rosalie found herself in the presence of the famous Union commander.

"We'd 'a' caught the rebel general,

sir," said the sergeant, completing his recital, "if it hadn't been for this young woman."

"How was that?" asked Sheridan, sharply, fixing a penetrating glance upon the woman standing quiet and composed before him.

"She jumped her horse between me an' Leftenant Standish, an' that gave the rebel time to git to the woods, sir."

"Is this true, madam?"

"It is."

"Why did you do it?"

"Why should I not? I am a Southern woman."

"Umph!" said the general.

"I love the South. I would give my life for—for her cause."

"Miss Trent," returned Sheridan, yet there was a twinkle in his eye, "allow me. I think it was for a Southern man you did it."

"I would do it for any Southern man,

sir!" answered Rosalie, the color flaming in her face.

"Quite so, but with particular joy for that particular man, I have no doubt. I have heard your story from your father."

"He is well, sir?"

"As well as ever, I fancy," returned Sheridan.

"Thank God!"

"I am glad, for your sake, that General Herrick escaped, although sorry for our own. It is the desperate gallantry and determination of such men as he that protracts this hopeless struggle."

"Sir," said Rosalie, "so long as a Southerner can lift a gun, the struggle will be continued, and we are not without hope."

"No, I suppose not, though upon what you base it——"

"The valor of our men, sir!" she interrupted, quickly.

"And I've no doubt the constancy of your women, as well," laughed the little general, somewhat grimly, it must be admitted. "Meanwhile you wish to see your father?"

"If you please, sir."

Sheridan nodded.

"Orderly," he called out, "my compliments to Colonel Trent, and ask him to come here, if possible. Be seated, madam," said the general, kindly. "This is the terrible part of war, that women should be mixed up in it, but so long as men are born of women, I suppose it will have to be. Colonel Trent," he said, as the old man, looking much older and more feeble than when he had sent Rosalie away the year before, hobbled into the room, supported by two faithful negroes, "your daughter."

"I have no daughter," returned the colonel, striving to stand erect, steeling his heart again.

"Nonsense!" said Sheridan, sharply. "Your daughter has come here at the risk of her life to bring you a message, and you will oblige me by listening to her."

"At your request, general," returned the old man, turning to his daughter,

who stood before him, her arms slightly outstretched toward him.

"Father," she began, "unless you would, indeed, have no sons, come with me."

"What—what do you mean?" faltered the colonel.

"Richard was killed——"

"My God!"

"At Yellow Tavern, at the head of his regiment."

"And Tom?"

"Was desperately wounded at Petersburg. He calls for you. Unless you go to him he will die. I have come to fetch you."

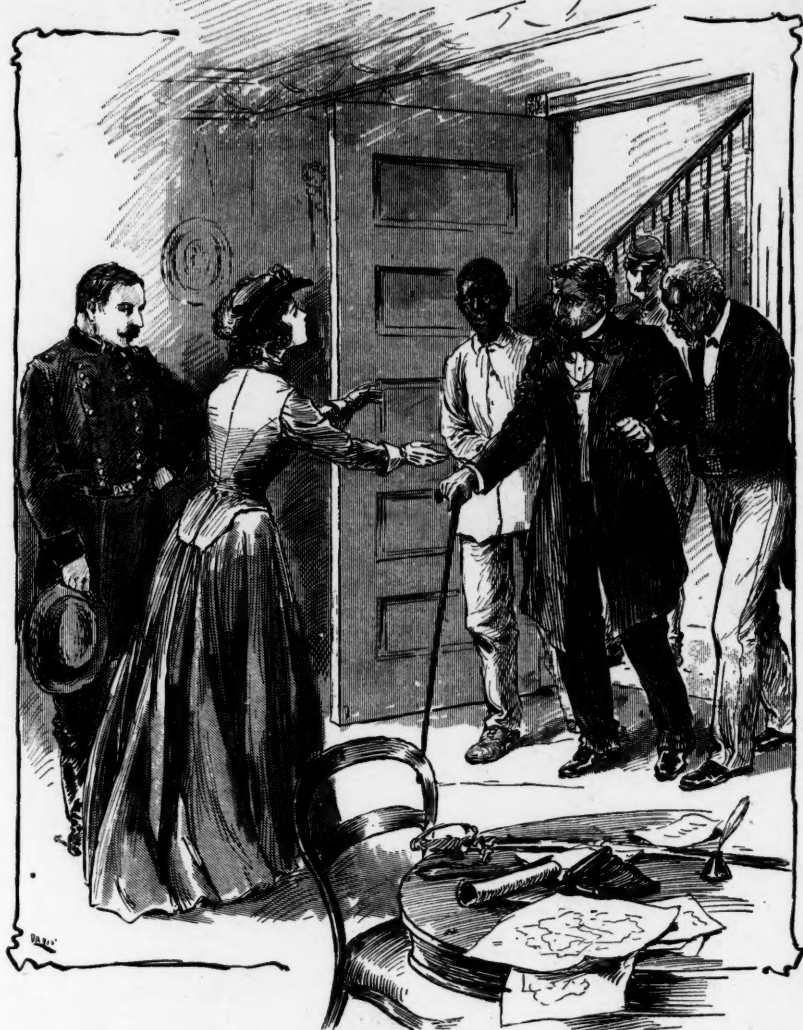
The colonel leaned against the table, stricken to the heart. His iron determination was at last broken. Ten years apparently had been added to his feeble frame since he entered that room.

"What shall I do?" he said, helplessly, turning to Sheridan, who had sprung to his side to assist him.

"Do? Why, damn it—beg your pardon, Miss Trent—go to him at once! Your loyalty is known, your devotion to our cause is beyond question. Did I not see you apply the torch to your barns with your own hand, lest your harvest should fall into the hands of the reb—Confederates? Go and save the boy's life! The Confederacy will scarcely last the winter. In the spring it will be ended. Go to Richmond! By heavens, if I had a daughter like that I'd go anywhere for her! I'll write you a pass. Go to Harper's Ferry. See Stanton. If that doesn't work, see Grant. He will put you in Richmond for my sake. Madam, I am happy to do anything for so brave a woman. May prosperity——"

"Oh, General Sheridan!" exclaimed Rosalie, gratefully, seizing his hand, "I did not know a Northern general could be so good and kind!"

That night, for they waited for nothing, Rosalie and her father started for Harper's Ferry. The next morning the roar of battle far to the southward of Winchester told Sheridan that Early was attacking his men. Instantly he began that wild ride which, if nothing



"Colonel Trent," he said, as the old man hobbled into the room, "your daughter."

else had done so, immortalized him among the war heroes of the world.

A little body of starved, dejected Con-

federates, led by Hugh Herrick, concealed in the underbrush, saw him pass.

A cloud of dust on the road, a black

horse buffeting through it, a blue-clad, stern-faced little man, a scattered escort following after but not keeping up with the spirit that drove the horse of the great captain over "the arrowy Alpine road"—that was all!

They heard afterward how he had saved the day, how he checked the retreat; how he re-formed his men; how he drove Early, finally and forever de-

feated, helter-skelter down the valley in complete and utter disorganization.

There was nothing left for Herrick and the handful of men who had rallied to him, survivors of his brigade, to do but return as best they could to Richmond, and join the heroic remnant under Lee, holding off the thunder strokes of Grant before the earth walls of Petersburg.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"I HAVE a surprise for you, dear—a double surprise. I'm going to commence housecleaning to-morrow, and mother is coming to help me do it." Without a word Benham passed into the library, after kissing his wife for the last time. He closed the door and locked it. A few minutes later the report of a pistol shot was heard, and, when the library door was forced open, Benham was breathing his last. In his hand was clutched a paper on which was written: "How true it is that misfortunes never come singly."



COOK ON THE BRAIN.

DE STYLE—What makes you think Subbubs is absent-minded?

GUNBUSTA—We were in an auction room yesterday, and when the auctioneer shouted "Going! Going!" why Subbubs cried right out, "Don't go; I will give you four dollars more a month and get some one to help you with the washing."



NOT IN THE PLAY.

ANTONIO had just received the three thousand ducats.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," he exclaimed, with a glow of enthusiasm.

Shylock laughed in the sleeve of his gaberdine.

"Not so," he murmured aside. "A friend in need is a future creditor."

This scene is unaccountably missing from the play as it stands.



ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN.

HOWELL—What do you think of this painless dentistry?

POWELL—There isn't any such thing; even if the work doesn't hurt you the bill gives you a pain.



BUT HE HAD TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING.

HEWITT—Some people give up without trying.

JEWETT—Yes, I have never tried to be seasick.



The Out-of-Town Girl in New York

By Grace Margaret Gould

NEW YORK has many attractions to offer the out-of-town girl in August, the more so that they are unexpected and hidden, save from those wise enough to seek them out. Because society is away is no reason why the city should sit in sackcloth and ashes. And it doesn't.

There are just as many things to see and to do. The parks extend their lawns and driveways, the clustering resorts along the coast offer their gay and picturesque shows, the rivers and bay sparkle a welcome to the tourist, the smooth, hard roads stretch invitingly in every direction for the motor cars, and the restaurants, the roof gardens, the theaters—how hospitable, how alluring they are! Oh, yes, there are just as many things to see and to do as ever; and if there are not so many to see and to do them, then all the more room and all the more comfort.

It is not what she will wear in New York in August that is interesting the out-of-town girl right now so much as how she will dress for the many short excursions she is planning to take by motor and by boat.

Down the bay and up the Sound she is sure to go, either in big excursion boats or private yachts, to say nothing of all-day motor tours through Jersey and over Long Island's smooth roads.

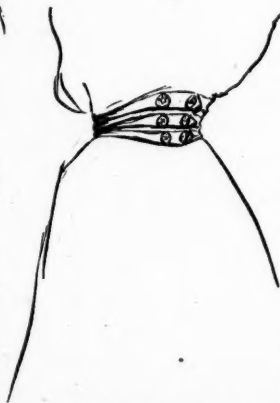
On these short trips that she is planning for August she must not only be well and appropriately dressed herself, but she must keep her eyes open for every new passing point of interest, and her mind receptive so that it will quickly and clearly note what the New York girl is wearing and how she wears it, when she, too, is doing the sights and the nearby summer resorts.

Then there are the roof gardens and the out-of-the-way little restaurants, where dinner is generally served out of doors under vine-covered arbors. Though these restaurants are, as a rule, just a little way out of town—say an hour's motor ride from the city, at the longest—yet there are many small restaurants in New York which, though they look most conventional and quite like every other restaurant at the entrance, provide a fairyland garden, where dinner may be served—a place of flowering plants, myriad colored lights



Something very new and original in the way of decorating a shirt-waist is to embroider the front plait with one's monogram in Egyptian letters

and splashing water in fountains. But, after all, it is only the back yard disguised as fairyland; however, it is not necessary that everyone should be told this.



Back of suede belt made from old evening gloves

A do-as-you-please air pervades these little restaurants, which means that the out-of-town girl may dress just as she happens to feel like dressing when dining at one of them. She may wear a flower-scattered organdie and a frilly lingerie hat or the plainest of shirt-waist costumes.

If she has been in New York long, she has surely discovered that there is something distinctive about the New York shirt-waist girl. Her shirt-waists are always original, and they fit her to perfection. To look trig and smart in a shirt-waist is not always the simplest thing imaginable. No matter how expensive the waist, its whole style is lost if it is not properly adjusted. It must not ride up at the back and under the arms; neither must it be pulled down to the straining point. The New York girl has many clever little ideas of her own which she puts into practice in keeping her shirt-waists in place. They are all simple devices, and she much prefers them to the patent shirt-waist adjusters which all the shops sell.

An excellent idea for holding the shirt-waist down is to sew along the waist line, at the back, four brass rings, arranging them at a short distance apart. The rings must first be covered with a buttonhole stitch in silk or cotton thread, preferably the same color as the waist. Through these rings a linen tape is threaded, which is brought around the waist and tied in front. This will hold the waist down, and does not give the strained look that is so often seen when the waist is pinned. Another satisfactory way of holding the shirt-waist and skirt together

is to sew a row of hooks to the skirt and an equal number of eyes, mounted on a tape, to the shirt-waist at the back. Four hooks and four eyes are sufficient to use. For the shirt-waist that is loose at the bottom and not gathered to fit the figure, many New York girls use, instead of a belt, merely a piece of elastic with a hose-supporter hook at one end, and the eye finishing the other end. This elastic belt helps to adjust the fullness and keeps the waist in place without any pinning.

Something very new and original in the way of decorating a shirt-waist is to embroider the front plait with one's monogram in Egyptian cipher letters. These square-shaped Egyptian letters are the new fad for monograms. The locust leaf, which is generally used with the Egyptian letters, is omitted, and when the letters are combined they bear, to the uninitiated, a striking resemblance to hieroglyphics. The New York girl is working these letters in the padded blind embroidery down the front of her shirt-waist, and oftentimes she uses these odd-shaped letters again to form a belt buckle.

The New York girl may have a reputation for being extravagant, but when you come to know her well, you are pretty apt to discover that she has a curious little knack all her own of making the most out of everything—especially putting old things to new uses. An out-of-town girl who was admiring, the other day, a smart looking suède belt worn by her New York girl friend, was surprised to learn that the very chic looking belt was not an imported novelty, but was made from an old pair of long evening gloves. This New York girl wanted one day a new belt in a hurry. And this is how she went to work to get it.

She found an old pair of long, white suède evening gloves. These she cleaned with naphtha and then snipped off the hand portions. The upper parts of the gloves, being the widest, she used for the back of her belt, which gave a high girdle effect. She laid the suède in three box plaits, one glove overlapping the other. In the center of each plait of both gloves she punched a hole, just large enough to put the shank of a gilt button through. Then, on the other side of the belt, she passed narrow featherbone through the shanks of the buttons, which not only held them in place, but gave stiffness and shape to the back of the girdle. — The narrower



Both waist and coat sleeve now end at the elbow

parts of the gloves naturally come to the front of the belt, which may be fastened with any buckle. A gilt monogram buckle is a novelty made of Egyptian cipher letters.

If the out-of-town girl wants to look like a New York girl, she must have in her midsummer wardrobe at least one three-piece costume, consisting of a skirt, bolero or Eton jacket, and a lingerie blouse, made with elbow sleeves. This costume may be of pongee, linen or taffeta silk. In the spring, when the Eton coat first appeared with its half-length sleeves, either frilly undersleeves were worn with it or the shirt-waist sleeve showed below it. For the midsummer days, the correct fashion is to have both the sleeve of the coat and the blouse end just below the elbow.

Long gloves are then worn as a substitute for undersleeves. These gloves, for very warm days, are invariably of silk. The most fashionable are white, embroidered both at the hand and arm portion in a color matching the tint of the gown. With a violet linen gown, for example, the gloves are white silk, embroidered in violet, and the hat of violet straw trimmed with big bunches of white violets and green leaves. The correct veil to wear with such a costume is white or pale violet chiffon, with an appliqué of dark violet lace as a border.

There are all sorts of novelties in veils this summer, and it cannot fail to astonish the out-of-town girl to notice

the important part the veil plays in the New York girl's toilet. She suits her veil to the occasion quite as much as she does her gown, and she never wears a certain style of veil that there isn't some reason for it.

The veil to match the Dresden ribbon girdle is the latest. It is a flower-printed chiffon veil finished with a plain ribbon border and worn solely as a hat veil.

These veils are very fetching in black chiffon scattered with pink blossoms and green leaves. They are also lovely in white, copying exactly the flower design of the ribbon which forms the girdle.

The newest Dresden ribbon girdles, by the way, are made with two long sash ends at the back. They are generally shirred and shaped to the figure with feather-bone. They

either hook invisibly in front or fasten with a buckle studded with semi-precious jewels, repeating in their shade the most prominent color note of the girdle.

If the out-of-town girl takes many tours through the big New York shops during August, she is sure to run across much that she will want for her very own.

Before the new fall goods can be exhibited fittingly the old goods must be gotten out of the way. What is the latest is always the best in New York; and excellent wares, modish and tasteful, will be consigned to the bargain counter simply because they have been, and still are, instead of are about to be, the style. August, then, is a time for good judgment and wise expenditure—a month when a dollar will go further and fare better than it possibly could



Leather bag for carrying a pillow

amid the rush and crush of the fall displays.

At the jewelry counters many bargains may be picked up. Among the novelties selling for a song is a chatelaine vanity mirror. The summer girl will find it most useful to fasten to her belt before starting on a day's excursion. The vanity mirror is provided with a hook to slip under the belt, the top of which is in the form of an Art Nouveau flower. The case for the mirror, which dangles from the hook by chains, carries out the same flower design as the hook. In imitation rose gold, combined with green enamel, these chatelaines are very effective. They are also most attractive in gray finish, silver studded with imitation amethysts.

At the counters where there are bargain sales of such filmy stuffs as silk mousseline and Liberty crêpe, it is the wise girl who buys a remnant or two. In the fall these flower-scattered mousselines and crêpes can be made up into the most fetching of theater waists, and then the smaller remnants can be put to a most excellent use by being made into scarfs; the only work necessary is to cut the soft, filmy material the length desired for the scarf and finish it with a deep hem. These floral scarfs will be much worn in the fall with the Eton coats. They will be worn about the neck, providing a slight protection to the chest. The ends will be tucked inside the coat, the scarf only showing at the neck and when the jacket is open.

The shops are also showing leather cases, but not at bargain prices. These cases look very much like the envelope pocketbooks, only they are a number of sizes larger. The out-of-town girl, when she first sees them, will surely have a great time guessing what they are for. There is no doubt that, after she knows, she is sure to want one of them. These leather cases are not exaggeratedly large pocketbooks, but are made expressly for holding a rubber pillow. The pillows are of the collapsible sort, so that when the air is let out, they may be folded into a very small size. They are sold with covers of either linen or silk, and for a day at the

beach they are surely a great convenience. They are also most useful when traveling, to tuck in between the seat and one's back.

The bamboo dress-suit cases are also useful to take with one on a short trip. The best ones are lined with a waterproof Japanese seaweed paper, which protects the contents from dust and moisture. They are convenient to handle and very light to carry.

If an evening gown is to be packed away in the suit case, one of the new folding dress hangers should surely be put in the suit case, too. Dress hangers can now be bought folded in such a way that they take up hardly any room at all, and as many as six are packed in a small leather case. By touching a spring at the sides, they open out in a most mysterious fashion.

The autograph parasol is something which has just originated with the New York girl. She likes it, and surely it is a curious enough fad to be taken up by other summer girls. The parasol is white linen finished merely with a wide hemstitched hem, and the New York girl who first discovered this new way of decorating it paid for the parasol, unadorned, just two dollars. She invited her best friends to contribute to transforming it at least into a novelty, if not exactly a thing of beauty. She asked her college friend on the crew to draw an oar, an athletic girl chum sketched her riding crop, another girl a tennis racket; an artistic friend sketched a tiny rowboat beneath a tree, with bending boughs, which touched the water. It was only the roughest sort of a sketch, but she had good reason to know that it would specially appeal to the owner of the sunshade. Perhaps for sentimental reasons—who knows? After the pencil sketches had been drawn on the parasol, which, by the way, were all put on the hem, then the New York girl went to work and carefully defined the design with a simple outline sketch. Whenever the parasol was carried, it afforded a theme for conversation, and as a souvenir of the summer it is sure to be a pronounced success. Why not try it yourself?

THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR CORKER

No. 3

The White Elephant

BY

VINCENT HARPER



IN order to get you-all in the North to appreciate the adventure of the White Elephant, which I am about to narrate, and in justice to the memory of the principals in that little comedy—it came powerfully near being a tragedy, I assure you—I reckon that it will be best to make one or two preliminary observations. In fact, sir, when you charmed us by announcing your intention to come to make us another visit at old Dreadnaught Hall, Colonel Slaughter consented to let me select this tale of the old days only on the condition that I promise to clear up all possible misunderstanding at the very start.

Before I begin, however, you must allow me to thank you, sir, and to beg you to convey to all your kind friends in the North the colonel's and my own heartfelt appreciation of the way in which you-all have received the story of Ole Miss 'Tildy's Elopement, and the pathetic romance of Dick Cutler's Post-Mortem Courtship. I feel your kindness deeply, sir, and beg leave to drink your very good health. So! and now permit me to remove any misconception from your mind by calling your attention to certain facts.

First of all, then, you must recollect, sir, that the incident now about to be recalled took place not only "befo' de wah," but so long before that unhappy event that if I speak of old Uncle

'Mosthenes like he was a barrel of apples or a shotgun or a litter of pigs or any other goods and chattels, and not like he was a free and equal citizen of our glorious republic, it is because at that remote period neither the dear old nigger nor his numerous and sorely tried masters had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or otherwise learned that a slave was a miserable victim and his owner a cruel monster.

Furthermore, sir, you must allow me to remind you that the time of our little comedy was over half a century ago, and the scene of it the blue grass region of old Kentucky, sir, and this means that such words as "honor" and "chivalry" and "gentleman" and "hospitality" and "family" possessed a vitality of significance which might at any moment lead to tragic situations.

Did you know, sir, that the name Kentucky means "the dark and bloody place"? It does, sir, but the darkness is, I assure you, entirely in the minds of those who fail to comprehend what honor meant to a Kentucky gentleman of the old school; and the blood that has frequently crimsoned our dear old blue grass country washed away other and less honorable stains—stains, sir, which a Kentucky gentleman would have thought an intolerable disgrace if suffered to remain like a foul blot on his ancestral acres.

But now to tell you the diverting tale of the White Elephant. I had only recently quit the profession of the law in order to devote myself to the altruistic

duty of being the permanent guest of my dear friend, Colonel Tom Slaughter, of Dreadnaught Hall, when the colonel—as a youth so feeble that none of us expected to see him alive at thirty, still less at eighty—was advised to spend a winter in the balmy climate of Louisiana. Of course he just insisted that I must go with him, and we accordingly boarded one of the palatial steamers that used then to ply upon the Ohio and the Mississippi, at Covington, and reached New Orleans after a safe and delightful voyage of several weeks.

As usual, the company on the boat was made up of gentlemen of wealth and fashion, traveling from one plantation to another, and the time passed only too quickly for us two young blades getting our first taste of genuine high life. I really couldn't think of letting on how much Tom and I lost in the innocent little game played nightly in the smoking room, nor how many of the bewitching daughters of rich planters Tom and I courted during the trip.

We were young, sir; young and callow, and as mad a pair of dare-devils, sir, as ever set out to maintain the traditions of old Kentucky. But Fortuna suckled the two young innocents, and we escaped with only one duel apiece and the loss of considerable cash; only one lady—out of at least half a dozen!—accepted Tom's heart and hand; and her father, a peppery old curmudgeon from Vicksburg, who was taking the fair one to marry her to a rich banker in Baton Rouge, promptly packed her off the boat at the next landing, and thus the colonel was saved.

Among our fellow passengers was one fine old fellow, M. Alcée Picot, who took such a fancy to us that he wouldn't hear of any other plan, but carried us off to his magnificent plantation down in the delta country, where, as you know, sir, the old French families still live and feel as though there had never been a Louisiana Purchase. We were royally entertained at Bayou St. Etienne by M. Picot and his charming wife and daughters, whose airs and graces were of the *ancien régime*, and I speak of that particular visit because it was ow-

ing to M. Picot's old-fashioned notions of hospitality that we came to get the White Elephant.

You are no doubt aware, sir, that hospitality in those elegant old Southern mansions was, at that time, of such exquisite and generous a sort that if a guest expressed enthusiastic admiration for anything about the place, from a rare bit of old china to the view from the stately front portico, the host immediately assured him that it was his and welcome! Nor was this benevolent exuberance altogether a figure of speech, as you will presently see.



One fine old fellow, M. Alcée Picot.

Well, then, among the innumerable house servants at the Picots' plantation was one old negro who fairly fascinated Tom and me on the very first evening at dinner. His name was Demosthenes Shakespeare, or Uncle 'Mosthenes to his intimates, and I shall never forget the effect that the rare old terror produced on us when he entered the parlor, with the bearing of a Richelieu, to announce dinner. He was as black as the ace of spades, but his hair was as white as snow—the very slight curl in it spoke of at least one drop of white blood in his ancestry—and never have I seen so wonderful an eye as his own flashing and penetrating and weirdly eloquent ones, except, perhaps, the eyes of the great actor, Kemble.

Uncle 'Mosthenes wore a blue dress coat with brass buttons, and the air of a court chamberlain with a philosophic cast of mind. And, oh, the simply irresistible drollery of his remarks as he served the dinner! No king's jester ever was permitted greater liberty of speech than was this old negro slave; no, nor was ever jester more ready with his shafts of wit! Young Théophile Picot had taught Uncle 'Mosthenes no end of scraps from Shakespeare and other poets, and these the old man wove with side-splitting incongruity into his ceaseless obligato of comments upon the company and life in general. The result was quite the most delicious bit of oddity in character that one could meet with anywhere, and Tom and I waxed loud in our praises of the unique old slave—little dreaming of the fate that we were drawing down upon our unsuspecting heads.

Now, young M. Picot, unlike his venerable and rather starched and punctilious father, was a demon after our own kidney, as we afterward had many opportunities of discovering in his frequent long visits at Dreadnaught, and the young scapegrace, on hearing Tom's expressions of admiration for Uncle 'Mosthenes, rapidly evolved a plot whose consequences were of the direst sort, and constitute the subject of this present tale. On the night before our departure, old M. Picot asked the colo-

nel what he had liked best at the Bayou St. Etienne.

"Madame Picot, and after madame, Mademoiselle Picot," replied Tom, with a low bow.

"Ah," said M. Picot, smiling and handing Tom his snuff box, "your taste, sir, does you honor, and is precisely like my own; but while you flatter me, you also embarrass me, for I cannot, of course, say to you: 'Take Madame Picot; take mademoiselle; they are yours,' can I? No! But, come, sir, next to the ladies of my family, what has most pleased you here?"

"Would you have me mention *anything*, monsieur, after the ladies?" answered Tom, with another low bow and so much grace that I was prouder than ever of Kentucky.

"Colonel Slaughter is far too chivalrous and modest," cried young Théophile, so innocently and cheerily that neither Tom nor I suspected his villainy—how could we?—and then whispered something to his father.

"What?" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a sparkle in his eyes. "Is it possible that you, also, have been captivated by Uncle Demosthenes? And Théophile advises me that you actually said that you would give anything for his like. Ah, but my dear Colonel Slaughter, Uncle Demosthenes is *sui generis*; there is no other like him, and he is—*yours*!"

We jumped. Tom, of course, implored M. Picot not to think of listening to his son's allusion to what had been said in jest; that he could not permit his kind host to part with the matchless old fellow; that he could never forgive himself if he yielded to M. Picot's too generous impulse and robbed him of so incomparable a jewel in the way of a body servant, etc.

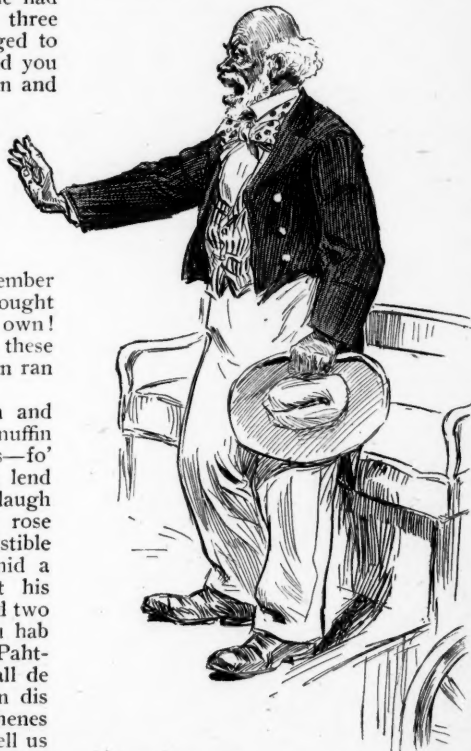
All to no purpose, however, were Tom's protests. Uncle 'Mosthenes was ours! The White Elephant was on our hands; the fruitful spring of half a dozen plots and counter plots was opened upon us; and the matter of this story was at hand! Great are the uses of social restraint and the value of breeding. M. Picot, the deep old vil-

lain, and young M. Picot, the deeper young one, listened to our embarrassed protests with faces that betrayed no trace of the diabolical scheme hatching within their wise heads. They would feel sorry to lose Uncle 'Mosthenes; his matchless table-talk would be missed; life would be the poorer for want of his illuminating observations—but hospitality was hospitality, and friendship was friendship, and, unless we wished to humiliate and wound him, we must accept M. Picot's gift and take Demosthenes back with us to Kentucky! That, of course, ended it.

We took him! On the morning of our departure, Uncle 'Mosthenes delivered his farewell address to his old master—we afterward learned that he had belonged to the Picots just three months, having previously belonged to a long succession of victims!—and you would have died, sir, had you seen and heard the old reprobate on that occasion. The family stood on the porch with the servants, while Demosthenes pronounced his oration from the top of the traveling coach that was to bear us away. I shall not attempt to repeat that memorable flight of eloquence; no, nor do I like to remember how Tom and I glowed at the thought that Demosthenes was actually our own! As well as we can recall it after all these years, Uncle 'Mosthenes' peroration ran as follows:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen and Marse Alsy, and all you good-fo'-nuffin niggers up dar, lend me youh eahs—fo' de Lawd knows you-all wouldn't lend me nuffin else! Hy-uck!" His laugh began with an abdominal quiver, rose by volcanic eruptions of irresistible cachinnations, and died away amid a perfect glory of wrinkles about his cavernous mouth, in which sparkled two rows of gleaming ivory. "Ef you hab teahs, prepare to shed 'em now! Pahtin' is such sweet sorrer, and not all de perfumes ob Arabia could sweeten dis h'yere pahtin' ob Uncle 'Mosthenes from you-all! But de apostle do tell us dat man dat is bo'n ob a woman is full ob mis'ry; he cometh up an' is cut down

lak a floweh—and Ah jes' want all you niggers t'understand dat Ah ain't no floweh dat's bo'n to blush unseen an' waste ma sweetness in dis h'yere ole bayou! Farewell, a long farewell, to all ma glory! I pray thee take an inventory ob all Ah've got—an' Ah reckon ef you kin find anyfing but ma robe an' ma integrubty to heaven, you-all kin keep it. Hy-uck! Marse Alsy, sah, an' Mistus, and Mam'selle Helène, Ah've done you-all some serbice, an' Ah reckon you know it—de head an' front ob ma offendin' lies in de chicken house. Hy-uck! De life ob man is short—awn one plantation, an' de sound ob de grindin' is low, an' de grasshopper shall perish, fo' man goeth to his long sleep,



Demosthenes pronounced his oration from the top of the traveling coach that was to bear us away.

an' ole Uncle 'Mosthenes is gwine up de ribber wid dis h'yere Marse Tawm Slaughter, an' Ah reckon Ah'll soon be floatin' down de ribber as de spahks fly upward.

"Once mo' into de breach, ma friends, once mo'! De slings an' arrers ob outragebus fo'tune freeze ma ole blood an' make each pahtickler hair to stand awn end lak quills upawn de fretful porcupine, an' ef it wahn't fo' de grace ob de Lawd, Ah reckon Ah'd die ob laughin' at what Marse Alsy he know, an' Marse Th'ophile he know, an' Mistus she know, an' Mam'selle she know, but Marse Tawm Slaughter an' Marse Corker dey doan know—yet! Hy-uck!"

All the way up the river Uncle 'Mosthenes was the life of the boat, and more than one envious planter pronounced encomiums upon our prize, which, had they been uttered by our guests at home, must have compelled the colonel to give up Uncle 'Mosthenes as an offering; but we congratulated ourselves—poor fools!—upon the fact that, as those who now praised our new-found jewel were merely casual fellow-passengers, we were not called upon to surrender our trophy. At half of the plantations at which we stopped—in Louisiana and Mississippi—I noticed that the negroes on the landings recognized Demosthenes, and shouts of "Fo' de lan's sake! ef dar ain't ole Uncle 'Mosthenes done ben gibben away agin!" should have aroused our suspicions; but, as I said before, we were very young and unsuspecting at the time—and, anyhow, as we afterward discovered, we were far from being the only ones who had succumbed to the eloquence of our ebony Demosthenes only to find themselves possessed of a white elephant.

Luckily for us, we were bearing our treasure northward, where he was not known as yet, for it is highly improbable that if we had tried to give him away at any plantation south of Memphis, we could have found anyone willing to take him off our hands. So we floated up the stream of our blissful innocence, and fancied that it was at the wit and wisdom of Demosthenes that everyone was laughing, whereas it was at our

own callowness that scores of previous owners and acquaintances of the orator smiled as they saw us proudly exhibiting our wonder—and our innocence!

Well, sir, we hadn't been home a week when the truth began to dawn on us. Demosthenes was a holy terror! In the course of my long life I have known a good many servants who were lazy, not a few who could not be called strictly honest, and others who were a perfect nuisance about the place. But Uncle 'Mosthenes surpassed them all. He was not lazy. Laziness is a more or less amiable trait not altogether foreign to my own nature. No, Uncle 'Mosthenes was not lazy. His fatigue could not be so lightly characterized, for it had in it the sublimity of the primeval inertia which rested throughout the universe before energy of any sort had been generated; it was torpor, it was fundamental quietude, it was the eternal reaction against movement, it was the doggonedest, cussedest, most aggravating disinclination for effort of any kind, sir, that was ever exhibited by any good-for-nothing sawny nigger that ever lived. Demosthenes Shakespeare, sir, was the very embodiment of lassitude, sir, and a damn' old lump of no-good.

I cannot call him dishonest, for his entire ethical being was without form and void. Dishonesty implies a man's deliberate disregard of the rights of property. Uncle 'Mosthenes was born incapable of ever grasping even the vaguest idea of property at all. "Mine" and "thine" were terms not found in the bright lexicon of Demosthenes Shakespeare. With an impartiality that amounted to positive art Uncle 'Mosthenes benevolently assimilated anything that struck his fancy, and his fancy was surprisingly like the colonel's and mine in the matter of cravats and underwear and cigars and choice old wines. But his laziness and thievery were as nothing in comparison with his ceaseless, irritating, irrepressible and simply bewildering eloquence. That nigger *never* stopped talking, sir, and the worst of it was that it was impossible to keep a straight face long enough to anathematize him.

"Corker," moaned the colonel, one night after dinner, "what-all *can* we do? We must do something, for the old scoundrel is driving me 'crazy! We can't kill him, I suppose, and we can't turn him loose to die, like an old horse in the river pasture, and we can't sell him and dare to look anyone in the eye afterward, and we can't live if he stays here much longer — so what do you reckon we can do about it? Oh, if I could lay my hands on that slick young Théophile Picot — the young, oily French devil!"

"Possess your soul in patience, Tom, my dear fellow," I replied, serenely, "for, unless my plot comes to naught, our esteemed friend, Colonel Pillow, will possess Demosthenes presently."

"What?" cried Tom, looking at me like he always did when I sprang my little schemes upon him in that quiet and innocent way. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to palm off the old black terror on poor Pillow, do you? I can't permit such treachery, sir!"

"There is to be no palming off, sir," I replied, loftily. "Pillow will arrive to-morrow; Demosthenes will help serve dinner; Pillow will prove as much of an imbecile as you and I did down there at old Picot's; Demosthenes will

deliver an oration after dessert; Pillow will implore you to sell him the White Elephant; you will state that you would not part with him at any price; Pillow will grow more and more determined daily; you will grow more and more considerate of his rights as a guest, and on the night before he leaves us, Pillow will be made happy by receiving

a free gift of Demosthenes, and on the next morning he will bear him off in triumph—and we will live happily ever after."

"Until Pillow discovers the horrible truth and comes back to get satisfaction," growled the colonel, shaking his head in despair.

"Pillow will entertain rather a mean opinion of us for a moment or two, I confess, but he is too great a humorist to fail to see that we have really bestowed a priceless gift

upon him, for just fancy the diabolical joy that will be his when he lays his little scheme for handing on the elephant to his dearest foe! Why, Tom Slaughter, sir, within twelve months Uncle 'Mosthenes will have become a means of getting even with one's enemies, and you will see that in substituting him for the pistol and the rapier and the ungloved fist, you have become a benefactor of the Kentucky gentry, sir! I cannot conceive of any wrong that could



Miss Myrtle Jackson was as pretty a piece of Dresden china as ever set the pulse of a young gallant to tingling.

not be avenged by just giving Uncle 'Mosthenes to the one who had done you the wrong."

Well, sir, Pillow came; Pillow saw Demosthenes; Pillow succumbed, envied, begged and implored; and Pillow got him! And we got the very old Harry, for, just forty-eight hours after Colonel Pillow went off jubilating over his prize, he came back sizzling and fuming and threatening to call Tom out if he did not take Uncle 'Mosthenes back at once! It took all of my powers of diplomacy to cool poor Pillow off, but I succeeded.

"Pillow," I said to him, after nothing that Tom could say had any effect on him, "have you no enemies? Did I not hear you say that you were just aching to get even with Canter for having won a thousand dollars from you at Christmas? Think, Pillow, think! Place Demosthenes and Canter side by side in your sagacious intellect for a moment. Ponder on——"

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Pillow, jumping up and hugging me and grasping Tom's hand with ecstasy. "Don't say another word, Corker! Oh, this is too delicious! I'll have Canter over to visit me next week; he will see Demosthenes; he will be as big a fool as I was; he will beg me to sell the old black fraud to him; and I, indignantly refusing to think of selling my gem to anybody, will, however, magnanimously *give him to Canter!* Oh, Lord!"

It worked. Canter also worked Uncle 'Mosthenes off on Major Dabney, who bestowed him on Colonel Arbuthnot, who managed to hand him along to the Wilberforces, of Bowling Green, who settled an old feud by dropping Demosthenes on the devoted head of Judge Carter Wilcox, of Louisville, who passed on the incubus to Major Bass, who actually succeeded in transferring the elephant to no less a mansion than that of Governor Shackelford himself!

Now, the beautiful part of it all was that, of course, everybody who gave Uncle 'Mosthenes to anybody else was obliged to keep on pretending that the loss of the old nuisance was a real privation, because it would never have done

to admit that they were glad to get rid of him, for that would have meant that they had imposed upon their confiding friends, you see. And then, again, everyone who received him as a gift was obliged to make out that the old nigger was a treasure, because it would never have done to cast any reflections upon the giver. So, sir, you will readily see that after Demosthenes had been passed around among a dozen or more of our very first families, he became a perilous subject of conversation, and more than once the relations between distinguished families became strained to the very point of breaking because of him.

As I told you a little while ago, hospitality and family and all matters appertaining to etiquette and social consideration were subjects on which we all used to be very touchy in the old time, very touchy, indeed, sir, so that you may well imagine that Demosthenes gradually extended his malign influence pretty well over the blue grass region, and scores of excellent people had to live on a perfect volcano of pretense and anxiety, all on that ornery old ducky's account. Pillow never dared to ask us to visit him for fear that we would find out the dreadful things he had said about us for having given him Demosthenes; Canter dropped Pillow's acquaintance because he was afraid that Pillow would resent his having given away the valuable slave that he had given him at his earnest request; and Major Dabney steered clear of Canter for similar reasons. And so it went on, until every family in our section was on pins and needles lest somebody would mention Demosthenes.

But our real time had not come. When it did come, poor Tom Slaughter near died. One morning I went into his study to see if there were any letters for me in the mail that had just arrived, and I found poor Tom in a tremendous state of excitement, holding a letter in his trembling hands, and looking like he had just heard that he had lost every penny he had in the world. I always let him take his own time to tell me whatever troubled him.



"Marse Th'ophile," he said, "*de Bible* tell us dat our sins come home to roost."

"Well, Corker," he gasped, after a few minutes, "we're done for, this time—for good!"

"Oh, I hope not, Tom," I said, trying to be more than usually calm. "What's up?"

"Why, that pesky young Picot fellow is in Louisville, and he wants to know if it would be convenient to have him come to make us that visit that we urged him to make us. Of course, we've got to let him come—in fact, we've got to implore him to come at once and to stay the rest of his life, after the way that his folks entertained us in Louisiana—but just fancy, major, how that fussy little Frenchman will explode when he gets here and finds out that we actually gave away that miserable Demosthenes after we had begged him from them—from them who were so devoted to the black rascal! Good heavens! man, what can we do?" said the colonel, walking up and down and looking at me piteously.

"Give me a moment to think out a way of escape," I answered, adding, after a few seconds: "I have it! Who owns Demosthenes now, do you know?"

"Why, Governor Shackelford gave him to Doctor Talbot, and the doctor passed him along to Porter Salisbury, and Porter yielded to the importunities

of old Mrs. Entwistle, and she gave the miserable old bag of wind to Colonel Washington Gadsby, and he gave him to Major Jackson, who has him now—or, at least, he had him last week. But why?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Capital!" I exclaimed. "Capital! We must send Alec on your fastest horse over to Major Jackson's, and invite the major and Mrs. Jackson and Miss Myrtle to come and visit us at the time that young Picot is here—and tell them to be sure to bring Uncle 'Mosthenes, whom we have missed so much since we foolishly gave him to Pillow. Major Jackson will see in such an invitation a splendid chance to get rid of Demosthenes, so they will be sure to come and bring him. You take my point, I hope? Picot will find Uncle 'Mosthenes here, and he need never know that we parted with him. And then, perhaps, who knows but we may be able to work the old black torment back on Picot in some way? Justice is slow but certain, you know, Tom, and if ever revenge was merited, that young Picot deserves it."

"Major," said Tom Slaughter, looking at me with admiration, "you're a—a—Corker!"

Well, sir, the Jacksons sent back word that they would be delighted to

come, and promised to fetch along Uncle 'Mosthenes, though they were careful to warn us that we must not try to get him away from them! Demosthenes Shakespeare was the cause of more lying among good Christians than any darky that ever lived, sir! Get him away from them! Why, good heavens, they were coming to see us for the very purpose of trying to dump the White Elephant on us. But our eyes had been opened, and we feared not the result of their wiles. In fact, I counted on making Major Jackson, although he was coming with such sinister motives, our ally in our effort to bring the original perpetrator of the Demosthenes dodge to condign punishment.

The Jacksons arrived a day or two before young Picot, so that I had time to bribe Uncle 'Mosthenes to say nothing about ever having been given away—a rather easy task, I found, because the poor old devil was mortally afraid that if Picot carried back the news to Louisiana that Demosthenes was still perambulating from master to master, those no-count niggers down yonder would never get done laughing at him. Then Picot arrived, and the circus began! I had counted upon having a diverting little comedy, but little did I dream what the fates had in store for us. I had planned for a visit from Thespis, but instead of the mirthful muse, Cupid and Mars turned up, and we were in the thick of a romance and a tragedy before we knew just what was happening.

Miss Myrtle Jackson was as pretty a little piece of Dresden china as ever set the pulse of a young gallant to tingling, and Théophile Picot had no sooner laid eyes on her than he surrendered. Believe me, sir, it was harrowing to hear the poetic flow of rapture and despair and veal hysterics that that young Creole poured forth on us nightly after the fair cause of his amorous delirium had gone up to bed. He raved, he swore, he wrote verses, he made night hideous with his guitar and French love songs out on the lawn under her balcony, and what gave the affair especial interest and usefulness to

me was that Major Jackson and his wife seemed to take no end of a liking to the handsome young planter, and did all that they decently could to encourage his suit. The Jacksons were poor but proud, and a marriage of their only daughter to the son of one of the wealthiest planters of Louisiana would certainly seem to be a consummation devoutly to be wished by everybody concerned.

To make a long story short, within a week Picot asked and readily obtained Major Jackson's consent to address his suit to Miss Myrtle, and it was then that I saw my opportunity to get in my fine work. Picot had constantly told us how much they had missed Uncle 'Mosthenes, and asked us if we had not found him an incalculably valuable servant. Tom and I lied chivalrously, and explained to Picot that we would never have thought of parting with Demosthenes to anyone but the Jacksons, who, we told him, now owned the priceless orator. Naturally, Picot could not resent our action, since nothing in the world was good enough to give *her* people; and he actually thanked us for having shown the Jacksons such consideration!

Then I moved. I had a private interview with Major Jackson and told him that Uncle 'Mosthenes had originally belonged to the Picots, and that they had reluctantly given him to us only because Tom had sung his praises so loud during our visit at their plantation. My stratagem succeeded. Major Jackson lied like a true man, assuring me that he could not think of parting with Demosthenes to anyone except to M. Picot, but that now that I had explained the circumstances, there was nothing left for him to do but restore the fine old servant to his first master!

That was all I needed in my business, so I just lay low and waited for developments.

They were not long in coming. They came with a rush!

The very next day young Picot came to me, sputtering incoherent French oaths and otherwise betraying a state of mind bordering upon high strikes. He opened fire at once.

"But you must accept him, my dear young friend," I said, when he told me that Major Jackson had given him Demosthenes, "for to refuse would be an insult, according to our Kentucky ideas, and, anyhow, Major Jackson is an exceedingly proud and sensitive gentleman of the old school, who would be certain to resent your unaccountable refusal to receive his gift. If you hope to win his daughter's hand, take my advice and accept Demosthenes."

"But, *mon Dieu!*" groaned Picot, grasping my arm, nervously, "you don't know what this means, Major Corker! My father will disinherit me if I return home with that infernal old scoundrel, Demosthenes—pray don't betray me and tell Colonel Slaughter that we thanked Heaven when he relieved us of the insufferable old nigger, will you? I simply can't do it!"

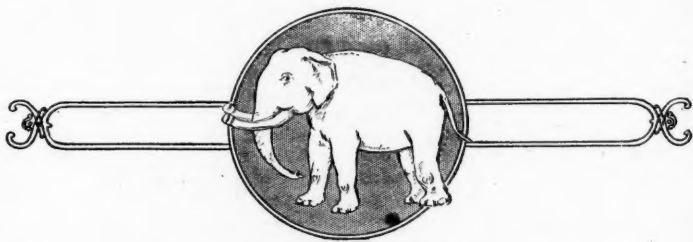
"Then don't think of trying to take Miss Myrtle home with you," I replied, unmercifully. "For if you wound the major's pride, I assure you that your cause is lost. The situation is clear: Take the lady *and* the orator, or lose the lady!"

Well, he took the orator and won the lady, and I had the happiness to break the news to Uncle 'Mosthenes myself. The poor old beggar wept for joy and delivered an oration lasting an hour and

a half, in which he managed to include all the quotations from Shakespeare, the Bible and the classics which he knew—a medley, sir, of incongruity and ineptitude that really ought to have been preserved as an evidence of what can be done by a true orator in the way of totally obliterating the meaning of human language!

Of course I had to mix that particular punch that evening to celebrate the betrothal of our charming young guest and the fiery young Frenchman, and nothing would do but Uncle 'Mosthenes himself must serve it to the company as we sat in the great ballroom after the minuet. Like a true prophet, Demosthenes seized the occasion to point the moral that adorns this tale.

"Marse Th'ophile," he said, as he stood before young Picot and his blushing fiancée, "de Bible tell us dat our sins come home to roost, and Ah reckon you know what Ah mean by calling youh 'tention to dat dar passage ob Holy Writ jes' now, doan' you? Hy-uck! You done cast pooh ole Uncle 'Mosthenes upon de watehs, and lo, he's done come back to you afteh many days, and de Scriptuhs is fulfilled in youh eahs. Hy-uck! Ah've done come back to roost, Marse Th'ophile, an' Ah reckon Ah knows 'bout roostin'! Hy-uck! Gawd bless you!"





The number of people throughout the country who are attracted toward the stage and all that pertains to theatrical life is so large that we believe much interest will be taken in a series of articles dealing exclusively with this subject in all its branches. We invite communications from our readers asking for any theatrical information they may desire, and we will do our best to answer these questions satisfactorily in these pages. We refer not only to questions concerning the professional stage and those who appear upon it, but **especially** do we desire to be of service to amateurs, and will cheerfully give hints as to the selection of plays for private theatricals, the casting of the same, the scenery, the costumes, and in fact any point that may puzzle or interest the aspirant for histrionic honors. In this connection, we shall publish from time to time a little original play, which, while the professional rights are reserved, will be open to representation by such amateurs as care to perform it, and will apply for written permission.

LOCKED OUT

A COMEDIETTA

CHARACTERS:

ROLAND DELAUNAY, an artist. CONSTANCE WARBURTON, a young widow

THE stage represents a deserted street. At back a portico over a door. Bell-pull at side of door. A trunk stands near the portico. It is one o'clock in the morning, and the scene is lighted by a street lamp.

When played in a parlor, the portico can be represented by a screen, with two other screens to show the continuation of the street, right and left. A placard can explain what the scene is intended to show.

Constance discovered under the portico.

CONSTANCE (*ringing*)—Will they never open this door? That is five times I have rung. (*She looks at her watch.*) One o'clock. I suppose the janitor is enjoying his first sleep, and that is the soundest, they say. It will be a lesson to me never to return again from a journey at such an hour. (*Becoming*

provoked.) Oh! But I will waken him. (*She pulls at the bell. The knob breaks and remains in her hand.*) Oh, I have broken it, and now I can't get into my apartment. I've told them a dozen times they ought to give up these old-fashioned bells and have electric ones. And that disobliging cabman wouldn't wait till I got in. Oh, this is awful! Here am I, alone at night, in a deserted street! And all the stories in the papers about thieves and assassins! (*Listens.*) Some one is coming. It is a stealthy step, a suspicious step, the step of a ruffian. He is coming this way. Oh, I am a dead woman! (*She hides at one side of the portico.*)

(*Enter Roland Delaunay. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He carries a cane and is smoking a cigar.*)

ROLAND (*perceiving the trunk*)—A

trunk at my door! (*Seeing Constance.*) A lady at my door! (*Aloud.*) Madam—

CONSTANCE (*frightened, offering her purse.*) Oh, Mr. Thief, take my money, but spare my life!

ROLAND (*surprised*)—I beg your pardon, madam. I am not a— I am an artist.

CONSTANCE—Oh, I am so sorry.

ROLAND—Eh! It is of no consequence. But, you see, I prefer my own profession to the one you flatteringly thought I belonged to.

CONSTANCE—Please forgive me. You see, I lost my head.

ROLAND—Has anyone insulted you? (*Flourishing his cane.*)

CONSTANCE—Not at all. But I am in a detestable position. I have just returned from a visit in the country, and my janitor, who is as deaf as—

ROLAND—As mine is. I defy you to find a better comparison. Yesterday I rang twenty-three times before he let me in. Let us see if to-night— (*He approaches door.*)

CONSTANCE—But do you live in this house, then?

ROLAND—Yes, madam, on the fifth floor.

CONSTANCE—Then it is you who every evening, toward midnight, takes a violoncello and makes the house resound, but— (*She hesitates.*)

ROLAND—It is disagreeable?

CONSTANCE—Oh, I didn't say so.

ROLAND—No, but you think it. But, on the other hand, it must be you who, at daybreak, plays scales and exercises upon your piano.

CONSTANCE—Yes, I do that.

ROLAND—You have much talent, but I confess that, for my part, I should appreciate it more if you would consent to display it a little later.

CONSTANCE—I was just going to ask you to play your 'cello a little—earlier.

ROLAND—I bow to your wishes, madam.

CONSTANCE—I grant your request, sir. (*They bow ceremoniously to one another in acknowledgment.*)

ROLAND—Really, there must be considerable sympathy between us. You

love the piano, I am fond of the 'cello. You are locked out from your home, so am I. Oh, these janitors! And to think, in these days, of that mummy of an owner refusing us latchkeys. But I'll wake up that janitor—you shall see. (*He tries to ring.*) What! Why, this bell is broken!

CONSTANCE—Yes. I broke it.

ROLAND—Humph! We are in a fix. Well, there is only one thing we can do—to wake the people on the first floor, and get them to wake the janitor. (*After searching his pockets.*) I beg your pardon, but you don't happen to have a nickel about you, do you?

CONSTANCE (*surprised*)—A nickel? No, I gave all the change I had to the cabman.

ROLAND—Never mind. (*Fishing a coin from his waistcoat pocket.*) Here is a fifty-cent piece. It's rather expensive, but what's the odds? Here is a coin which will open all doors. Oh, the power of money!

CONSTANCE—What are you going to do?

ROLAND (*preparing to throw the coin*)—Madam, in spite of the old proverb, there are occasions when it is necessary to throw coin through windows.

CONSTANCE—Stop! Don't you know the first floor is vacant? The owner wants an enormous price for it.

ROLAND—Upon my word, that's true. Oh, the rapacity of the moneyed classes! Well, then, I'll break a pane of glass in the second. Oh, no, no! The second floor is occupied by an irascible old army officer, who has good reason to remain deaf to anything I may want. Let us attack the third.

CONSTANCE—But, sir—

ROLAND (*interrupting*)—Oh, I am sure I can do it. In college I was a famous pitcher on the nine. Playing ball, in fact, was all I was any good at. Unfortunately, the faculty did not appreciate my talent.

CONSTANCE—But the family on the third floor are out of town. Didn't you know that?

ROLAND—No, I did not know it. Let us try the fourth, then.

CONSTANCE—But I live on the fourth.

ROLAND—So you do. I forgot. And I live on the fifth. There is nothing above me. Well, it seems that we are locked out with a vengeance. (*Struck by an idea.*) How stupid we—I, I, am! Since we can't get into our own house, let us go to a hotel, let us go to—

CONSTANCE—And my trunk?

ROLAND—Your trunk? Oh, yes, your trunk! And cabs are a minus quantity at two o'clock in the morning in this part of the town. The devil! I beg your pardon. That trunk is a serious obstacle.

CONSTANCE—However, sir, if I cannot leave my trunk, that is no reason why you should pass the night in the open air, and I beg of you—

ROLAND (*interrupting*)—What do you mean? Do you think that I could sleep like a coward in a room in a hotel and leave you here exposed to a thousand dangers!

CONSTANCE—But, sir—

ROLAND—Please don't argue. My mind is made up! Never!

CONSTANCE—Very well. I will accept your kind protection. Only—

ROLAND—Oh, these onlies and buts!

CONSTANCE (*smiling*)—Only, could we not, perhaps, carry my trunk to the nearest hotel?

ROLAND—The nearest hotel is half a mile away. But no matter, I will try. (*Stopping with a gesture Constance, who steps forward to aid him.*) No, let me do it alone. (*He tries to raise trunk.*) Whew! (*Tries again.*) There, I raised it a little! You saw me raise it, didn't you? But I'm afraid I couldn't carry it twenty feet—I'm out of practice.

CONSTANCE—Oh, I'm so sorry—I mean, sorry to have bothered you, and sorry to be such a burden to you.

ROLAND (*quickly*)—No burden at all. On the contrary, I am only too delighted to have the opportunity to make your acquaintance. We will remain here together, and I will try to be as agreeable as possible. We will talk, tell each other stories, and have no end of a good time. (*Looks at his watch.*)

We have loads of time; it isn't two o'clock yet. Oh, pardon me, you have been standing all this time. (*Pointing to trunk.*) Will you do me the honor to sit down?

CONSTANCE (*laughing*)—There?

ROLAND—Oh, I will make the seat comfortable with my overcoat. (*Takes off overcoat.*)

CONSTANCE—No, indeed, you shall do nothing of the kind.

ROLAND—Why, it's as mild as if it were summer instead of the fall—thanks to the powers that be! (*He extends his hand.*) Ah, I think I feel a few drops of rain.

CONSTANCE—Put on your overcoat at once. (*She sits down on trunk, and draws her wrap more closely about her.*) There, nothing could be better than this. (*Aside.*) He is really very thoughtful. (*Aloud, pointing to other end of trunk.*) But won't you sit down, also? It is the least I can do to offer you part of the only seat I have. (*Doubtfully.*) You won't be very comfortable.

ROLAND—Oh, I'm sure I couldn't be more so—near such a charming woman. (*He sits down beside her.*)

CONSTANCE—A compliment? (*Smiling.*) Acknowledge the time is scarcely well chosen for that.

ROLAND—Any time is proper for the truth. So your objection is not well taken, for you are charming. Are—are you married?

CONSTANCE—I am a widow.

ROLAND (*quickly*)—Really! How lucky you are!

CONSTANCE—Sir!

ROLAND—Independence is such a fine thing. To preserve mine, I have taken a vow never to be married. I'd be willing to wager that your husband made you very unhappy.

CONSTANCE (*hesitating*)—He—he didn't mean to.

ROLAND—Didn't I guess right? Husbands are terrible. He was jealous, wasn't he?

CONSTANCE (*sighing*)—Oh, if that had been all!

ROLAND—Bad-tempered? Freakish?

CONSTANCE—Oh, if that had been all!

ROLAND—Stingy, perhaps? A drunkard? A gambler?

CONSTANCE—Oh, if that had been—

ROLAND—What, more than that? (*Aside.*) Good heavens! What can the man have been? An escaped convict, perhaps. (*Aloud.*) What was the trouble with him, then?

CONSTANCE—He was a chemist.

ROLAND (*puzzled*)—What?

CONSTANCE—He was a chemist, devoted to science, and loved nothing but his work.

ROLAND (*aside*)—Ah! Poor little woman!

CONSTANCE—In short, he gave me a very bad opinion of wedded life, and—

ROLAND—And you swore that you would never be caught again; I can understand that. Besides, a philosopher has said: A widow who marries again is not worthy of being a widow.

CONSTANCE—What philosopher said that?

ROLAND (*after a moment's bewilderment*)—Confucius, madam. But what forced you into that matrimonial trap?

CONSTANCE—Ah, my marriage was, from every point of view, a very sad story. My family, or, rather, my guardian—

ROLAND (*with indignation*)—Oh, guardians! Oh, family! Oh, society! Oh, everything! (*Very gently.*) Go on, please.

CONSTANCE—Left an orphan at fifteen—

ROLAND—An orphan! (*Takes her hand, effusively.*) Permit me to offer you my sincerest sympathy.

CONSTANCE (*withdrawing her hand.*) Thank you. An orphan at fifteen, I was placed by my guardian in a boarding school. I passed there the pleasantest months of my girlhood. But one day my guardian came to take me away, and—and proposed to marry me.

ROLAND—What impudence! (*He takes her hand again.*)

CONSTANCE (*releasing her hand*)—But, sir—

ROLAND—It is sympathy, madam. Go on!

CONSTANCE—He spoke to me of my loneliness in the present and the future.

ROLAND—He offered you—

CONSTANCE—The protection of his name and his affection. I was scarcely sixteen. I knew nothing of life, and I accepted.

ROLAND—Innocent victim! (*He takes her hand.*)

CONSTANCE (*rising*)—But, sir—

ROLAND (*rising*)—It is sympathy, madam. Go on!

CONSTANCE (*coldly*)—I have told all. And now suppose we try to get a little rest.

ROLAND (*not understanding*)—I beg pardon?

CONSTANCE—I have just finished a long journey, and I am fearfully sleepy. (*Aside.*) It is the only way to stop a conversation which threatens to become embarrassing. (*She sits down again upon the trunk, arranging her dress so that there is no room for him.*) (*Aloud.*) Why don't you try to sleep, yourself?

ROLAND—As I am not a somnambulist, I don't know how to sleep standing up.

CONSTANCE—Then, good-night, sir. (*She disposes herself as comfortably as possible.*)

ROLAND—What! you are really going—

CONSTANCE (*as if falling asleep*)—Good-night, sir.

ROLAND (*aside*)—Poor little woman! She certainly must be worn out with fatigue and emotion. (*He looks at her for a moment in silence.*) On guard! (*He shoulders his cane like a gun and parades up and down before her.*) I will watch over her slumbers. (*Pause.*) All the same, if she sleeps like that very long, I shall die of weariness myself. What a strange situation! To watch in the street over a charming woman—for she is charming! I hope she won't catch cold. (*He places his overcoat over her feet.*) She has the foot of a Cinderella, and—and the hand of a Cinderella, too. Cinderella ought to have had a very pretty hand. (*He takes her hand gently in his.*)

CONSTANCE (*rising*)—Sir!

ROLAND (*aside*)—She was not asleep! She was fooling me!

CONSTANCE (*severely*)—Leave me, sir!

ROLAND—Beg pardon? I am as far away as possible.

CONSTANCE—I am not joking.

ROLAND—I was trying to see if Cinderella—

CONSTANCE (*quickly*)—If you won't go, I shall. (*Movement as if to depart.*)

ROLAND—Wait a minute! You can't remain here alone, you know.

CONSTANCE—Very well. (*Again about to depart.*)

ROLAND—I will go! See, I am going! (*Aside.*) By Jove! but she is charming.

CONSTANCE—Well?

ROLAND—I have gone, madam. (*Aside.*) Charming! Charming! (*Exit Roland.*)

CONSTANCE (*alone*)—Decidedly, men have no delicacy whatever. That young man, who seemed so kind, so gentle, whose devotion reassured me, and who, by his good spirits, knew how to comfort me in my misfortune, our misfortune—there he is, like all the others, incapable of continuing a good action until the end. It is enough to drive one to despair. What can I do now? If only a policeman would come along. Policemen always know what to do. (*Looks right and left.*) But there isn't one in sight. This is such a lonely part of the town. I suppose they prefer places where there are lots of people. (*Voice outside, singing in a drunken sort of way.*) Oh, what's that? Mercy!—This time it is surely a robber. He is singing so that I shan't guess his intentions! Heaven preserve me! (*Voice dies away. She peers round corner of portico, where she has taken refuge.*) No, he has gone down the other street. Good heavens! what a night! What a night! Will it never end? It seems to me a week already. What time is it? (*She looks at watch.*) Three o'clock; only three o'clock. I'm afraid I did wrong to send that young

man away. At all events, he wasn't a robber. (*Enter Roland.*)

ROLAND—Pardon, madam.

CONSTANCE—Oh, is it you again, sir?

ROLAND—You have some right to be offended with me, I confess. But I have reflected that I would be still more to blame if I left you alone at night in this lonely place. And so I have come back, first to implore your forgiveness, and then to protect you.

CONSTANCE—But—

ROLAND—Oh, don't be alarmed. I will protect you at a distance—a distance of five feet; five long feet.

CONSTANCE—Then I consent.

ROLAND (*enthusiastically and approaching her*)—Oh, how good and generous you are!

CONSTANCE—What! Is that the way you keep your promises?

ROLAND (*recoiling with a bound*)—Oh, I forgot. It was joy. (*Tracing an imaginary line five feet from her.*) That is my frontier, madam, an impassable frontier; a barrier of granite.

CONSTANCE (*aside*)—What an odd fellow! He is a little frivolous, but there is some good in him.

ROLAND—Pardon me. (*He places himself on the limit of his frontier, and rises on the tips of his toes.*) Will you have the extreme kindness to hand me my overcoat which I left there on your trunk? It is getting a little chilly, and I am afraid of catching cold.

CONSTANCE—Now, see here, sir, if you will promise me to show yourself henceforth worthy of my confidence, I will allow you to cross the barrier.

ROLAND—Oh, madam, madam! You have not only external beauty which is—

CONSTANCE—Eh?

ROLAND—Which is surpassing in my eyes; but you possess, also, a beauty of soul, a perfection of heart. Happy the one who shall replace—the other.

CONSTANCE (*in surprise*)—What do you mean?

ROLAND—The chemist—when you marry again.

CONSTANCE—But I shall not marry again. Do you remember?—"A widow who marries again is not worthy of be-

ing a widow." Confucius said that.
(*She laughs.*)

ROLAND (*aside*)—She is making fun of me. Let us change the conversation. (*Aloud.*) Madam, after the terrible emotions of this night, will you permit me to hear of you, to call on you, sometimes—often, as we are neighbors?

CONSTANCE—Pardon me, sir, but I live in a very retired way, and receive scarcely anyone except two old aunts.

ROLAND (*excitedly*)—I have two old uncles. I will bring them!

CONSTANCE—I am sorry to interfere with your plans, but, in my position, you must understand that I cannot receive the visits of a young man.

ROLAND—Cannot! Then I shall never see you again?

CONSTANCE—Who said that? On the contrary, there are twenty chances of our meeting.

ROLAND (*with disappointment*)—Yes, on the stairs, I suppose you mean. Can it be that, after our extraordinary meeting to-night, you propose calmly, gayly even, that we shall be as strangers to each other; no longer know each other except to bow coldly on a stairway?

CONSTANCE—But—

ROLAND—Don't you see that there is something peculiar, providential, in what has happened to you?

CONSTANCE—How many of these peculiar, providential adventures have you already experienced?

ROLAND (*surprised*)—How many? Not another one! Not another one!

CONSTANCE—Are you quite sure?

ROLAND—Well—ah,—I remember something that happened to me when I was very young, but it would have no interest for you.

CONSTANCE—Do you want to tell me about it? You know you proposed not long ago that we should tell each other stories.

ROLAND—If you wish me to. I was then a student in a military academy. Perhaps you know the Belleville Military Academy?

CONSTANCE—I know.

ROLAND—In one of our Thursday walks—every Thursday we—

CONSTANCE—I know.

ROLAND—Well, I saw in Mountforest Avenue, in the garden of a young ladies' school, a lovely little girl, who was walking alone and sad in the midst of her companions. I can't tell you how badly I felt when I saw this poor little girl was weeping, and I had an overwhelming desire to know the reason of her grief.

CONSTANCE—Did you scale the walls of the garden, in the good old-fashioned way?

ROLAND—No, but I took out my notebook and wrote on a blank leaf these words: "What are you crying for?" I rolled it up into a ball and threw it into the garden. Oh, I agree with you, it was a silly, boyish trick.

CONSTANCE (*aside*)—What is he telling me? (*Aloud.*) Well, and then?

ROLAND—The paper ball was picked up, and my new friend answered me at once by pointing to her black dress.

CONSTANCE (*aside, greatly moved*)—Oh!

ROLAND—What shall I say? I returned to the academy in a dreamy mood. The following Thursday I went again to Mountforest Avenue, but my little schoolgirl was no longer there. It must be that I am fated to be the hero of unfinished romances. The weeks, the months, went by, and I never saw my unknown again. She undoubtedly had left the school.

CONSTANCE (*dreamily*)—She had left it.

ROLAND—Well, you will laugh, perhaps, at my childishness, but I have never forgotten that youthful adventure. I have seen often, in my dreams, my blond schoolgirl. She was a blonde—like you. And to-day, still, after a lapse of ten years, if I should meet her—

CONSTANCE—You would not know her.

ROLAND—Oh, yes, the memory of the heart is eternal.

CONSTANCE (*insisting*)—You would not know her, even after an hour of intimate conversation with her.

ROLAND—I do not understand you.

CONSTANCE—Perhaps—I still have the paper ball you threw to me.

ROLAND—What! It was—— Good heavens! Yes, you told me you were an orphan—an orphan at fifteen—in a boarding school. Oh, madam!

CONSTANCE—Be calm.

ROLAND (*very much excited*)—It was you! Well, was I right when I declared that this strange and fortunate meeting, at two o'clock in the morning, this deserted street, that broken bell, your fright so touching, that trunk so—heavy—that all this was the work of Heaven itself, and we should be blind not to recognize it as such?

CONSTANCE—He is going mad!

ROLAND—No, but I am falling in love, or, rather, I have been so for some time, for ten years, and (*with comic solemnity and taking off his gloves*) I have the honor to ask for your hand.

CONSTANCE (*stupefied*)—My hand! (*Laughing.*) And your vow never to be married?

ROLAND—I renounce it, I break it! (*Constance laughs again.*) Don't laugh. Man is full of contradictions.

CONSTANCE—But we have never been introduced. I have not even the honor of knowing who you are.

ROLAND—It is true, you have not even the honor—— (*Interrupting himself.*) No, I don't mean that. Madam, my name is Roland Delaunay, and my family is a good one. You can obtain information——

CONSTANCE—You are Roland Delaunay! Then you must be that young painter who is already celebrated, and whose enchanting pictures I have admired so much.

ROLAND—Yes, I painted those enchanting pictures—— No, I don't

mean that. (*Aside.*) I am talking like an idiot.

CONSTANCE—You don't know how much your talent appeals to me.

ROLAND—I told you there was a natural sympathy between us. Providence had prearranged views in regard to us when it gave us the same country, when it reunited us in the same town, in the same street, under the same roof; when it finally reserved for us this supreme interview upon the same trunk, while it kept this door closed for us. (*His hand rests upon the door, which opens.*) What! It was open!

CONSTANCE—Open!

ROLAND—It looks like a miracle.

CONSTANCE—What, that door was open! We could have entered our house, and we have passed the night in the street for no reason at all, we——

ROLAND—Don't say any more. I'm afraid you are going to blaspheme. Didn't I say it was Providence?

CONSTANCE—Very well. But, at last, let us go in.

ROLAND—Before you have answered me?

CONSTANCE (*embarrassed*)—But I can't—like this—right away. (*Approaching the door.*) Besides, I had decided never to marry again.

ROLAND (*in despair*)—Oh!

CONSTANCE—Still, don't give way to despair like that. You know, by experience, that the strongest resolutions resemble, sometimes, this door.

ROLAND—What do you mean?

CONSTANCE—In time, they give way. (*She enters.*)

CURTAIN.



AN EXPENSIVE MAN.

MANAGING EDITOR—Our war correspondent claims he charged up Nan Shan Hill.

CASHIER (*absent-mindedly*)—I suppose he did; he's charged up everything else.

Ruperta

By Sir William Magnay, Bart.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

The Princess Ruperta, daughter of Duke Theodor of Waldavia, is betrothed to Prince Ludovic, son of the king of a neighboring principality. The young people have never met, and the prince is apparently somewhat of a laggard in love. Baron Rollmar, the duke's chancellor, shrewd and somewhat unscrupulous, takes the matter in hand. The princess, accompanied by her maid of honor, goes to consult a fortune teller, who penetrates her identity and makes a demand for her money and jewels. Ruperta refuses and is attacked by the fortune teller. She screams for help, and the door is broken open to admit a young man who rescues her from her predicament. He gives his name as Lieutenant Ludovic von Bertheim, and he is warmly thanked by Ruperta. On his way home he encounters a man in military dress, flying as if for his life. The fugitive tells Von Bertheim that, in an encounter with swords, he has just run his antagonist through and his life is threatened. Von Bertheim conceals him in his own lodgings, but the next morning he has disappeared, leaving a note of farewell and thanks. He has told Von Bertheim that he is a soldier of fortune, Captain Albrecht von Ompertz. Udo, the baron's son, aspires to the hand of the princess, but receives little encouragement from his father. Ompertz is instructed by Rollmar to watch Ruperta's mysterious lover, whose identity Ompertz does not suspect. Ludovic and Ruperta meet in a little chapel by the lake. Ompertz discovers them, but Ludovic escapes by the window. A moment after a shot rings out.

CHAPTER XI.

UDO SEES.

WITHIN the hour Ompertz was standing before his employer. "Well?" Rollmar demanded, sharply, as he read the soldier's face. "You have failed?"

"I dare not say we have, excellency," he answered, determined to make the best of the business. "I should not like to swear that our man is not lying at the bottom of the lake with a bullet through him."

In Rollmar's searching eyes there was a gleam of savage satisfaction. "So? But there is a doubt about it, eh?"

"We lost the fellow in the darkness," Ompertz explained. "But that he went into the lake is certain, and almost so that he never came out again. The water of the Mirror Pool is deadly cold, excellency; he would need all his hot blood——"

The chancellor stopped him by an impatient gesture. "I want facts, not theories, from a soldier. And the fact is you have bungled."

"More likely that we have saved your excellency the trouble of a private execution," Ompertz rejoined, sturdily. "Pesqui swears he hit him."

The chancellor's contemptuous exclamation showed that he did not ac-

cept that worthy's view of the matter. "What of the princess?" he demanded.

"The princess thought so, too," the soldier replied, imperturbably, "for she fell into a swoon. It was that which kept me from going to see whether her lover had been accounted for."

"And in the meantime he got clear away," Rollmar said, in a sharp tone of annoyance. "What did the two fools that were with you?"

Ompertz gave a shrug. "They hurried round the bank, one on each side, and searched thoroughly."

"When it was too late."

The captain seemed, even in that presence, on the verge of losing his temper. "What could they do, excellency? They are Italian cats; they cannot swim in icy water. The princess' condition demanded my attention. I deny that we have failed, or, at least, that we have bungled."

"We shall see," Rollmar said, curtly, and dismissed him.

Very early next morning a boat floated out on the lake with two men in it, the chancellor and Captain von Ompertz. The glassy water gave back the two faces which peered over the gunwale, as different as two physiognomies could well be—one with sharp, cruel, saturnine features, and a skin like creased parchment; the other full,

ruddy, weather-beaten, its pleasant, jovial expression just held in check by the grim business of the moment. The eyes of both men were keenly scanning the bottom of the lake, clearly visible through several fathoms of water; but the object they sought nowhere met their scrutiny.

Over every foot of water which could possibly have been the theater of the hoped-for tragedy the boat glided; to and fro, turning and backing and zig-zagging, with the keen, ruthless face bent over the bow like a devilish figure-head, its malignant eyes eager for the sight of a gray face staring up from the white floor beneath them. Rollmar's anxiety was proved by the patient care with which every place, likely and unlikely, was examined; but all without result. At length he broke sharply what to his companion had been an uncomfortable silence.

"Row back to the boathouse. It is as I thought. You have bungled."

The accusation could not, judged by the result, be very well denied, but the free lance was not the man to let judgment go by default.

"From no lack of zeal, excellency," he protested, as he set himself to the sculls.

"Zeal!" There was an infinity of contempt and annoyance in the word. "Better lack zeal than sense."

Captain von Ompertz looked redder than the exertion of rowing would account for. "I do not see, excellency," he argued, sturdily, "where we failed in sense."

He was failing therein now, for wisdom will not argue with a disappointed, angry man.

"Then I will tell you," Rollmar returned, as though not unwilling to have vent for his spleen. "The man you sought was in that building; there were three of you, and you let him escape. All the wit shown in the business he may fairly claim. You should have sent one of your men round and cut off his escape on this side."

"That I did, excellency. I sent Forli round," Ompertz assured him, promptly. "It was hardly my fault that in

creeping along the narrow parapet he slipped and fell into the water, thereby losing time."

The boat touched the landing stage. Without troubling to continue the discussion, Rollmar stepped ashore and walked off quickly, followed by the discountenanced but still jaunty captain.

On reaching home Rollmar sent for his son. "Udo," he said, "you see much of the court doings. I must find out who the man is for whom the princess has taken this foolish fancy. Have you any idea?"

The young man threw himself on a couch with a moody headshake.

"I have seen nothing of it, father. She always seems cold and distant to everyone alike."

"And yet there is a—lover."

Udo winced. The idea stung him as with the flick of a whip.

"You are sure of that?" he asked, hoping for a doubt.

"Quite. I nearly had the fellow caught last night."

"And you have no idea who he is?" Udo asked, incredulously.

The baron shook his head. "None. The fact is not flattering to our system, but this, you see, is an affair which must be handled with the greatest delicacy and secrecy. Should a breath of scandal reach Beroldstein, our hopes in that quarter would be annihilated. Now, keep your eyes open, my dear boy; I must find out who the man is. The affair must be stopped at once. He shall not escape me again."

Udo nodded and rose. His foxy eyes and sharp features did not look as though they needed any especial incentive to watchfulness beyond nature's prompting. At the door he turned and asked, with a certain jealous curiosity: "When you catch the fellow, what are you going to do with him?"

As the eyes of father and son met significantly, it would have been difficult to say which shot forth the greater malignity; the only difference was that in Udo's it was natural, in the baron's it seemed rather acquired by the practice of a relentless statecraft. "He

must pay the usual penalty of high treason," he answered.

Udo's sharp look broadened into a meaning smile. "In such a manner that neither the offense nor the punishment is likely to reach interested ears?"

"Assuredly," said the chancellor.

Not a word had come to Princess Ruperta as a consequence of the night's adventure. No word to tell her whether her lover was dead or alive, no sign of punishment for her escapade, no hint even that it was known. Her father was pompously kind, as usual, proud of her imperious beauty, for which he took the credit. So the chancellor, who, of course, knew, had not thought it proper to tell his royal master; for whatever the duke's faults were, he was no dissembler.

But this, the consequence to herself, scarcely troubled the princess in the terrible suspense she endured through the uncertainty of her lover's fate. When the first great paroxysm of despair was over and she had recovered from her swoon, her habitual self-command reasserted itself, and she gave way no more to her feelings. Only Minna, who knew her so well, could guess from a mere shade's difference in her manner how deep and bitter they were.

On one point only was she unrestrained, that was in blaming herself and Minna for inviting Ludovic to what they had had every reason to know might prove a death trap. For that he had met his death the princess was sure, although every beat of her heart incited her to doubt it. She read in the silence which was kept toward her that all was over; the merciless hand had shut and clasped forever the book wherein those sweet words were written.

Ah, she could not endure the thought that the voice whose whispered tones had vibrated every chord within her was silent, that the arm that had protected her and clasped her in that dear embrace was cold forevermore. Hers had been a starved life, and now when the wave of love for which she was athirst rippled to her parched lips, it was driven back by this storm of trag-

edy. Her whole nature now turned in fierce rebellion against the annihilator of her happiness.

As the hours went by the torture of an unavailing despair became intolerable. The passion within her was none the less intense that it was voiceless; her rage against Rollmar seemed to have spread itself into every fiber of her body. That she had been rash in leading her lover into a trap in no wise altered the vileness of the fact that the trap was set.

Had Ludovic really been taken in it? Minna was persistent and never wavered, at least ostensibly, in her belief that he had escaped. But her mistress brushed aside every theory that argued for his safety.

"You might know the baron by this," she said, resenting the flattering insistence of false hopes. "He does not make a mistake ever. His methods are as sure as they are remorseless. I caught a glimpse of him from the window just now. It was not the face of a man who had failed."

"I might retort, dear highness," maintained Minna, "that you might know him well enough to put no trust in that ugly, wrinkled mask. You will learn nothing from our amiable baron."

"But I will," Ruperta exclaimed, impetuously. "I will. He shall tell me what he has done. I will challenge him this very night. There is no secret now between us; and if there were, the time for fearing him is past. Happily, this abominable scheme has given me a hold over him, and he shall see that he has not a baby to deal with."

There was a reception that night at the palace, and Princess Ruperta kept her word. No one who saw her as she entered the Hall of Audience could have guessed her sufferings. Except that she was slightly flushed, she seemed cold and proud and as magnificently beautiful as ever.

When the formal reception was over, the duke descended from the dais and stood chatting with the members of his immediate circle. The general company began to circulate in the hall and the suit of state apartments which led



"Well?" Rollmar demanded, sharply, as he read the soldier's face. "You have failed?"

from it, and the hum of a subdued conversation rose.

Princess Ruperta, watching her opportunity, met Rollmar as, putting an end to what seemed the somewhat inconvenient questioning of one of the foreign representatives, he turned away abruptly and left the royal circle.

A less acute man would have recognized that she had planted herself in his way with an object, but he gave no sign that he so understood it, his face showing nothing but a courtier's smile as he bowed before her. The court etiquette kept clear a space round them, so that the low tones of their talk could not well be overheard, although curious glances might note the remarkable contrast between the withered old man and the radiant beauty.

Ruperta came to the point at once,

since it was doubtful how long opportunity might serve her.

"You, or rather your hirelings, took a strange liberty last night, baron."

Her voice was just steady, but he knew the effort it cost her. An old diplomatist and word-fencer, he never hesitated to cut short his parry when he saw an opening for a *riposte*. He looked up from his bow into the proud, indignant face.

"One which was forced upon me by the liberty which your highness has been so unwise as to permit herself."

He spoke with the firmness and confidence of a strong will and the prestige of successful statesmanship. But she met unflinchingly even the electric touch of his dominant personality.

"It is abominable," she said. "I will not submit to your interference."

Glaring at her sharply with those unfathomable eyes, he just gave a slight, deprecating drop of the head as he replied firmly:

"Not mine, princess, but the state's."

"The state's!" she echoed, hotly.

"You take too much upon yourself. I will not submit to it. You may rule my father, but you shall not control my actions."

He was looking at her fixedly now. There was little of the courtier about the old minister as he retorted, pointedly: "It is a pity your highness should render control from outside a necessity."

Her teeth were set in her lip till it was as white as her complexion. Only the heaving of her bosom betrayed the force of her excitement.

"It is neither necessary nor acceptable," she returned, imperiously.

All this time the question she longed, yet dreaded to ask, was at her lips yet unspoken, as though she were fearful to invoke the specter of the truth. Yet she felt that to be thus at issue with Rollmar was purposeless and undignified; it was certainly not for that she had accosted him. Now she felt she must put the question, let the consequences be what they might. She took in a steadying breath, there was just a little flinching drop of the eyes, and then, in a voice which would have struck a passing observer as quietly cold, almost indifferent, she said:

"As you have gone to last night's unwarrantable lengths, may I ask, baron, the result of your creatures' attack?"

"Ah!" The suspicion of a smile softened for an instant the hard, dry mask that confronted her. Had he suspected her reason for alluding to a subject she would naturally have avoided? Anyhow, it was patent now. "The result," he answered, slowly, "I cannot tell you."

She gave a look of something like disgust at his almost brutal want of consideration. Did he mean to force her to question him further, and so incidentally acknowledge the facts of her part in the affair? It was hateful; yet, she told herself, quite like him. She

wished she could strike him dead as he stood there before her mocking her almost frantic anxiety with that smile of infinite evasion. Was the man a fiend that he would not speak more fully? The answer he had given her was truly Delphic. It might mean nothing, and, what was more probable, it might mean the worst. Still, as she had stooped to ask, she would press her question now till she got a tangible answer.

"I wish to know," she said, insistently, "what happened to the person whom you set your men to attack?"

But for a trace of temper she was quite calm now. The chill of despair was creeping over her, and the racking suspense gave way before it. Rollmar looked at her curiously, almost as though wondering whether he might attribute her calm to a callousness akin to his own.

"Your question, princess," he replied, with the same Sphinxlike closeness, "is perhaps one which is better left unanswered."

"All the same, I must have an answer," she persisted.

"Then," he said, with uncompromising decision, "I have to tell your highness that you will not be troubled any more by the person to whom I presume you refer."

Into his eyes, which were fixed with calm severity on her face, there flashed a look of surprise. A rapid and unaccountable change had come over her expression. Was she actress enough to receive a stab in the heart with an air of joy? For the sudden light in her eyes was surely nothing else. But for an instant he was at a loss; then he turned quickly and looked behind him.

The crowd was moving to and fro, talking, laughing, all decorously as under the royal eye; the chancellor's sharp and significant scrutiny caused many a furtive glance at the pair; and perhaps cried halt to more than one unguarded remark. The quick, rapacious eyes took in every detail of the human medley, then suddenly glanced back, keen as a hawk's, to his companion's face. But the look which had startled him had gone. He saw nothing there but

a cold self-possession with just a suspicion of triumph in the half-contemptuous eyes.

"You have answered my question, baron," she said, simply, and without the mocking lip he looked for; "and I thank you. It is well to know our friends—and our enemies."

"Your highness," he returned, "will never have anything but a true friend in Adrian Rollmar."

"Whose deeds to secure her happiness will speak for themselves." The mockery was there now, as, with a slight bow, she turned and left him.

Your man of action is never left standing at a loss by discomfiture. With purposeful alacrity, Rollmar turned away on his side and looked for his son.

"Udo," he said, when as in response to a sign the young man joined him. "The man is here. The man we seek; Princess Ruperta's lover."

"Ah, where is he? Let us——"

The baron made a restraining gesture. "I do not know him even by sight; have no idea who he is; but that he is here I am certain. Watch the princess. I will have my men ready. To-night must see the end of this folly."

It was not long before the princess, her every sense of observation quickened by excitement, became aware that the sharp eyes of Udo Rollmar were following her every movement. The same whisper that told Minna of Ludovic's safety warned her of the spy.

"You must contrive to put him on his guard," she said, "while I draw Captain Udo away. But, above all, beware of the baron. I cannot see him, but feel sure he is watching from his spider's corner."

When they had separated, and Minna, on the arm of the vainest and, consequently, the most stupid court popinjay she could find, had strolled off in search of Ludovic, the princess signed graciously to Udo and brought that fierce little fox by her side.

"You are quite determined to avoid us to-night, Captain von Rollmar," she

said, forcing a spirit of banter with the man she now loathed.

Udo's glance as it met hers changed from one of artful resentment to a certain fiery admiration. With the object he had in view, it was, he felt, waste of time to talk to her; he would have preferred to watch and mark down her lover, thereby at one stroke appeasing his own jealousy and paying her for the trick she had played him.

But in the veins of the foxlike little captain, while he had much of his father's malicious keenness, ran warmer blood, and he thus was liable to a weakness against which, assuredly, the chancellor was proof.

The flush of excitement, of joy at the sight of her lover, had given a radiance to Princess Ruperta's beauty and an animation, an exultation which it usually lacked. To-night it was perfect, striking, irresistible. It flashed down upon the cunning little face before her, the sharp, crafty eyes with their red lashes, the carefully turned-up mustache, and general dandified treatment of a natural repulsiveness; and in that flash it took and held captive the treacherous mind opposed to her. For that mind told him he had never seen such radiant, imperious beauty. To turn his back upon it when there was an opportunity of luxuriating in it would be the act of a stoic or a madman, and he was neither.

He was quite shrewd enough to know there was but a poor chance for him in the long run, that even now he was but favored for a purpose; but then he was vain, and the future flattered him with possibilities, vague, desperate, yet not unachievable. At least, his father's schemes and his own vindictiveness could wait for half an hour.

"If that was your idea, highness," he replied, "you might have attributed my seeming avoidance to the consciousness that my society might not be welcome."

She laughed. Reading in his eyes the effect she was working, she took care to keep him under the spell. "Since when has Captain Udo von Rollmar grown diffident?"

"Since his princess showed him clear-

ly, if unintentionally, that his company was only welcome as a means to an end."

Still smarting under the trick, he could not resist the taunt. But she lightly ignored it.

"A means to an end? Is not that the reason of all good companionship? What better end than pleasure?"

Though the voice and half-confiden-

She gave him a quick, offended glance. "How do you mean? One-sided?"

"Do not misunderstand me," he pursued. "I should have said disproportionate. The slight pleasure which you are gracious enough to acknowledge, my princess, may be a dear joy, a terrible pleasure to me."

If its origin was in craft, he felt as



She, looking past him, gave a little cry.

tial manner thrilled him almost to intoxication, he knew that the words were quibbling and insincere, that the woman was fighting for her lover with every wit sharpened by the exigency of the situation. But that merely spurred his determination to pursue this forlorn hope. At least, sincere or insincere, she was giving him a lead; who could blame him if he followed it? And, after all, if nothing better came of it, retaliation came that way. Even a princess should not make him foot this fool's dance without paying the piper.

"The pleasure, my princess," he replied, craftily, "may be one-sided."

he looked at her that the sentiment was true enough. It was, indeed, a dangerous beauty; one to hurry a man to the pit of despair; and as he drank it in he found himself vowing it should not be so with him.

They had left the great Hall of Audience and were in one of the smaller of the state reception rooms. So far her purpose was accomplished, and one of the spies held safe where he could work no harm.

"You take," she said, "the matter too seriously."

"Can anyone blame me for that, gracious princess?" he returned, feeling

his way cautiously since he knew well her power of setting presumption down.

"Of course I am to blame," she suggested, hiding with a smile her distaste for the business she was about.

"Are you not?" he rejoined, growing bolder as his determination to profit by her complaisance increased. "If I dared ask you to put yourself for one moment in my place. To get a smile from the loveliest woman in Europe, to be permitted to walk by her side, to talk to her without restraint; in short, to be lifted from this common world into another and a glorious sphere; then to know that he must fall back to the cold earth again after those moments of heaven. Princess, imagine this and say whether the author of this desolation would deserve blame or pity."

He spoke with a feeling and impetuosity which were foreign to him, and, as she listened in little more than curiosity, she wondered whether it was feigned or true. If genuine she could have little pity for the man, and if false, none. But she realized as the speech grew warmer that the situation was becoming unpleasant.

"You are determined to make friendship a terribly serious business," she said, with gentle irresponsiveness. "Now, will you in turn try to put yourself in my place? Then you will see how barren and lonely a life must be which is denied pleasant intercourse with its fellows."

"The fire must burn alone," he replied. "The more glowing it is the further we must keep from it unless we would be consumed."

She laughed. "Poor fellow! And you are scorched?"

Perhaps her laugh stung him, for, as they sat together, he turned to her fiercely.

"I am scorched," he answered, with intensity. "It is for you to say whether it shall be to the death."

Something in his manner made her check the part she was playing.

"I do not understand you, Captain von Rollmar," she said, as she rose with a touch of proud dignity.

He sprang up and stood before her.

"I hope that each of us misunderstands the other," he said, meaningly.

"How?" she demanded, with the imperious light in her eyes.

He had got past restraint now, and was aggressively insistent. "I mean," he went on, "that I have suspected you of playing a trick upon me, of showing me unlooked-for, un hoped-for favor to further a certain purpose. How else could I account for your gracious condescension?"

There was a touch of mockery in his speech. She welcomed it; at least it was better than tenderness. But it was, considering their positions, rude, and she resented it.

"You are using a freedom which is the best reproof to my mistake," she said, coldly. "It is scarcely gallant or respectful to suggest that I have played a trick upon you."

"You compel me, princess, to speak plainly," he retorted. "If your high station does not prevent your using your powers to amuse yourself with me, it is hardly fair to screen yourself behind it. I am not the fool you have sought to make me. I know you have a lover."

She flushed. "You are insolent, Captain von Rollmar. It is you who avail yourself of your father's position to take strange liberties. Please do not say any more. I am sorry that I took any notice of you."

She moved sideways to get past him, but he still barred her way. "Do not add to your discourtesy," she said, with chilling contempt.

He showed no heed of her command, standing before her with lowering face and eyes ablaze with passion. "You must hear me, princess," he insisted, hoarsely. "There are spirits easier to call up than to lay. You spoke just now of my father, of his position," he continued, rapidly, as though determined to get out the speech which was at his lips. "That position is one of the most powerful in Europe; and, incidentally, it places me, his son, almost on a level with you. No, hear me out," for with an exclamation of impatient scorn, she had moved away. "So there

is nothing so very ridiculous and unheard-of in my pretensions."

"Your pretensions?" she repeated, disdainfully smiling.

"My pretensions," he maintained, doggedly.

"Captain von Rollmar, are you mad?" she cried.

"Not at all," he returned, resolutely.

"Putting aside the absurdity of these pretensions of yours," she said, content to argue and so gain time, while expecting every moment would bring Minna to her rescue, "you forget that, by your father's policy, my hand is already bestowed."

"I think, princess," he retorted, "that since you forget it, I may be pardoned for ignoring it."

The reply was natural and obvious enough, but from the speaker it was more—it was intolerable.

"At least," she rejoined, haughtily, "if I turn aside from the way Baron von Rollmar has marked out for me I may at least be permitted to take which path I choose."

"You have scarcely chosen wisely," he said, with a curious softening of his aggressive manner. "The path you are treading leads to danger. Let me conduct you to a safe one leading to happiness, princess," he continued, earnestly, and his face, lighted by the glow of his ardor, came as near to beauty as such a face could; "there is only one man on earth in whose favor my father would renounce his cherished scheme. Any other who aspires to you simply courts his own destruction. You have to choose between Prince Ludwig, who treats you as I know you of all women hate to be treated, with neglect and worse—you must choose between him and me who love you to adoration."

"Must I?"

He searched her eyes for the effect of his pleading, since her tone gave no clew, but these were equally cold.

"There is no other alternative," he protested, taking her exclamation as a simple question and ignoring its possible note of defiance.

"Then," she retorted, "it is open to me to make one."

II

"No, no! It is madness," he protested. "Is there need, my sweetest princess? Why will you misjudge me? Were we married we could defy—"

"I have listened to your absurdities too long," she exclaimed, with a flash of scorn. "Enough! Never."

But as she moved away, this time with determination, he seized her hand. "Princess," he urged, resolutely, "you shall hear me. You shall return the love you have called forth. You make me desperate, and—"

She, looking past him, gave a little cry. Instantly he dropped the hand he was by force keeping and turned. A man was in the doorway, a man with set face and eyes as those of one who stares at the wavering balance of his fate. There was for the moment a pause of speechless embarrassment; then Ludovic, with a bow and muttered apology, passed out of sight.

But as Udö turned back to his companion she saw with fear that his look had changed from annoyance to triumph.

"Your lover?" he asked, in a tone that needed no answer. "At last he is found. You had better grant my prayer, princess."

Fate, he realized, had in that moment put a weapon into his hands. How well it would serve he had yet to determine, but at least he would use it. And Ruperta on her part in that unlooked-for crisis debated in desperation what line she should take.

"Your prayer?" she repeated, to gain time for her feverish thought to take shape.

"Accept my love," he insisted.

"And why, pray?" she asked, coldly indifferent once more. "Because that man was a witness to your unmannerly behavior?"

His face darkened. "That man was your lover."

"Indeed? Then I must have two," she said, ambiguously.

He was baffled, but would not show it. "You may only have one by sunrise," he rejoined, viciously, significantly.

Minna came in.

"Is it love or hate?" he demanded, quickly.

"Neither, I hope," Ruperta returned, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE MERCURY PAVILION.

"I have found your man, I think," Udo said to his father.

"Ah! Who is he?"

"There! The man in the foreign uniform talking to General Rovigno."

"So!" The hawk's glance had marked down the victim. "You are certain, Udo?"

"Hardly enough, perhaps, to send the fellow to the fate that awaits him," Udo answered, casually. "But I will make certain. It is a mere question of watching."

"Better find out first who he is," the chancellor observed. He signed to a resplendent court official, who immediately came up with a bow.

"I do not recognize that young officer, Herr Oberkammerer."

"Possibly not, excellency," the functionary replied, with another bow. "He is a stranger visiting the country. He comes from Beroldstein. His name is Lieutenant von Bertheim."

"From Beroldstein? You are sure?"

"Quite, excellency. He came furnished with a court introduction through the Drax-Beroldstein embassy. Is there any reason for objecting—"

"Oh, no," Rollmar protested. "A very distinguished-looking young man. Thank you, Herr Oberkammerer."

He turned away from the ceremonious official and drew Udo aside. "Make certain," he said, "and as soon as you have put the matter beyond a doubt, let me know."

And Udo watched lynxlike for the confirmation of his guess; shrewdly keeping observation on the princess rather than on her suspected lover. But for that untoward episode of a few minutes before, he might have watched till the sharp green eyes grew tired without detecting what he sought. Von Bertheim had been cunningly warned by Minna, and was not likely to betray

the princess or himself by the slightest sign.

But now discovery was threatened by Ruperta's distress. A pretty greeting, she told herself bitterly, she had given the lover who had a few hours before risked his life for her, whom she might have been supposed to believe dead, to be surprised in the act of allowing another man to make love to her.

Ludovic's face had shown his mortification; he had seen enough for that, too little to comprehend the real nature of the scene.

The unlucky moment had found her in a hatefully false position, one of which the mere thought was intolerable. She must at all hazards set it right, and, above all, warn her lover against the Rollmars and their manifest designs.

"Come," she said to Minna, "I must speak to him, must warn him."

The throng was thinning now; some had left, many were at supper. The princess could go where she would without the irksomeness of finding a lane opening for her, or the risk of being jostled.

"I last saw him in the Vandyke room," Minna said. They strolled arm in arm through the rooms, the princess greeting many of the guests as they passed. Ludovic was still where Minna had left him, still talking or rather listening to the garrulous old general.

"Take care," Minna said, in a warning undertone. "Udo is watching us."

Ruperta laughed. They passed through the room without noticing Von Bertheim by more than a return of the bow with which he and his companion saluted them.

"Oh, that noble Udo, that *preux chevalier*," was Ruperta's mocking comment. "Let us turn. Now keep your eyes open for the red fox. Ah, he is gone."

"At least he is invisible," Minna said, on her guard.

As they passed Von Bertheim and the general the princess' handkerchief fell. Ludovic saw and sprang forward to restore it. She stopped for an instant

and took it from him. Several people had come into the room and saw the action; none of them could have noticed in it more than a common incident of courtesy.

Only one pair of sharp, avid, ravening eyes, suddenly visible from their ambush, saw what they desired, yet hated to see, saw proof of what had been conjecture, saw a near and certain revenge. It was enough. The jealous, vindictive glance just lingered for a moment on the pleasant sight of death in that face which raised itself in happy confidence; then the gallant Udo von Rollmar turned with a smile of satisfaction and hurried to his father.

"It is as well to be certain," observed the chancellor, with his cynical smile, as he nodded his acceptance of the information. "You may leave the affair to me, Udo."

"Can I be of any use?"

"You? No. My men are ready. It is butchers' work."

Ten minutes later a written message, signed R., was mysteriously put into the lieutenant's hand bidding him wait in the little garden pavilion which stood in the shrubbery a short distance from the palace. It was called the Pavilion of Mercury, from a figure by which it was surmounted. He had freed himself from the general's somewhat boring prolixity and was debating with himself whether he should stay or go, when the message was brought him by a little page of honor.

In delight that he had waited and so not missed it, he made his way out into the palace grounds, taking heed that his movements were not too curiously observed. The words which Ruperta had spoken when he restored her handkerchief had been enough to allay the doubts with which the scene he had witnessed with Udo Rollmar had filled his mind. Indeed it was almost inconceivable that a girl of the princess' character could be captivated by a man like the chancellor's son. And now the full explanation of that equivocal situation would doubtless be given him.

Von Ompertz had received his orders, the most distasteful of his life,

and stood with his two satellites waiting grimly for his man. He had, on the first shock of Rollmar's order, met it by a refusal.

It was indeed, as the chancellor had designated it, butcher's work, and he was a soldier with the strain of his innate nobility ever ready to assume, sometimes to his detriment, the function of a conscience.

But the astute old reader of men's characters and motives had made short work of his objection, although he judged it prudent to condescend to a certain amount of persuasive argument. It was a state service, this deed which looked so black; far more important in its way than the killing of a score of the duke's enemies in battle. The honor of an illustrious house, of a royal name, was deeply concerned; only to a man like the captain, of absolute trustworthiness, of honorable principles above the run of his class, could the secret vindication of the royal honor be intrusted.

And then there was the obvious ugly alternative should the quixotic refusal be persisted in. The rope round Captain von Ompertz's neck was only loosened; it was still there, but this service would make him quit of it altogether.

So the free lance, seeing this was no situation for trifling, was fain to buy his life by consenting to what he tried to persuade himself was a bounden if disagreeable duty to the state whose hospitality he had enjoyed and to its minister whose pay he was taking, and who, after all, was a better judge of the act's justification than he himself could be.

Accordingly, he had taken his station, secure from notice, at a point among the azalea bushes which commanded the path leading from below the terrace to the Mercury Pavilion. He saw a man's figure emerge from the shadow of the high parapet and advance quickly along the alley which ran a few yards in front of where they stood. He made a sign to the two who waited behind him, and all three crouched down expectantly.

Von Bertheim came on steadily, un-

suspectingly. They could hear his footsteps, now passing close to their ambush, presently striking the stone step of the pavilion and entering. Like feline beasts of prey they crept toward their quarry; Ompertz with a campaigner's expert caution, the two Italians with the fell litheness of a tracking leopard. Noiselessly they gained the alley and now retreat was cut off, the trap was complete.

"Wait here," he whispered, motioning back the cutthroats at his side. "If I need you I will call."

"Stay here," he repeated, authoritatively. "I am no bungler—this is one man's work."

He went forward alone and stood in the doorway of the pavilion. Ludovic, who was sitting on a rustic chair at the further side of the little room, started up at the sound of his step and began to cross to the door. Then he stopped, seeing it was a man's figure that filled the entrance. A stream of moonlight came through the window and lay slantwise across the room, dividing the two men. Into this band of light a glittering object was suddenly projected. It was the barrel of a pistol pointing straight at Ludovic's heart. He gave a quick cry:

"Hold your hand, fellow! I am——"

There was an answering, half-smothered exclamation as the pistol was lowered and Ompertz's face peered forward, coming into the shaft of light. "Lieutenant von Bertheim," he said, in a shocked whisper. "You? And, God forgive me, I was about to——"

"To put me out of Chancellor Rollmar's way," his intended victim supplied, with a laugh. "If you have any scruples as to disobeying your orders I think I can remove them."

Ompertz held up his hand warningly. "There are two Italian scoundrels outside to make sure the thing is done," he said, in a rapid whisper. "You saved my life; I'll pay that debt if it costs my own."

"There is no need, my friend," Ludovic began, but before he had time to say more, Ompertz had raised his pistol and fired at the wall. "Now," he com-

manded, hurriedly, "fall down, quick! Down with you and I'll swear you are dead."

He had caught Von Bertheim by the shoulders and urged him to the floor. For a moment the other seemed inclined to refuse, then changed his mind and, with a laugh at the situation, lay down as he might have fallen had the shot taken its originally intended effect. Ompertz bent down and covered his supposed victim's face with his cloak just as the two evil faces of his assistants looked in at the door.

He held up a restraining hand as they came forward. "No bungle this time," he announced, grimly; "a bullet through the heart leaves no room for doubt."

He whipped aside the cloak from Ludovic's face, which happily lay in shadow, and then replaced it; pretended to feel the pulse, let the hand fall with a thud, and turned to the door.

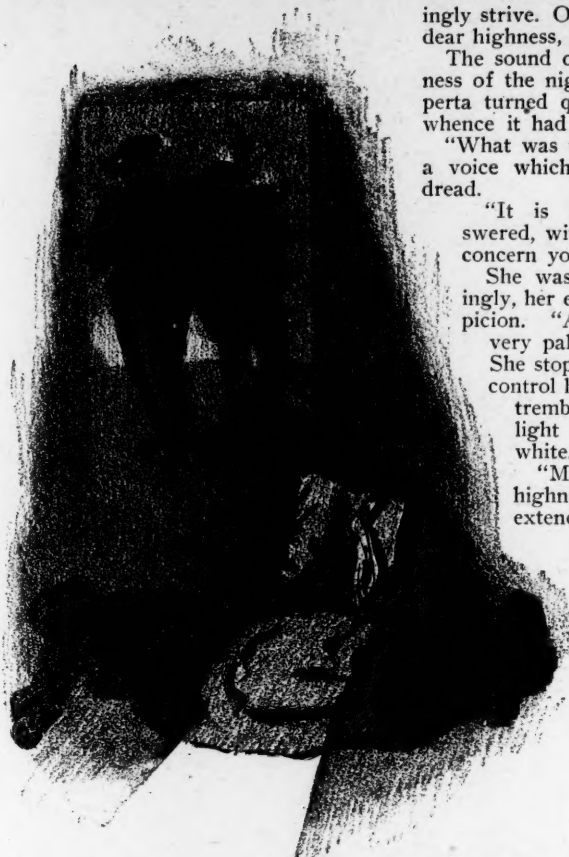
"Now to report to his excellency," he said, motioning them out before him. "Come! I'll have the fellow respected now that he can do no more harm." So he balked their curiosity, sturdily sent them out of the place and, following, closed the door.

The princess and Minna with arms linked had strolled out upon the terrace. The atmosphere of the rooms had seemed charged with excitement that evening, and the calm glory of the night, with its soft, pure air, was infinitely refreshing. Here the chancellor found them when he came out in grim expectancy of the report that one more human obstacle had been removed from his path. It was an untoward encounter; certainly the princess, glad as perhaps he might have been to teach her a lesson and show his fell power, was otherwise the last witness he wanted for his anticipated interview.

Still he greeted them suavely enough, and then remarked that the air was chilly and that the princess would do well to go indoors.

"I do not feel it," she objected. "It seems to me quite warm and balmy."

"Nevertheless it is chilly," he insisted, in the domineering tone which came so easily to him. "Your highness



Ompertz bent down and covered his supposed victim's face with his cloak just as the two evil faces of his assistants looked in at the door.

should be advised. The obligation not to trifle with royal health extends far beyond a personal consideration."

"It seems that royal health is of far more account than royal happiness," she could not help retorting.

"Indeed, no," he returned, ignoring in his unruffled way any significance in the speech. "Your health, gracious princess, means happiness to all your father's subjects and surely to yourself. And it is your happiness for which with all my ability and experiences I unceas-

ingly strive. Only be convinced of that, dear highness, and let me——"

The sound of a shot broke the stillness of the night-shrouded park. Rupert turned quickly in the direction whence it had come.

"What was that?" she exclaimed, in a voice which foreboding filled with dread.

"It is nothing," Rollmar answered, with a shrug, "which need concern your highness."

She was regarding him searchingly, her eyes full of a fearful suspicion. "A pistol shot under the very palace walls. Surely——"

She stopped as though unable to control her voice. Her lips were trembling, and her face in the light from the window was white.

"May I beg you to go in, highness?" the baron repeated, extending his arm to keep open the window.

In that moment the cold, statuesque beauty was transformed in a fashion that startled even the imperturbable chancellor. Her face flushed and her eyes were alight with bitterness and anger.

"I know now," she said, hotly, "why you were anxious for me to go in, what this chill air of yours meant. It was to get me out of the way of

your dastardly act, your fiendish work. I know. You have killed the man whom you have been hunting down so atrociously; assassin, vile murderer that you are! And you dare, hypocritical wretch, to talk of my health! I will go and see your work, and if it be as I suspect, I swear before Heaven you shall bitterly rue it!"

Rollmar stepped before her. "Princess, this is madness. You must not go. You are wrong."

"Liar!" she flashed out at him pas-

sionately, the flood of her anger keeping back the waters of desolation that were ready to flow over her soul. "Show me that I am wrong. Take me there. Prove it. Ah, you dare not! But I will see——"

"Dear highness——" Minna began to remonstrate, apprehensively, but Ruperta had pushed aside all opposition and was running toward the steps that led down from the terrace.

As Rollmar followed her, his temper hardly soothed by the unfortunate chance which had marred the complete success of the business, his sharp eyes saw the expected three figures drawing out from the shadow of the wooded alley.

"Come back, highness!" he cried. "I order you. Your father shall know of this."

Minna, impelled more by the fear of the horror which might be awaiting them than the chancellor's threat, ran quickly and caught her by the arm, trying to draw her back.

"Dear highness, I entreat you, do not go further," she panted.

But the three were by this quite visible.

"Look! Those men!" Ruperta cried. "Ah, I will know!"

Rollmar made a gesture of impatience. "Have your own way, then. But I have warned your highness."

Without staying for further words, Ruperta turned again and ran distractedly down the alley leading to the pavilion. Recalling himself from a moment's critical thought, Rollmar looked round at his agents: "Well?"

Ompertz bowed. "It is well, excellency. I have hardly bungled this time. These men have seen him dead. One shot was enough."

The chancellor glanced for corroboration at the Italians, who bowed with a word of confirmation. "Good," he said. "I will see what further orders are needful. Captain von Ompertz, you may report yourself at my bureau at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

As the soldier bowed and turned

away, Rollmar made a sign to one of the Italians, and, as he came near, whispered a hurried word to him. The man nodded, and then the two went off by the way Ompertz had taken, leaving the chancellor standing alone.

Ruperta, followed fearfully by Minna, had reached the pavilion, and it was not until her foot was on the threshold that she stopped, sick and faint at heart, not daring to look in. But her pause was in silence, save for her quick breathing; the cry of her heart found no utterance. Then a desperate longing to know the worst nerved her to look in, and she saw the room was empty. Scarcely daring to trust her eyes, she signed to Minna and went in.

The thing she dreaded was not there; the two women stood and looked into each other's faces in wonder. Then there was a sound of a step at the door. If it were Rollmar—— Ruperta went quickly to it, and gave a great gasp of joy as she was clasped in her lover's arms.

"Ah, my love, my dear love!" she murmured. Then when their kisses allowed speech he told her in a few words what had happened.

"You are mad to stay here," she said, holding him fast, nevertheless.

"How can I go?" he protested. "Ah, if you only were content to marry Prince——"

She shook her head impatiently. "That is now further from me than ever," she declared. "That shall never be, I swear to you, my love."

At last she made him go, saying she would let him run no more risks for her sake, yet doubting how they should cease. And he assured her that he feared nothing; that with a love like theirs all must be well. And that made her sad, knowing well that experience was against that comfortable hope, and that love counts as a very minus quantity against state policy.

Nevertheless, when she went back to the palace, the chancellor, watching for her with grim expectation, was not a little puzzled at what he saw in her face.

TO BE CONTINUED.



The Latest Fashions for Limited Incomes

THE summer fashions, though picturesque and charming, afford many a pitfall and snare for the woman who wants to look well on a little money. The new modes need modifying a trifle here and there if one expects them to still be modish in the autumn.

It is wise to avoid the sleeve with too much fullness at the shoulder and too big an upper-arm puff, for fear that in the fall the fashionable sleeve may have diminished somewhat in size from the proportions it assumed in midsummer. The waists with elbow sleeves, as well as the coats with half sleeves, though fashionable in the extreme, are not practical for the woman who has to make her clothes last for two or more seasons. Long gloves are expensive, and, of course, they are an imperative accessory to the short-sleeved coat. A sleeve with a full puff from shoulder to elbow and then a tight-fitting cuff to the wrist has much the effect of an elbow sleeve, if the cuff is of open-work embroidery or lace. And for the girl with a limited income it is a good plan to try it as a substitute.

The suspender dress, which is very much the vogue this summer, is one of the fashionable styles well worth adopting, especially if it is made up in a soft-finished silk, voile or veiling. This style of frock may be worn with an all-over lace or embroidery waist throughout the summer, and then in the autumn may appear again as something new by merely changing the waist. The effect of such a dress can also be varied by wearing it with different suspenders.

The suspenders should always be made to be buttoned on, so that they may be easily changed. A suspender dress made of mauve, elephant gray or deep blue radium silk, or, in fact, any dark shade, may prove a very useful gown all through the summer worn with a white lingerie blouse, while in the fall it may serve duty on many varying occasions by substituting a velvet and then again a satin-finished cloth waist for the filmy white one.

If the summer wardrobe seems incomplete without at least one sheer, frilly frock, it is best for the girl with a limited income to choose some material like flower-printed net in place of one of the more perishable floral scattered organdies. Lovely as the organdie is, it will crush and lose its dainty charm, while the net, by changing its trimming, and thus varying its effect, will prove a more useful gown to wear all through the fall and winter, as it can appear at many places, like the theater and restaurant dinners, where the organdie would not be quite suitable.

In hats it is wise to avoid the polo turban, even if it is the rage at present. This little pill-box hat, to look its best, requires a certain type of face. The young, slender girl with delicate features may wear it and find it *chic* and becoming, but worn by the average woman it only affords an interesting study for the caricaturist. And the chances are that before the autumn is here it will have made so many otherwise dignified-looking women appear ridiculous that the best milliners will refuse to make it up for winter wear.

Smart New Bathing Suits

THE ready-to-wear bathing suit has lost its prestige. The fashionable woman of to-day expects to have quite as many fittings for her bathing suits as for her tailor gowns. The bathing suit must be smart in style, becoming in color, and faultless in fit. And its every accessory must harmonize with it in color. Brown is a particularly fashionable shade this season, and so also is a deep raspberry red. Many women, however, prefer to wear a black bathing costume with a touch of gay color such as apple-green, cerise, or apricot-yellow, introduced in the accessories.

In regard to materials, flannel is a back number. It is bulky and becomes weighted with water at the first plunge. A good quality of taffeta silk and pongee silk are much in demand for the fashionable bathing suits of to-day, but for day in and day out wear, nothing is more desirable than mohair, as it is light in weight and readily sheds the water. And the mohairs which the shops are

showing were never more attractive than this year; they are so soft and silky in finish and come in such charming colors and fascinating designs.

A smart in-style bathing suit is shown in illustration No. 4745. It is a model adapted to all fabrics and is generously full without being bulky. Its odd shaped collar is very fetching. It is worn with a shield, finished with a round neck. The skirt is a prettily tucked model. This bathing costume consists of blouse and bloomers in one and the skirt. The blouse is made with short sleeves that allow freedom of movement, and the bloomers are drawn up by means of elastic inserted in the hems, which droop over the knees. The skirt is cut in five gores and can be either tucked or gathered at the upper part where it is joined to the belt. This suit would look extremely stylish in brown mohair, with the collar and shield in champagne color trimmed with brown silk braid. The cap, stockings and shoes



No. 4745—Bathing costume. To be made with tucked or gathered skirt. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

should match the mohair in color. A band of the champagne mohair may trim the skirt if desired, or it may be left plain.

Box plaits and tucks give a good style to the smart bathing suit shown in No. 4455. A feature of this suit is that it looks quite as well at the back as the front. The model can be made with either short or long sleeves. The simplicity of this model is a point much in its favor. It is sure to be most becoming to the girl whose figure is just a trifle stouter than she wishes. In black mohair or light-weight serge with the plaits and tucks stitched in red corticelli silk, this costume would look very smart. The suit consists of the blouse, the bloomers and the skirt. The blouse is closed beneath the outer tuck at the left side of the front. The bloomers are joined to the blouse by means of a belt. The skirt is separate; it is plaited and tucked to form continuous lines with the blouse, and is joined to a belt which closes with it at the left side of the front.

The shirt-waist bathing suits are also

very much in fashion this summer. They are modeled after the shirt-waist suit, with the exception, of course, that they have an abbreviated skirt. One reason why these bathing suits are so much liked, is that the waist is made with long sleeves and high collar, thus protecting the arms and neck from the hot rays of the sun. And an attractive idea is to finish the sleeves with buttoned-on cuffs of white piqué, and to use a white piqué stock as a finish for the neck.

White linen etamine is also used for bathing suit collar-and-cuff sets, and many summer girls will display their talent for embroidery by working some pretty design in colored wash silks on these linen etamine sets. This gives an original and much-to-be-desired touch to an otherwise plain bathing suit.

For the girl who enjoys jumping about in the water more than a long swim, there are very fetching looking bathing sunbonnets made of oil silk or silk rubber, which add as much to beauty as they safeguard against wet, disordered hair. They come in many pretty colors.



No. 4455—Woman's bathing suit. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

For the Outdoor Girl.

NEW costumes for outdoor sports are always welcomed by the summer girl. The plain, smart styles are, of course, the most appropriate, and it goes without saying that the fabrics which wash are those most in demand for these suits. The shirt-waist suit with a short skirt makes a practical costume for tennis, tramping and golf.

Mercerized madras, butcher's linen and duck are all good materials to use. The shirt-waist and the skirt must be of the same material this year. The white shirt-waist and the colored skirt is a last year's style.

The jaunty tennis costume shown on this page is in old blue butcher's linen, with white stitching and white pearl buttons as the trimming. The shirt-waist shows the new sleeves that are full at the shoulders, and is made with a plain back and a wide plait down the center front. The skirt is cut in eight gores. It is close fitting over the hips and full at the bottom. There are inverted plaits on each seam with an additional tuck on each side, which serves to give the box-plaited effect. Over the seams

pointed straps of the linen are applied which extend over a portion of the length of the skirt, and are finished with pearl buttons.

Box plaits are much in fashion this year, and the box-plaited costume shown in sketches No. 4899 and No. 4793 is a useful dress to own. For vacation-time wear it would look well in linen etamine, plain linen, cotton cheviot or percale. The waist is laid in box plaits back and

front, and is sure to be particularly becoming to a slender figure. The skirt, which is also box-plaited, combines graceful, long lines with a fashionable flare. Over the hips the plaits are stitched down, and below the fullness is let out. The skirt is cut in nine gores, which are laid in box plaits, concealing all seams. To lessen the thickness over the hips, the material may be cut away beneath the plaits as far down as the stitching extends. The closing of the skirt is at the back; a placket being finished at the center seam.

The girl who goes in for outdoor sports can give many a smart touch to her otherwise plain costumes by the belts and the stocks she wears with them. The embroidered linen belts are extreme-



No. 4854—Blouse or shirt-waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5041—Eight-gored skirt, with straps over seams. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

ly good style this summer, with linen stocks to match. And white canvas belts are even a bit newer. These the clever girl often embroiders herself, and, of course, she has a stock to match, generally in the shape of a turnover with a long, buttoned-on tab in front. Canvas low shoes are also worn, and an embroidered canvas band may encircle the trim-looking sailor which completes her costume. Three or four embroidered linen or canvas belts will not come amiss, worn at different times with one linen or duck shirt-waist suit. If white pearl buttons are used to trim the gown, it is quite the correct thing to have the belt fastened with a white pearl buckle.

Outing hats of soft felt come this year in many very light shades. A pale blue felt outing hat with merely an embroidered band as the trimming is much the fad. Chamois - color felt hats are also worn, and others in cameo pink. These hats soil easily, but then there is the compensation that they may be quickly and successfully cleaned, and they certainly do add a delicate and charming color note to an all-white costume.

The outdoor girl will find a mohair skirt and an Eton coat to match a useful costume to own. There are many occasions when the mohair skirt, say in deep blue or gray, will be more practical than a linen skirt.

The skirt should be three inches from the ground, and may be plaited or plain, with a good flare at the bottom.

The Eton should be a good, sensible coat—one with long sleeves, either single or double-breasted in

front. A model which does not come together, but is open, to show the shirt-waist, is not as desirable for the outdoor girl, who needs a coat to give the necessary warmth when a cool breeze comes up in a hurry. An outing flannel shirt-waist may be worn with this style costume, or one of linen.

It is the best taste to have the shirt-waist repeat either in its coloring or design the shade of the mohair.

If, for example, the suit is deep blue, a white outing flannel shirt-waist may be worn having a dark blue figure, dot or stripe, and the stock and belt may be of white linen bound with a band of dark blue linen.



No. 4899—Box-plaited blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 4793—Box-plaited walking skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

Fashions for Little Folks

IT is clothes to romp and live outdoors in that the little folks need these days. Bathing suits are in demand, and so are the useful rompers.

Skeleton dresses worn with a guimpe and a variety of little coats will also be useful additions to the wardrobe.

The one-piece bathing suits, like the model shown in illustration No. 4167, are specially to be recommended for either a little girl or a small boy. The skirt is only in the way when running on the beach and splashing in the water are the pleasures of the day. Brilliantine or a light-

weight serge are both good materials to use for this bathing suit, and white braid may be introduced for the trimming, if the material is dark, or a dark braid if the suit is white.

The rompers, shown in illustration No. 4318, will not only prove a delight to the child that wears them, but an economical investment as well for the child's mother. They will be serviceable made of a good quality, of plaid or striped gingham, or in duck, denim or canvas.

Of course every child needs a reefer; for general all-around wear there is nothing better.



No. 5048—Short reefer. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.



No. 5043—Girl's skeleton dress with separate guimpe. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 year sizes.



No. 4800—Child's coat. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.

A good-style little model is illustrated in sketch No. 5048. It is very attractive made up in white or colored piqué with a little shoulder cape trimmed with embroidery or heavy lace. The pattern gives a choice of cape, plain finish, roll-over or flat collar. The reefer is made with front and back only, and is closed in double-breasted style. The little cape is circular, and the sleeves are full-gathered into straight cuffs.

Another pretty coat for a small child is the plaited model in illustration No. 4800. It lends itself to quite a dressy little garment made up in white pongee or white Burlingham silk. It will be most attractive worn over a fine, white frock of mull or lawn. Both the fronts and the back of the coat are laid in plaits that are pressed flat to their entire length; those in the front being stitched for part of their length to give a tucked effect. This coat, if a more serviceable garment is desired, may also be made up in a dark shade of linen. A little later in the season it can be made of cashmere instead of the linen, and thus prove itself useful way into the fall.

There is no end to the variety of



No. 4318—Child's rompers. Pattern cut for 2, 4 and 6 year sizes.



No. 4167—Child's bathing suit. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.

guimpe dresses worn this summer. The little gown shown in sketch No. 5043 is something unusually original. It is called a skeleton dress, and is made with waist portions and skirt joined by a belt, and there are also suspenders over the shoulders. These suspenders have a novel touch given them by being cut out at their centers to allow a bit of the guimpe to show beneath. The guimpe is tucked to form a yoke, and is made with bishop sleeves. Both the guimpe and the dress close invisibly at the center back. Plaid washable voile and checked cotton taffeta are both good materials to use for this simple but stylish little frock. Later on in the season it would make an excellent school dress developed in mohair or a plaid light-weight wool goods. For a child's best dress it might also be used made of silk or corduroy, with a guimpe showing much hand work.

It is a decided convenience to have a little coat made to match a dress of this sort—either a box coat or a reefer would be appropriate. If the material for the frock is plaid mohair, the coat must be of the same material, with cuffs and collar of plain cloth or silk.

Gowns of Silk the Height of Fashion

SO fashionable is silk this season and so great and so fascinating are the varieties put forth to tempt womankind that an all-silk wardrobe would not seem anything extraordinary. There are silk shirt-waist suits galore, silk severely tailored costumes, silk three-piece costumes with fancy little, half-sleeve coats. Then there are separate coats of silk, long and short, loose fitting and tight fitting, plaited and plain, to say nothing of the more elaborate silk costumes for afternoon and evening wear.

There are a number of new silks this summer, and they each seem lovelier than anything ever displayed before. In place of the foulard, so fashionable other years, there is now radium silk, which is as filmy as a tissue and yet is not transparent. The shaded silks in Pompadour designs are wonderful creations. A long list of novelty silks is shown. Some of the newest and most attractive

have an embroidered design over a check, plaid or striped surface. Shaded effects are very much to the fore, and silks with lacy strips are also the fashion.

The chiffon-finished silks grow softer and more lustrous all the time, and satin messaline and messalinette are still favorites. In addition to these silks are the beautiful, rough-surfaced, raw silks, like Rajah, Burlingham, Shantung and the new coarse-weave pongees, all of which are fashionable for certain style frocks.

There are equally as many trimmings to be used with these silks as there are designs and color combinations in the silks themselves. All-over lace is much used—white, cream and dyed to match the color of the silk. Fancy silk woven galloons and passementeries are equally fashionable trimmings, and so are the silk-embroidered bands and separate motifs. Lace doilies are not an unusual trimming



No. 5033—Fancy waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5034—Nine-gored walking skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inch waist measures.

for a silk frock combined with fancy silk stitches and decorating the gown as if they were separate lace appliques. Velvet ribbons in a variety of widths are used in many clever ways. They often outline a lace design or are sewed on the silk to form a decorative design themselves. Ruchings of silk are in demand, and both linen and cloth bands and appliques trim many of the more severe silk frocks.

The silk dresses made in guimpe style like the frock illustrated in sketches No. 5033 and No. 5034 are most desirable for mid-summer wear. They make a charming piazza gown, and are also dressy enough for evening wear. This particular model is of wheat-color radium silk, trimmed with wood-brown velvet bands. The skeleton waist is formed of a blouse and deep guimpe of lace. The sleeves consist of deep, tight-fitting cuffs of the lace with the puff from elbow to shoulder made of chiffon and the overcape drapery of the silk. The straps which cross the guimpe front and back and also outline it are made of narrow, velvet ribbon, with dainty shirrings of chiffon in the same color. The skirt is cut in

nine gores and is laid in groups of three backward-turning plaits. The upper part of the skirt shows the plaits stitched as far down as the straps to give the tucked effect. The straps may be of the radium silk trimmed with buttons, or of velvet ribbon matching the bands which form the foot trimming of the skirt.

Another fashionable silk model is illustrated in sketches No. 4983 and No. 4984. A pointed bertha trims the blouse, the points being duplicated in the yoke, giving an original style to the skirt. In striped chiffon taffeta or a satin-finished ombre silk the gown would look very attractive in any of the new color combinations. A white ground showing stripes of pale blue and black is extremely pretty, and so is a lavender silk striped with green and hair lines of black. The silks in the crushed strawberry and raspberry shades are also good style. The skirt is cut in seven gores and made with a pointed yoke and panel front. The front gore forming the panel is plain, while those at the sides are tucked at their lower edges and shirred at their upper edges.



No. 4983—Fancy Blouse waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 4984—Panel skirt with pointed yoke. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

Good Style Sun-bonnets

FASHIONS in sunbonnets. This may seem a trifle strange to the hard-working farmer's wife, but to the athletic girl who lives outdoors in the sum-

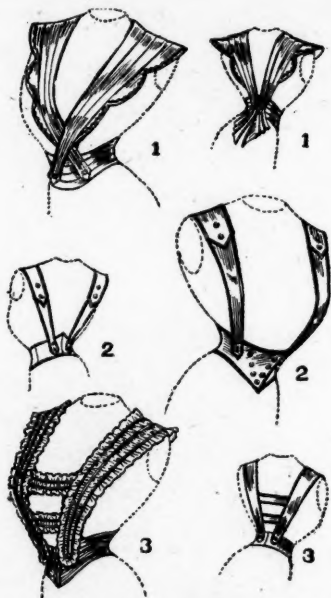


No. 3797—Golf or sun-bonnet. Pattern cut in three medium sizes, or for women, misses and children.

mer time it seems quite a proper thing. There are, however, many styles in sunbonnets this summer, and many of them are fetching enough to suit even the most capricious of summer belles. They are made of dainty materials, many of them matching the gowns with which they are worn. The golf girl advocates the sunbonnet quite as much as she does the short skirt, and the girl who lives on the water in the summer finds it most useful, too, as it shades the eyes and affords so admirable a protection for the skin. The models here illustrated are two of the most desirable of this summer's designs. One is made with the cape and in the other sunbonnet it is omitted. The stiff portions extend well over the face, and are edged with becoming frills.

New Girdles and Suspenders

THE summer girls intend to show their suspenders this season, even if their brothers are not allowed to. Here are some of the prettiest of the new designs suitable for dresses of different materials. Sketch No. 1 shows a novel variation of the conventional suspenders; they are made of taffeta and trimmed with fancy braid. The silk is laid in plaits, and at the back forms a postillion. These suspenders cross in front and are buttoned to a plaited girdle. The suspenders in sketch No. 2 are of the regulation sort, and look well developed in embroidered canvas or linen. They are combined with a closely fitted belt. Sketch No. 3 shows the suspenders in a delightfully feminine form.



No. 5042—Girdles and suspenders. Pattern cut in three sizes—small, medium and large—corresponding to 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures, and 22, 26 and 30 inch waist measures.

Useful Long Coats

IT is a blessing that the long coat is so much the fashion this summer, for every woman knows the multitude of shabbiness it may hide, to say nothing of its protective qualities. As a traveling coat it has no equal, made up in pongee or Rajah silk. In light-weight cravenette cloth it is also a serviceable garment to own, for it can be worn not only as a traveling coat, but as a mackintosh, thus killing two birds with one stone.



No. 5045—Redingote. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

Redingotes and long garments made with a fitted back and loose fronts, developed in silk-finished rubber, make a practical garment to add to the all-the-year-round wardrobe. The redingote illustrated on this page is a very fashionable model—one suitable for wear right now, and also through the fall and winter. For midsummer wear it is best made of pongee or of taffeta silk with bands of linen as the trimming. A desirable feature of this redingote is that it is made with blouse portion and skirt separate. They are joined be-

neath the belt, and in this way are available for two purposes—the skirt part being omitted if a short coat is needed. The pattern gives both the shirred sleeves and plainer ones in the leg-of-mutton style. The blouse portion is shirred at the shoulders, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The skirt includes two box plaits at the back and is gathered a trifle at the front and sides. This style long garment may be used as a separate wrap or as part of a three-piece costume; the gown consisting of skirt and blouse, the blouse being a lingerie or silk one, and the redingote, of course, matching the skirt in material and color. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 21 inches wide, $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, or $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 44 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of linen, silk or velvet for trimming.

Long coats of check silk are also much in demand. In black and white they are extremely fashionable; the check being small. Many times with these coats are worn adjustable revers and cuffs of linen. The Tuxedo revers are used, and rather deep cuffs. A black and white check silk coat may have a number of sets of revers and cuffs to wear with it. One day the garment may have an emerald green touch given it by the adjustable revers, which may be of taffeta.

EVERY summer girl needs at least one sailor blouse in her wardrobe. Here is a design which she is sure to like. It will look well, made up in mohair or light-weight serge and trimmed with braid. The shield and collar are adjustable, so that on very warm days they may be left at home. The front of the blouse is laid in box plaits with three tucks on each side. The sleeves are tucked at



4772

No. 4772—Tucked sailor blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

their upper portions and the back of the blouse is plain. The shield is buttoned into place beneath the sailor collar. This blouse in cream mohair with skirt to match would make a good style yachting costume. It would also be very serviceable as a general all-around morning dress in deep blue linen with skirt of the same material. In place of the braid linen lace appliques may be used.

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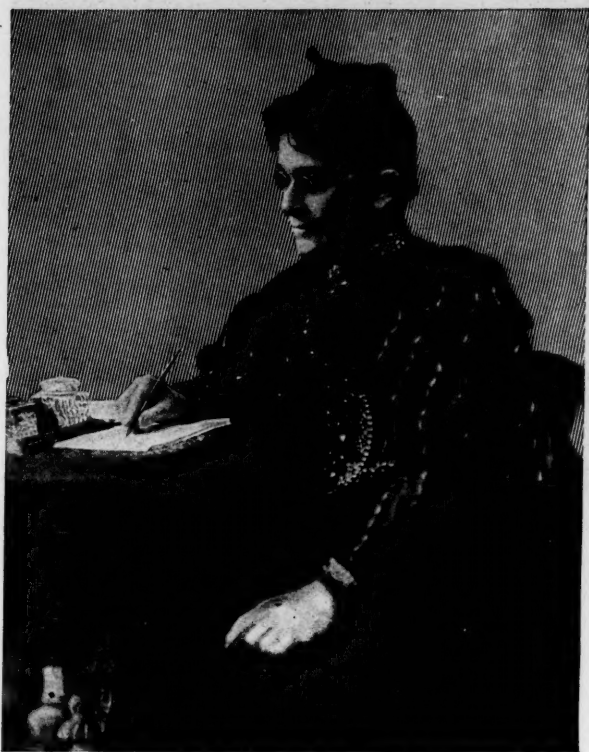
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CHARLES GARVICE

Author of "The Ransom," "Elaine," "The Other Woman," etc.

CHARLES GARVICE is a newer arrival in the literary field than either Mrs. Sheldon or Mrs. Holmes. He is an Englishman, but his books have attained an unrivalled circulation in America. Owing to the fact that many of his earlier works have been published in various parts of the country by different publishers, an accurate estimation of his circulation is impossible. It is certain, however, that it has been close to that of Mrs. Sheldon's. Mr. Garvice now writes exclusively for *Smith's Magazine*. His novel, "Diana's Destiny," opened in the first number, and others will appear later.

* * *

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